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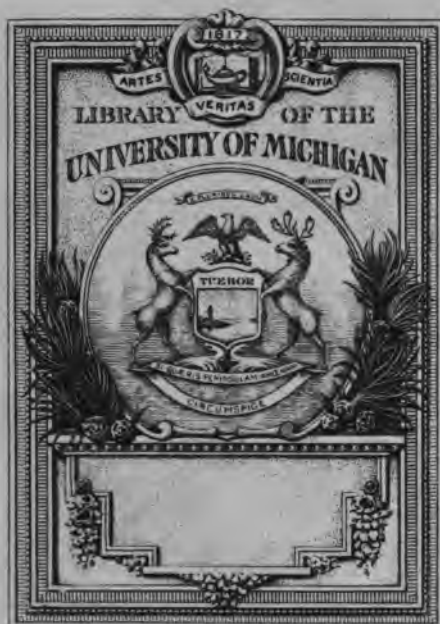
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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1798.

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST EXQUISITE
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,
PRINCIPALLY PROSE,
THAT APPEAR IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER
PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

VOL. II.

To be continued Annually.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, YORK STREET,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

1799.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Spirit of the Public Journals for 1797 was published, several judicious persons regretted that the Editor had not carried his researches farther back than 1793, as by so doing he might have redeemed many exquisite pieces of wit and humour from total oblivion. In conformity with this suggestion, recourse has been had in the compilation of the present Volume to publications antecedent to that period, and, in some few instances, of rather a remote date. This practice will be continued in the formation of future Volumes; and, it is hoped, will make the annual collection more rich and various, than if it depended upon the produce of a single year; the harvest of wit being ever scanty and precarious, and, from the particular constitution of

the times, much more likely to diminish than to increase.

In the Advertisement to the former Volume the Editor foretold that the unavoidable excess of anti-ministerial articles would occasion a reproach of partiality : though it gave him concern to find his prediction verified, the disproportion complained of would have been still more remarkable in the present volume, if it had not been for the brief existence of the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner. It is not on wit or humour that the ministerial papers in general depend : there are few of them that even pretend to give essays ; and in those that do, they are found *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. After the Editor, anxious not only to be really impartial but to appear so, has taken the trouble of transcribing three or four articles from the file of a whole year, he has sometimes been obliged to reject most of them, because, though not altogether devoid of point, they were in parts so destitute of meaning, that he could not insert them without belying his own judgment, and shocking the good sense and taste of his reader. In addition to this, he can only say, that if persons who possess good essays

says or short poems of any kind, either original or extracted from the Public Journals, will send them to the Publisher, they will be inserted in the future Volumes with thanks and pleasure. Of those in the present Volume some will no doubt be found inferior to others; but the Editor trusts that a discerning and candid Public will perceive the impossibility of making so large a collection equal throughout, and give him credit for having selected the best to be found in the numerous sources to which he has had access.

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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ROVERS;
OR, DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT*.
[From the Anti-Jacobin; or, Weekly Examiner.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIOR of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH—*very corpulent and cruel.*
 ROGERO—a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN.
 CASIMERE—a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion—married to CECILIA, but having several Children by MATILDA.
 PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON—English Noblemen exiled by the tyranny of KING JOHN, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.
 RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR—a bloody tyrant, with red hair, and amorous complexion.
 GASPAR—the Minister of the Count; author of ROGERO's confinement.
 YOUNG POTTINGEN—Brother to MATILDA.
 MATILDA POTTINGEN—in love with ROGERO, and mother to CASIMERE's children.
 CECILIA MÜCKINFELDT—Wife to CASIMERE.
 LANDLADY, WAITER, GRENADIERS, TROUBADOURS, &c. &c.
 PANTALOWSKY and BRITCHINDA—Children of MATILDA, by CASIMERE.
 JOACHIM, JABEL, and AMARANTHA—Children of MATILDA, by ROGERO.
Children of CASIMERE and CECILIA, with their respective nurses.
Several Children; fathers and mothers unknown.
The Scene lies in the town of WEIMAR, and the neighbourhood of the Abbey of QUEDLINBURGH.
Time, from the Twelfth to the present Century.

* It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that this is a happy burlesque of the German style of dramatic composition.



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VOL. II.

B

PLATE

PLOT.

ROGERO, son of the late Minister of the COUNT of SAXE WEIMAR, having, while he was at College, fallen desperately in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN, daughter of his tutor, Doctor ENGELBERTUS POTTINGEN, professor of civil law, and MATILDA evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her aunt in *Wetteravia*, where she becomes acquainted with CASIMERE, a Polish officer, who happens to be quartered near her aunt's, and has several children by him.

RODERIC, COUNT of SAXE WEIMAR, a prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his prime minister and favourite, GASPAR, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, ROGERO's father.—GASPAR, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young ROGERO may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with MATILDA (of which he is apprised officially by Doctor POTTINGEN), to procure from his master an order for the recall of ROGERO from College, and for committing him to the care of the PRIOR of the *Abbey of Quedlinburgh*, a priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to GASPAR's interests—sending, at the same time, private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here ROGERO languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the *Landlady* of the *Golden Eagle* at WEIMAR, with whom GASPAR contracts, in the prince's name, for his support—intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of ROGERO for ever.

In the mean time CASIMERE, having been called away from the neighbourhood of MATILDA's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of and marries CECILIA, by whom he has a family, and whom he likewise deserts, after a few years cohabitation, on pretence of business which calls him to *Kamshatka*.

Doctor POTTINGEN, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young POTTINGEN in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return with-
out

out her; and to bring with her either her present lover CASIMERE, or, should that not be possible, ROGERO himself, if he can find him—the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. MATILDA, about the same period, quits her aunt's in search of CASIMERE, and CECILIA having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his *Kamschatka* journey, sets out in the post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the Play opens, with the accidental meeting of CECILIA and MATILDA at the inn at WEIMAR. CASIMERE arrives there soon after, and falls in, first with MATILDA, and then with CECILIA. Successive *éclaircissements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two ladies are to live jointly with CASIMERE.

Young POTTINGEN, wearied with a few weeks search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at WEIMAR, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodgings in the same house with PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, two English noblemen, whom the tyranny of KING JOHN has obliged to fly from their country, and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at WEIMAR.

The news of the signature of MAGNA CHARTA arriving, determines PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON to return to England. Young POTTINGEN opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search.—This they refuse; but, coming to the inn where they are to set off for *Hamburgh*, they meet CASIMERE, from whom they had both received many civilities in *Poland*.

CASIMERE, by this time, tired of his "DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT," and having learnt from the Waiter that ROGERO is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring Abbey for love, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over MATILDA to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, who agree to assist him, as also does young POTTINGEN. The WAITER of the inn proving to be a *Knight Templar*

Templar in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of *TROUBADOURS*, who happen to be returning from the *CRUSADES*, and a company of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers returning from the *SEVEN YEARS WAR*, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the Abbey is made with great success. The *COUNT* of *WEIMAR* and *GASPAR*, who are feasting with the *PRIOR*, are seized and beheaded in the refectory. The *PRIOR* is thrown into the dungeon, from which *ROGERO* is rescued. *MATILDA* and *CECILIA* rush in. The former recognises *ROGERO*, and agrees to live with him. The children are produced on all sides—and young *POTTINGEN* is commissioned to write to his father, the *DOCTOR*, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to *WEIMAR* to partake of the general felicity.

PROLOGUE—IN CHARACTER.

TOO long the triumphs of our early times,
With civil discord and with regal crimes,
Have stain'd these boards; while Shakspeare's pen has shown
Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
Too long have Rome and Athens been *the rage*, (*Applause*)
And classic buskins foil'd a British stage.

To-night our bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
His plot has borrow'd from the German schools;
—The German schools—where no dull maxims bind
The bold expansion of th' electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place:
Round the dark confines of the forest raves,
With *gentle Robbers* (1) stocks his gloomy caves;
Tells how Prime Ministers (2) are shocking things,
And reigning *Dukes* as bad as tyrant Kings;

How

(1) See the "*ROBBERS*," a German Tragedy, in which ROBBERY is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

(2) See "*CABAL and LOVE*," a German Tragedy—very severe against

How to *two* swains (3) *one* nymph her vows may give;
 And how *two* damsels (4) with *one* lover live!
 Delicious scenes!—Such scenes our bard displays,
 Which, crown'd with German, sue for British, praise.

Slow are the steeds, that through Germania's roads
 With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads;
 Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
 Through deep sands floundering, on those tardy steeds;
 More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
 Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confess'd—Oh! yet, ye *travell'd few*,
 Germania's *plays* with eyes unjaundic'd view!
 View and approve!—though in each passage fine
 The faint translation (5) mock the genuine line,
 Though the nice ear the erring sight belie,
 For *U* twice dotted is pronounced like *I* (6); (Applause)
 Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart,
 Warm from the breast, and glowing to the heart!.

Ye *travell'd few*, attend!—On *you* our bard.
 Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard! (Applause)

against Prime Ministers and reigning Dukes of Brunswick.—This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German troops for the *American* war in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wife and patriotic Princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no *American* war at that particular time.

(3 and 4) See the "STRANGER, OR REFORM'D HOUSEKEEPER," in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated; and "STELLA," a genteel German Comedy, which ends with placing a man *bodkin* between *two wives*, like *Thames* between his *two banks*, in the "CRITIC." Nothing can be more edifying than these two dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

(5 and 6) These are the warnings very properly given to readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if the translation runs, "*lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell*," we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original MUYLYCHAUSE ARCH-ANGELICHEN, which means rather *emanation of the archangelical nature*—OR TO SMELLYNKERN VANKELFER, which, if literally rendered, would signify *made of stuff of the same odour whereof the Devil makes flaméans*. See *Schüttenbrück* on the GERMAN IDIOM.

Nor let succeeding generations say,
 —A British Audience *damn'd* a German Play!
 (*Loud and continued applauses.*)

Flash of lightning.—*The Ghost of PROLOGUE'S GRAND-MOTHER, by the FATHER'S side, appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood. PROLOGUE kneels to receive her blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the audience clapping and crying all the while.—PROLOGUE and his GRANDMOTHER sink through the trap-door.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE represents a room at an inn at WEIMAR—On one side of the stage the bar-room, with jellies, lemons in nets, syllabubs, and part of a cold roast fowl, &c,—On the opposite side, a window looking into the street, through which persons (inhabitants of WEIMAR) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation—MATILDA appears in a great-coat and riding-habit, seated at the corner of the dinner-table, which is covered with a clean huckaback-cloth—Plates and napkins, with buck's-born handled knives and forks, ~~are~~ laid as if for four persons.

Matilda. Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

Landlady. Madam, the Brunswick post-waggon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Matilda. (*With a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself.*) Well, then, I must have patience—(*Exit Landlady.*) Oh, *Casimere!* How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has
 been

been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification!

Post-horn blows. Re-enter Landlady.

Landlady. Madam, the post-waggon is just come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Matilda. Then show her up—and let us have dinner instantly (*Landlady going*); and remember—(*after a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness*)—remember the toasted cheese. (*Exit Land.*)

Cecilia enters, in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the post-waggon.

Matilda. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cecilia. The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Matilda—(aside.) Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(*to Cecilia*)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unfounded harp

Cecilia. The dawn of life—when this blossom—(*putting her hand upon her heart*)—first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love!

Matilda. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!—

Cecilia. Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

Matilda.

Matilda. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

Cecilia. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—My heart was withered—but the beams of yours have rekindled it.

Matilda. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cecilia. Let us agree to live together.

Matilda. Willingly. (*With rapidity and earnestness.*)

Cecilia. Let us embrace. (*They embrace.*)

Matilda. Yes; I too have lov'd!—You too, like me, have been forsaken!—(*Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*)

Cecilia. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! these men!

Landlady enters, and places a leg of mutton on the table, with four krout and pruin sauce—then a small dish of black puddings.—Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.

Matilda. Oh, *Casimere!*

Cecilia—(aside.) *Casimere!* That name! Oh, my heart, how is it distracted with anxiety!

Matilda. Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

Cecilia. Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave I will retire—

Matilda. I will attend you.—(*Exeunt Matilda and Cecilia. Manent Landlady and Waiter, with the dinner on the table.*)

Landlady. Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the Abbey?

Waiter. Yes; Pease-soup, as usual—with the scrag end of a neck of mutton. The emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Landlady. Which you refused?

(*With hesitation and anxiety.*)

Waiter.

Waiter. Can you doubt it? (*With indignation.*)

Landlady—(*recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity.*) The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a Prince

Waiter. It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Landlady. Thou say'st truly, *Job*.

Waiter—(*with enthusiasm.*) He who can spurn at wealth, when proffered as the price of a crime, is greater than a Prince.

Post-horn blows.—*Enter Casimere (in a travelling dress, a light blue great coat with large metal buttons; his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand.)*

Casimere. Here, *Waiter*, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. (*Exit Waiter.*) And, hark'ye, my lad, a basin of water (*rubbing his hands*) and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter—(*answering from behind the door.*) Yes, Sir.

Casimere. Well, *Landlady*, what company are we to have?

Landlady. Only two gentlewomen, Sir.—They are just stepped into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Casimere. Where do they come from?

(*All this while the Waiter re-enters with the basin and water.—Casimere pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.*)

Landlady. There is one of them, I think, comes from Nuremburgh.

Casimere—(*aside.*) From Nuremburgh—(*with eagerness*)—Her name?

Landlady. Matilda.

Casimere—(*aside.*) How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else?

Landlady.

Landlady. I can't recollect.

Casimere. Oh, agony! (*In a paroxysm of agitation.*)

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—*Matilda Pottingen.*

Casimere. Ecstasy! Ecstasy!

(*Embracing the Waiter.*)

Landlady. You seem to be acquainted with the lady—Shall I call her?

Casimere. Instantly—instantly—Tell her—her lov'd, her long lost—Tell her—

Landlady. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Casimere. Do so—and in the mean time I will look after my portmanteau. (*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE changes to a subterraneous vault in the Abbey of QUEDLINBURGH; with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's heads, and cross-bones.—Toads, and other loathsome reptiles, are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—ROGERO appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—ROGERO rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Eleven years! It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—The cruelty of a minister—The perfidy of a monk—Yes, *Matilda!* for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men.—Soft!—what have we here?—(*stumbles over a bundle of sticks*)—This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my captivity—Let me see, how stands the account?—(*Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation*)—Eleven years and fifteen

fifteen days!—Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my *Matilda*.—It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom—Some demon whispered me, that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eye-lids.—My heart was crystallized with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long tail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the splendour of the setting sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of Hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a nest of demons, where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of Hope; where Agony woos the embrace of Death; where Patience, beside the bottomless pool of Despondency, sits angling for impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, *Matilda*, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . — . . . Soft, what air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings—Again—(*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind—It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have
not

not yet injured my guitar—(*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air with a full accompaniment of violins from the Orchestra.*)

(*Air—Lanterna Magica.*)

SONG BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! MATILDA then was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen. (*At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his chains in cadence.*)

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—

—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!

Thou

the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards Beef. and Pudd.—The former begins to recover.)

Y. Pot. What is the matter, comrades*?—you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

Beef. Lost.—I have lost my country.

Y. Pot. And I my sister.—I came hither in search of her.

Beef. O, England!

Y. Pot. O, Matilda!

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof, and from my studies in surgery; to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder abbey—in those dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

SCENE II.

Enter WAITER.—Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef. *(Goes to the door, and returns with a letter, which he opens—On perusing it, his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously)*—Hah, my friend, what joy! *(Turning to Puddingfield.)*

* This word in the original is strictly fellow-lodgers—"Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week."—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *Chum*, formerly in use at our universities.

Pudd. What ? tell me—Let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef. See here—(*produces a printed paper.*)

Pudd. What ?—(*with impatience.*)

Beef. (*In a significant tone*)—A newspaper !

Pudd. Hah, what say'st thou !—a newspaper !

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and see here—(*shows it partially*)—from England.

Pudd. (*With extreme earnestness*)—Its name ?

Beef. The *Daily Advertiser*—

Pudd. Oh ecstasy !

Beef. (*With a dignified severity.*)—Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. (*After a pause with suppressed emotion*)—Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news ?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the 3d of July, Old Style.

Pudd. I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—show me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd. (*reads*)—“ The great demand for *Packwood's Razor Straps*”——

Beef. 'Pshaw ! What, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. (*reads*)—

“ A hireling print, devoted to the court,
 “ Has dared to question our veracity
 “ Respecting the events of yesterday ;
 “ But by to-day's accounts, our information
 “ Appears to have been perfectly correct.—

“ The

" The charter of our liberties receiv'd
 " The royal signature at five o'clock,
 " When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
 " To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties,
 " After partaking of a cold collation,
 " Return'd to Windsor."—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars—*(Turns to another part of the paper)*—" Extract of a letter from Egham—My dear friend, we are all here in high spirits—The interesting event which took place this morning at *Runnymede*, in the neighbourhood of this town"—

Pudd. Hah! *Runnymede*---Enough---no more---my doubts are vanished---then are we free indeed!---

Beef. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor.---Our outlawry is reversed!---What says my friend---Shall we return by the next packet?

Pudd. Instantly, instantly!

Both. Liberty!---Adelaide!---Revenge!

(Exeunt---Young Pottingen following, and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.)

SCENE changes to the outside of the Abbey. A summer's evening---Moonlight.

Companies of AUSTRIAN and PRUSSIAN grenadiers march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years war. Shouts and martial music. The Abbey gates are opened.---The MONKS are seen passing in procession, with the PRIOR at their head. The choir is heard chaunting Vespers. After which a pause.---Then a bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the porter, a Troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a lady under his arm---TROUBADOUR seems much in liquor, but caresses the FEMALE MINSTREL.

Fem. Minst. Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Troub. 'Pshaw, women will be inquiring. Melancholy! Not I.---I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question---"What have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret---I learnt it of an almanack-maker at Gotha---If thou gueffest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me---and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Minst. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.
---(*Plays on her Balalaika*.*)

(*Troubadour sings.*)

I bear a secret comfort *here*,
(*Putting his hand on the bundle, but without showing it.*)
A joy I'll ne'er impart;
It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Minst. (*Interrupting him.*)---I'll be hang'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

Troub. I mean!---Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings---
(*Fem. Minst. attempts to lay hold on the*

bottle. Troubadour pushes her aside, and continues singing, without interruption.)

This cherry-bounce, this lov'd noyau,
My drink for ever be:
But, sweet my love, thy wish forego,
I'll give no drop to thee!

* THE BALALAIKA is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar.---
See the play of "COUNT BENYOWSKY, rendered into English."

(*Both*

(Both together.)

<i>Troub.</i>	{	This	}	cherry-bounce,	{	this	}	loved noyau,
<i>Fem. Min.</i>		That				that		
<i>Troub.</i>	{	My	}	Drink for ever be;				
<i>Fem. Min.</i>		Thy						
<i>Troub.</i>	{	But, sweet my love	}	thy wish forego!				
<i>Fem. Min.</i>		one drop bestow.						
<i>Troub.</i>	{	I	}	keep it all for	{	ME!	}	
<i>Fem. Min.</i>		Nor				THEE!		

[*Exeunt, struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the Fem. Minst. appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD---contains the eclairsissements and final arrangement between CASIMERE, MATILDA, and CECILIA; which so nearly resembles the concluding act of "STELLA," that we forbear to lay it before our readers.

ACT IV.

SCENE---*The inn door--Diligence drawn up. CASIMERE appears superintending the package of his port-manteaus, and giving directions to the porters.*

Enter Beefington and Puddingfield.

Pudd. Well, Coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coachman. Yes, your honour.

Puddingfield seems to be struck with Casimere's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the Coachman, then doubtingly pronounces---Casimere!

Casimere, turning round rapidly, recognises Puddingfield, and embraces him.

Casi.

Casi. My Puddingfield!

Pudd. My Casimere!

Casi. What, Beefington too! (*discovering him.*)---
Then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it seems!

Casi. Yes, Beefington---but wherefore to Ham-
burgh?

Beef. Oh, Casimere*---To fly---to fly---to return to
England---our country---Magna Charta---it is libe-
rated---a new æra---House of Commons---opposition---

Casi. What a contrast! you are flying to liberty and
your home—I, driven from my home by tyranny—am
exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beef. How domestic slavery?

Casi. Too true—two wives—(*slowly, and with a
dejected air—then after a pause*)—You knew my Ce-
cilia?

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

Casi. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a
lady in Wetteravia—My Matilda was under her pro-
tection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a
charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the chil-
dren, in a light blue riding-habit. The simplicity of
her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all con-
spired to interest me—my heart moved to hers—as if
by a magnetic sympathy—We wept, embraced, and
went home together—She became the mother of my
Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not
stified the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero

* See "COUNT BENYOWSKY; OR, THE CONSPIRACY OF KAM-
SCHATKA," where CRUSTIEW, an old gentleman of much sagacity,
talks the following nonsense:

CRUSTIEW. (*With youthful energy, and an air of secrecy and confidence*)
—"To fly, to fly, to the isles of Marian—the island of Tinian—a
terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new-created sun—
wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and liberty—tranquillity."

is languishing in captivity—If I could restore her to him!

Beef. Let us rescue him.

Cafi. Will without power* is like children playing at soldiers.

Beef. Courage without power† is like a consumptive running footman.

Cafi. Courage without power is a contradiction‡.—Ten brave men might set all *Quedlinburgh* at defiance.

Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cafi. I will tell you—marked you the Waiter?

Beef. The Waiter?—(doubtingly.)

Cafi. (In a confidential tone)—No waiter, but a *Knight Templar*. Returning from the crusade, he found his order dissolved, and his person proscribed.—He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a waiter.—I have made sure of him already.—There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. Now then for the execution---(with enthusiasm.)

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution---(clapping them on the back.)

Waiter. But hilt! We are observed.

Troub. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

* See "COUNT BENYOWSKY," as before.

† See "COUNT BENYOWSKY."

‡ See "COUNT BENYOWSKY" again. From which play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the Translator's

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED*.

Caf. Hift! hift! nor let the airs that blow
From Night's cold lungs, our purpose know!

Pudd. Let Silence, mother of the dumb

Beef. Prefs on each lip her palsied thumb!

Waiter. Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—

Grenadier and Troub. } And Conscience start, when she shall view
 } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con Spirito.*

Then friendship swear, ye faithful bands,

Swear to save a shackled herp!

See where yon Abbey frowning stands!

Rescue, rescue brave Rogero!

Caf. Thrall'd in a monkish tyrant's fetters

Shall great Rogero hopeless lie?

Young Pot. In my pocket I have letters,

Saying, " Help me, or I die!"

Allegro, Allegretto.

Caf.—Beef.—Pudd.—Gren. } Let us fly, let us fly,
Troub.—Wait.—and Pot. } Let us help, ere he die!
with enthusiasm.

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

SCENE—the Abbey gate, with ditches, draw-bridges, and spikes.—**TIME**—about an hour before sun-rise.—The Conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the signal for attack.—The WAITER is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his order, with the cross on his breast, and the scallop on his shoulder.—PUDDING-FIELD and BEEFINGTON armed with blunderbusses

* We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "COUNT BENYOWSKY; or, the Conspiracy of Kamshatka,"—where the conspirators join in a chorus, for fear of being overheard.

and

and pocket-pistols; the GRENADIERS in their proper uniforms.—The TROUBADOUR, with his attendant MINSTRELS, bring up the rear—martial music—the conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—firing of pistols—the Convent appear in arms upon the walls—the draw-bridge is let down—a body of choristers and lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the verger killed.—The besieged attempt to raise the draw-bridge.—PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the draw-bridge, and, by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.—PUDDINGFIELD makes the signal for the battering-ram.—Enter QUINTUS CURTIUS and MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, in their proper military habits, preceded by the Roman eagle—the rest of their legion are employed in bringing forward a battering-ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced.—After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in, with shouts of victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey.—The inhabitants of the convent are seen flying in all directions.

(PRIOR is brought forward between two grenadiers.)

The COUNT of WEIMAR, who had been found feasting in the refectory, is brought in manacled. He appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The PRIOR remains insensible, as if stupified with grief. BEEFINGTON takes the keys of the dungeon, which are hanging at the PRIOR's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement.—Exit PRIOR and COUNT, properly guarded. The rest of the conspirators disperse in search of the dungeon where ROGERO is confined.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

A LET-

A LETTER FROM A MERCHANT OF TOMBUCTOO,
A CAPITAL CITY ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, IN THE
CENTRE OF AFRICA, TO HIS FRIEND THERE.

Translated from the Original Tombuctan by a Moorish Dragoman.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

*London, the 22d of the Moon of the Lion,
Year 50, 751.*

TEEEE, the merchant of Tombuctoo, metropolis of the world, to his friend Cooo, the scribe; a sound mind in a sound body. Joy, my friend! While these savages are endeavouring to discover our city, I am in the midst of theirs. Their whole manners are so remote from those of the civilized world, that I am overwhelmed with strange particularities, and hardly know where to begin. I shall, therefore, content myself, at present, with a few observations; reserving further information for future opportunities.

In the first place, I shall, as in duty bound, consider the important project which our monarch (of whom thou art the skilful servant) has formed, for the subjugation of these barbarians. To prevent any other African nation from asserting any claim of prior discovery of this remote island, I in the night proceeded boldly to the chief temple, in the centre of this city, and affixed the holy badge of our religion, as a token of the right of the glorious sovereign of Tombuctoo. I also buried a bottle containing all his titles, subjoined to which is a solemn claim of these newly-discovered islands in the northern sea, as gems inherent in his crown; and of the inhabitants, as sheep reserved for his own slaughter-house. There can, therefore, be no future doubt to whom these islands belong.

Our numerous fleets may easily proceed down the great river, and, entering the ocean, assail these lands on the west. The savages have, indeed, many and

large ships; but they are happily strangers to our submarine fire, so long preserved as a secret of our state, and by which a few of our boats may send all their fleet into the air, and render it only an illumination of our triumph. Their soldiers are numerous, but not clothed in metal; in consequence, they are quite exposed to those showers of active and caustic poison, used by our troops; by which, when ejected to a prodigious height by our vast machines, whole territories may be overwhelmed, and myriads of men sent to their fathers; the touch being instant death, and the very air rendered poison. May the blessing of all our gods attend the glorious inventor of this artificial pestilence, the secret of which is only known to us, the chosen people of Heaven, the chief of all civilized nations! Let us bend to the gods in humble adoration for this favour, and ever remember their infinite goodness and mercy. Most just it is, and most necessary.

There is a king in this country, but it is chiefly ruled by a sort of senate; which, instead of meeting in the morning, the usual and chosen hour of the soul's vigour, assembles in the night, even in the nights of winter. Hence follow colds and catarrhs, and political fevers, and many inflammatory symptoms. Their state councils, as may be expected, are far inferior to ours; and forgetting that wisdom is the lot of the few, they always decide by the majority—a singular instance of direct opposition to our constitution.

I heartily agree with all Africa in execration of those cannibals. That they are cannibals I am convinced. Wouldst thou think, my friend, that out of thousands of blacks, imported by them, I have hardly seen half a dozen, spared, I suppose, as usual among the worst savages, by some favour, or fortuitous circumstance? The rest are all eaten!

The vengeance will be sweet; we shall export them

by whole ship-loads, and sell them to the southern cannibals of Africa. Many of the people are very fat and fair, particularly of the casts of the Spankidoodels, and of the Hahums and the Mummums. This speculation will be excellently profitable. I should expect from five to twenty dinars per man.

As to the colonies to be sent here, they may be easily and firmly established. A few myriads destroyed by the artificial earthquakes, which we know how to produce so easily, and two or three millions blasted by our artificial pestilences, the rest will be overawed; and will respect our farther progress in civilization, and superior skill in the arts of death and destruction. We must, by all means, insist on the establishment of a despotic government, exactly similar to our own. Without this the people could have no liberty nor happiness, and of course would grow fretful and lean; the very thing to be avoided; as our profit depends much upon their fat and good condition.

The lean and deformed may, however, be occupied for our profit, in manufactures, in which they show some little skill. Indeed, I am told they have, in this branch, excelled most of the savages of the North, for these forty years. Before this, most articles were imported, in exchange for their wool, a staple commodity, and always a favourite; insomuch, that perhaps some of our Tombuctan society of antiquarians may thence derive the singular partiality of this voracious people for the woolly heads of the negroes. This I leave to the learned. I have told thee, friend Coo, that, about forty years back, these savages imported most articles of manufacture; and I am told, but know not how to credit it, that such was formerly their rage for importation, that they have repeatedly imported their kings from the continent; as being men of a superior manufacture to any made in their country.

country. This I suppose is one of the fables obtruded upon ignorant travellers.

I know not well what religion these wild people profess. But we must send some missionaries to convert them to our faith, to the holy profession of Magotism, without which no man can be saved. Their bodies are undoubtedly ours, by every law human and divine; and we shall send them to the shambles by thousands, according to the statutes of Tihi, concerning peace and war. But heaven forbid that we should not previously endeavour to save their souls, for we cannot sell that aerial part. If a few myriads be roasted by a slow fire, and remarkably well baited, I could almost answer for the conversion of the remainder. Adieu!

COPY OF A LETTER

FROM PRINCE PIGNATELLI, MINISTER OF THE KING OF NAPLES, TO COUNT FRIOCA, MINISTER OF STATE AT TURIN.

Intercepted by the French General Championet.

[From the Morning Herald.]

Naples.

YOU are sufficiently acquainted with our government to know how much of the blessings which this kingdom enjoys, arise from the influence her Majesty the Queen possesses in the King's council. Her Majesty, on pretence of doing homage to the hero of the Nile, the better to conceal our operations from that miscreant the regicide ambassador, invited the ministers of the allied courts to a private supper in the Queen's apartments. I took care to secure the presence of our cabinet, as well as of all other persons proper to this great object; and I cannot better convey to your Excellency the whole mind of our government

D 2.

than

than by transmitting to you a note of the conversation, which I made before I went to bed on the same night.

His Majesty the King began by saying, "There was a man sent from God, and his name"—"His name was Horatio," added her Majesty the Queen, taking the words from his Majesty the King. The whole council were transported at this pertinent and pious compliment to the English Admiral. "Lord Nelson is an honour to the land of his ancestors," said Mr. Acton. "With respect to his ancestors," observed Sir William Hamilton, "I believe there is a small mistake; for though Lord Nelson's birth is undoubtedly British, his family is Scotch; and unless my memory very much fail me, he is a distant relation of my own."

"Talking of England," says General Mack, "reminds me of having it in special charge from that valiant officer Count Canto D'Irlas, to beg that you, Sir (turning to the English ambassador), would transmit Count Canto's friendship to Colonel Graham (the same gentleman whom the English government sent into Italy, in the year 1796, to record the victories of the Austrian army), and to express the Count's very earnest hope that Colonel Graham took nothing amiss, by the suddenness of the Colonel's departure from Mantua." Upon further discourse, we learnt that Colonel Graham, in the scarcity of provisions at Mantua, had a roasted rat served up to him for his dinner, and that the Colonel contrived his escape from Mantua on the same night; which circumstance led Count Canto (from something that he had heard afterwards) to fear that the Colonel was offended. "Now," said General Mack, "the truth was, that Marshal Wurmser, having heard that some great men in England were very fond of rats, had ordered one for Colonel Graham, as a particular dainty, the horses
1 and

and the asses having been *eaten off* some time." Sir William Hamilton begged General Mack would set Count Canto's mind at rest upon this point; observing, that Colonel Graham was of a country that valued itself on a talent which was an absolute instinct with many of the greatest of his countrymen; to wit, foreseeing the mortal hour of men and things, and making a timely retreat.

"Mr. Acton will remember that I foretold the speedy fall of Mantua, when I heard of my friend's quitting it.—There is no hope for those *we* abandon," said Sir William Hamilton. Mr. Acton confirmed the fact which Sir William Hamilton stated, and General Mack said, "This will give great comfort to Count Canto."

We then talked of Lord Nelson's wounds and victories.

"The loss of a member is a serious evil," said her Majesty the Queen. "Not of such a member, Madam," replied the Cardinal Doria-Pemphily, "as your Majesty will perceive by the following fact:—A criminal was ordered to be broken upon the wheel in the town of Dijon, many years since; the surgeons begged, by petition to the King, to have the sentence commuted to suffering an experiment to be made of a new-invented styptic, in a case of the utmost hæmorrhage. The court granted the request, and the criminal consented, as his only chance for life. The dismemberment went all lengths, but the head: both the arms, both the thighs, were chopped off. In fine, the bleeding trunk, smack smooth, with the head only remaining to the body, was immersed in the styptic. It soon stopped the blood; the wounds healed: the man survived, became the most moral and prosperous citizen of Dijon, married the tallest, largest woman in the country, had a dozen of children, and

his posterity are at this moment at the head of the municipality."—Her Majesty the Queen, after hearing this narrative, had her doubts how she ought to receive it; when perceiving Lady Hamilton struggling with a smile, her Majesty looked as if she too had a mind to be merry; but the gravity of the great business in hand soon recalled her to a sense of her high duties.

"The English Admiral then," said her Majesty the Queen, "has but one hand." I took the liberty of replying, "That single hand, Madam, is worth the whole hundred of Briareus!" His Majesty the King made an immediate note with his pencil of my observation, and had the condescension to repeat it to the Admiral himself eleven times during his visit on board the Vanguard; each time, as an original compliment of his own. The noble Admiral was astonished at the fecundity of his Majesty's imagination. "I hope," said her Majesty the Queen, turning to the English ambassador, "I hope, Sir William, the Admiral is quite recovered," said her Majesty. "Entirely so, Madam," replied Sir William Hamilton; "you will soon see him in his *aigrette* and *pelice*."—"The Admiral," said Mr. Acton, "is now equal to a bashaw with three tails." The Queen looked at Lady Hamilton, and both expressed great surprise and pleasure, that the Admiral was equal to a bashaw with three tails.

Her Majesty the Queen then discoursed upon the abominable invasion of Egypt, and dwelt upon the iniquity of those miscreants, who, not content with destroying the established liberty of the nations of Europe, propagate their despotism even among the free and happy inhabitants of Africa. We all agreed, however, that it was a very providential thing that the innocent and amiable people who so well governed Egypt, should have so proper a horror of their barbarous

barous invaders. "It is plain," said the Cardinal-Doria, "that these *poor people* have but little relish for the Frenchmen, when they even beat the French women!"—Mr. Acton assured the council that due care should be taken throughout the Neapolitan dominions to excite a proper sense of the virtues of the Egyptians, contrasted with the crimes of Buonaparte and his followers.—"We manage that business admirably with us," said Sir-William Hamilton; "a *variorum* edition of intercepted letters has been lately published by my government, with a charming commentary, in which not one assertion is false, nor one inference illogical. The mechanism of the work is by one of the most shining stars of our ministerial firmament, the senate's idol! the Premier's prime favourite!!—a youth whose principles, though they hold water, and a plenty of it, never leak one drop to dilute the *blanket*, already too wet, in which certain rascals would congeal that glorious spirit which cannot fail shortly to redeem the conquered countries of Europe into their ancient state of perfect freedom!

"In that valuable commentary," continued Sir William Hamilton, "full justice is done to the interesting innocence of the Egyptians, while the depravity of the French usurpers is damned for ever, by the publication of their letters. — Indeed," added the English ambassador, "I would recommend our conduct upon these points to all the sovereigns of the grand alliance. Our quills are as hot as our cannon, and we maintain the liberty of the press in all its plenitude; for we diffuse through all parts the wholesome creed of the court, and take *special care* to guard our rabble from the poison of the malcontents. You may think, and say, and write what you please in England, provided you are not impertinent to the government; a condition so reasonable, that none but villains and incen-

incendiaries can object to it. Find but a publisher—and you may publish what you like. In the spirit of these principles, our greatest functionaries are loudest in favour of liberty. Indeed, but for the honest praises of placemen, the free constitution of my country would be in danger of being lost to the remembrance of an ungrateful public. Our state accuser is quite an apostle in behalf of freedom. A fine man! and a great metaphysician! who has done wonders for the honour, and the safety too, of regular government. Give him but the smallest fissure, and he will work himself (her Majesty looked at Lady Hamilton)—he will work himself into any libel whatever,” said Sir William Hamilton.—“We have some rare examples to copy upon these points,” continued Sir William. “The most pious, I mean of our former kings, set as high a value as any modern, upon the freedom of opinion. That excellent monarch, aided by his venerable peers and prelates, discussed a topic publicly with a *Jacobin* of past times, and took much interest in convincing the knave of his errors. A sort of *à priori* argument was urged, first against the right, then against the left leg. A flaming faggot pressed its luminous logic *à posteriori*. In front, a humane centurion pushed some point-blank reasoning, by ripping open the disputant’s belly with a halbert. In a word, they silenced, if they did not quite satisfy their antagonist, whose doctrines, so very false at the time of this discussion, became so very true shortly after, that they were established by act of Parliament, and continue to be the creed of the nation to this hour.—The whole of which proceeding, by the way, shows the benefit of vigour and firmness in government, especially against those who would unsettle men’s minds upon subjects admitting such certainty as polity and religion.”

Some of the council looking a little dubious, Sir William

William Hamilton assured them that this interesting controversy was closed in Palace-yard, Westminster. I took the liberty of saying (having been ambassador in England), that I knew Palace-yard well. It was directly in the road to Millbank.

The council then took into consideration the moral character of the French, and we had little difficulty in agreeing that every Frenchman is of necessity a *scoundrel*. To this definition General Mack begged to add the epithet *coward*, which was instantly adopted; and then, with the superaddition of an exception suggested by his Most Christian Majesty's envoy, the unanimous determination of the council stood thus:—"All the French, except the emigrants, are scoundrels and cowards."

We then discussed how it happened that the people of Italy (except the Venetians, who, being subjects of his Majesty the Emperor, are quite free) should have lost their liberty; and, after some deliberation, the council decided, "*that it was all through bribery and brandy*." We agreed that Buonaparte must have bribed all the Austrian generals in succession, and drugged the French troops with eternal *brandy*.—Her Majesty the Queen, with notable sagacity, then said, "My lords, you can never mean to involve my nephew in the charge of corruption?"—The council abjured such a thought.—The Archduke Charles was above all suspicion; and then we began to consider how it happened that the Archduke did not beat Buonaparte. The council were of opinion, that the Archduke was the greatest commander in the world; that his army was the best appointed, the most numerous, the most brave. In truth, the council, after much debate, had gotten into a dilemma. They could not conceive how it happened that the Archduke did not beat Buonaparte, until Lady Hamilton suggested, as a probable reason,
that

that Buonaparte would not let him. The whole council then agreed, that the most probable reason was, that Buonaparte would not let him. Her Majesty the Queen, however, was positive that the Archduke would have been victorious, if his army had not had the gripes very bad, in the last campaign.

The King then said, "Though I have the stoutest confidence in the success of this attack, to which my loving friends and brothers prompt me, yet I hold it prudent to guard against consequences. What shall become of us, if the French (the thing is just possible) should repulse us, and invade my country in their turn?"—"In that case," replied his Eminence the Cardinal, "I would find a postern at the back side of Italy, hire a polacre, and sail for Syria." General Mack, a little hurt at the Cardinal's despondence, said, "If the worst happened, they could cut across from Charybdis to Scylla, a foil, he presumed, where a priest, an enemy to France, might tell his beads." This hint reminded the Cardinal of the Sicilian Vespers, and his Eminence became animated with a noble glow of courage and of hope. His Excellency the Russian ambassador assured the King *that he was perfectly safe*. "How could he fail, who was encouraged by the two mightiest ministers of latter ages, Prince Repnin and Prince Pitt?"—The English ambassador, kindled by this generous similitude, broke into a panegyric upon his own government, "whose friendship (he said) was safety, and whose bounty was honour." Sir William then, in very affecting terms, stated to the council the glorious efforts that were making by that most generous of nations in the cause of "order, virtue, and liberty, united—a nation who minded nothing that pressed themselves (he assured us) in their noble zeal for the honour of crowns."—"Please God," continued Sir William Hamilton, "we may soon have among us a moiety of the princes of Europe, which will be a great

great consolation to the people." He informed his Majesty, that if the miscreants succeeded, his Majesty's reception in England would make him forget even the loss of his crown. "We have three courts in our country," said Sir William Hamilton; "we have the King's court at St. James's, the court of Monsieur in Holyrood-house, and the Stadtholder's court, at No. 61, Pall-mall." I took the liberty of saying (having been ambassador in England), that I knew the street well, and had often dined there with a very worthy man of our own country, the Chevalier Bartho Ruspini!

Thus completely securing ourselves in the worst event, we proceeded upon the grand project on foot. We discussed all our means in detail, and the same feeling of infallible success possessed the whole council.—It cannot fail—The brave poniards of valiant Piedmont.—I satisfied the council that your Excellency would answer for them. The church is ready.—His Eminence the Cardinal assured us that all was prepared. Not a single curse or malediction, from Moses to Mr. Burke, was omitted.—"If you will fight," said the Cardinal, "we will fulminate—the Lazaroni fifty thousand! the militia fifty thousand! the army fifty thousand!!!—the finest troops—the best disciplined—the bravest—and led by the ablest captain in the world."

General Mack, ancient with the divinity of revenge, seemed to grow into a god. His frame dilated—his fibres swelled—his eye fixed and infuriated—*os rabidum—fere corda*—I surveyed him with terror.—He advanced towards the supper-table—seized a three-pronged fork—raised his right arm with determined steadiness, and, after an awful pause—plunged it into the heart of a French roll that lay on his plate.

The whole council took this incident as a certain
auspice

auspice of his fortune. General Mack rushed out of the room, ordered his mules to be harnessed, and then went forth—upon the deliverance of Europe!

THE NEW LILLA BULERO.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IT is mentioned by Bishop Burnet and other historians, that at the time of the Revolution, in the year 1688, a popular ballad to the Irish tune of Lilla Bulero produced wonderful effect among the lower classes of the people, and especially among the soldiers of King James's army, by whom it was commonly sung; inso-much that the Earl of Wharton, the supposed author of it, is said to have boasted, that by means of this song he had had a considerable share in effecting the Revolution. The burden of it, *Lilla bulero bulen al ha!* was a cry or watchword among the Irish Catholics at that time.—*Vide Dr. Percy's Collection of Old English Ballads.*

HO, broder Teague, do you hear de decree?

Lilla bulero, bulen, al ha.

United men we shall all of us be,

Lilla bulero, bulen, al ha.

Lero lero, lilla bulero, lilla bulero, bulen al ha.

Lero lero, lilla bulero, lilla bulero, bulen al ha.

Says England, Since Union's de ting dat you want,

Lilla, &c.

By Jafus I'll give you a belly-full on't.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

And if green is de colour you like, by de mafs,

Lilla, &c.

You'll be plas'd when all Dublin is cover'd wid grafs.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

But,

But, says Teague, Now, by Union, what is it dey mane?

Lilla, &c.

Sure 'tis binding three nations all fast in one chain.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

'Tis a schame which quite boddere one's brain, faith and troth,

Lilla, &c.

For 'tis worse for de one, yet it's better for both.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

Is not Johnny Fitzgibbon gone straight to de King?

Lilla, &c.

Oh! betwain 'em how nately dey'll settle de ting!

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

He'll drive a rare job for us all, you may swear,

Lilla, &c.

And anoder as good for Lord Chancellor Clare.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

And since we've a parliament not to our mind,

Lilla, &c.

Sure to take it away now, is wonderful kind.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

Woud a minister wish for his jobs better tools

Lilla, &c.

Dan a cargo of knaves, when exported by fools?

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

And, by Christ, we'll not send him such blundering elves,

Lilla, &c.

Who will tink of deir country, and not of demselves.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

Oh! when Paddy in Westminster takes his own fate,

Lilla, &c.

By my shoul he'll enliven de British debate.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

Shoud de Spaker call order, he'll huff and look big,

Lilla, &c.

Till he makes ev'ry hair stand an end on his wig.

Lilla, &c.

Lero, &c.

Should a member prafume on his fpache to remark,
 Lilla, &c.
 Sure he'll beg juft to mate him next day in de Park.
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 For a park like our Phanix in London dey've got,
 Lilla, &c.
 By jontlemen us'd for exchanging a fhoe.
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 Won't it be a vaft binefit now to our trade,
 Lilla, &c.
 When all laws to promote it in England are made?
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 You have feen, Teague, a' cur, to whofe dragged backfide,
 Lilla, &c.
 Butcher boys have a broken old canifter tied.
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 Now, if England's de dog whom French butchers affail,
 Lilla, &c.
 Will not we be de canifter tied to her tail?
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 Not a great while ago, fure, we heard a vaft dale
 Lilla, &c.
 About renunciation and fimple repale:
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 But this fchame now will ftrike ev'ry orator mute,
 Lilla, &c.
 And de Union will fettle de fimple difpute;
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*
 And 'twill den to our fearce Orange yeomen be known,
 Lilla, &c.
 Dat in cutting our troats dey've been cutting deir own.
 Lilla, &c. *Lero, &c.*

DUKE'S PLACE ASSOCIATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

AS a friend to the present sacred order of things, I hasten to give you a copy of a paper found near my street-door, dropt there probably by accident; and as it is the duty of every *loyal* subject to cheer *whatever* government he may live under, by giving them all the good and useful intelligence he can, I transmit you this as a convincing proof, that the flux of *unbecoming knowledge* meets with a very general opposition amongst that part of the better sort of people, *who know what they are about*.

I am, Sir,

St. Mary Axe,
Nov. 30, 1792.

Yours, &c.

P. S. R.

At a Meethinge of Shentelmend of Order and goot Gavernment of de Beebles, met at de Shign of de BLUSHING MOSES, in Duke's Place.

Resbolbet, Becaas som French beebles hap set op a new pork-shop, over de vay;

Resbolbet, Becaas we hate dat pork-shop over de vay;

Resbolbet, Dat those vat sell kriakens and black boudens, and those tings—is very bad.

Resbolbet, Dat we is very shartin our beebles has more of de goot fens, as to eat any of dat.

Resbolbet, Dat ve promish de beebles dat rost pork, or any ting vat has pork vit—is very unhaveri;

Resbolbet, Dat Moses himself said so—and all de Rabbis ever since den, said so—and all de beebles beleef it ever since—Vat! can dere be better antignty as dis?

Resbolbet, Vat! will de beebles eat after all dis?

Resholbet, Vell den! shall dey begin to eat de pork now, becaas Rabbi Pritzli, and all him dam set, tell dem only to try how de pork taiste?

Resholbet, *Omnium*, Dat de beebles must not taiste de pork—'tis very dangerous for dem once to taiste de pork—for vy? ~~¶~~ Becaas of de conshegenfes.

Resholbet, Dat none but de Rabbis and all de High Prift can eat de pork widout eatin de dievil at de same time.

Resholbet, *Ergo*, Dat if de common beebles eat dis pork, de dievil vill eat dem.

Resholbet, Dat ve vill all tell dem so, and do all as we can to make dem belif it.

Resholbet, Dat ve vill all pot on de corage—for vy? ~~¶~~ Becaas Mordecai de Jew still shittet en de Konigs gate.

Resholbet, *Finis*, Becaas ve hate dat dam pork-shöp over de vay.

(Shignd) By order fun de Cabroushe,

SHAM HAM SHAM, *Sec.*

COPY OF A LETTER

FROM GENERAL BUONAPARTE TO THE COMMANDANT AT ZANTE.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

CITIZEN GENERAL, *Athens, 18 Prairial.*

VICTORY still attends us. I enclose you a copy of a letter which I have this day written to the Directory. Health and fraternity.

BUONAPARTE.

Head-quarters, Salamis, 18 Prairial.

CITIZENS DIRECTORS,

THE brave soldiers who conferred liberty on *Roma*, have continued to deserve well of their country. *Greece* has

has joyfully received her deliverers. The tree of liberty is planted on the *Piræus*. Thirty thousand Janizaries, the slaves of despotism, had taken possession of the isthmus of *Corinth*. Two demi-brigades opened us a passage. After ten days fighting, we have driven the *Turks* from the *Morea*. The *Peloponnesus* is now free. Every step in my power has been taken to revive the ancient spirit of *Sparta*. The inhabitants of that celebrated city, seeing the *black broth* of my troops, and the scarcity of specie to which we have been long accustomed, will, I doubt not, soon acquire the frugal virtues of their ancestors. As a proper measure of precaution, I have removed all *PITT's* gold from the country.

Off this island we encountered the fleet of the *SULTAN*. The Mahometan crescent soon fled before the three-coloured flag. Nine sail of the line are the fruits of this victory. The *CAPTAIN PACHA's* ship, a second rate, struck to a national corvette. My aide-de-camp will present you with the model of a *trireme* which was found among the archives of *Athens*. Vessels of this description draw so little water, that our naval architects may perhaps think them more eligible than rafts, for the conveyance of the *Army of England*. Liberty will be sufficiently avenged, if the ruins of a Grecian city furnish us with the means of transporting the conquerors of *Rome* to *Britain*.

On landing at this island, I participated in a scene highly interesting to humanity—A poor fisherman, of the family of *THEMISTOCLES*, attended by his wife, a descendant of the virtuous *PHRYNE*, fell at my feet. I received him with the fraternal embrace, and promised him the protection of the Republic. He invited me to supper at his hut; and in gratitude to his deliverer, presented me with a memorable *oyster-shell* inscribed with the name of his illustrious ancestor. As

this curious piece of antiquity may be of service to some of the DIRECTORY, I have enclosed it in my dispatches, together with a marble tablet, containing the proper form for pronouncing the sentence of *ostracism* on *Royalist-Athenians*.

KLEBER, whom I had ordered to *Constantinople*, informs me that the capital of Turkey has proved an easy conquest.—*Santa-Sophia* has been converted into a temple of Reason; the *Seraglio* has been purified by *Theo-Philanthropists*; and the liberated Circassians are learning from our sailors the lessons of equality and fraternity. A detachment has been sent to *Troy*, for the purpose of organizing the department of *Mount Ida*.—The tomb of *ACHILLES* has been repaired; and the bust of *BRISEIS* (which formed part of the pedestal) restored to its original state at the expense of the female citizen. BUONAPARTE.

The division of the fleet destined for *Egypt*, has anchored in the port of *Alexandria*. BERTHIER, who commands this expedition, informs me that this port will soon be restored to its ancient pre-eminence; and that its celebrated *Pharos* will soon be fit to receive the *Reverbères* which have been sent from the *Rue St. Honoré*.

BARAGUAY D'HALLIERS, with the left wing of the *Army of Egypt*, has fixed his head-quarters at *Jerusalem*. He is charged to restore the Jews to their ancient rights. Citizens JACOB JACOBS, SIMON LEVI, and BENJAMIN SOLOMONS, of *Amsterdam*, have been provisionally appointed directors.—The palace of *Pontius Pilate* is rebuilding for their residence. All the vestiges of superstition in *Palestine* have been carefully destroyed.

I beg you will ratify a grant which I have made, of the *Temple of the Sun* at *Palmyra*, to a society of *Illuminati*.

minati from *Bavaria*. They may be of service in extending our future conquests.

I have received very satisfactory accounts from DESAIX, who had been sent by BERTHIER with a demi-brigade into the interior of *Africa*. That fine country has been too long neglected by Europeans. In manners and civilization it much resembles France, and will soon emulate our virtues. Already does the Torrid Zone glow with the ardour of freedom. Already has the altar of liberty been reared in the *Caffrarian* and *Equinoctial Republics*. Their regenerated inhabitants have sworn eternal amity to us at a civic feast to which a detachment of our army was invited. This memorable day would have terminated with the utmost harmony, if the *Caffrarian* COUNCIL of ANCIENTS had not devoured the greatest part of General DESAIX's Etat-Major for their supper. I hope our ambassador will be instructed to require that civic feasts of this nature be omitted for the future. The directory of the *Equinoctial Republic* regret that the scarcity of British cloth in *Africa*, and the great heat of the climate, prevent them from adopting our *costume*.

We hope soon to liberate the *Hottentots*, and to drive the perfidious *English* from the extremities of *Africa* and of *Europe*. *Asia*, too, will soon be free. The three-coloured flag floats on the summit of *Caucasus*; the *Tigrine Republic* is established; the *Cis*, and *Trans-Euphratean Conventions* are assembled: and soon shall *Arabia*, under the mild influence of *French principles*, resume her ancient appellation, and be again denominated "the HAPPY."

In the course of the next decade I shall sail to the canal which is now cutting across the *Isthmus* of *Suez*. The polytechnic school, and corps of geographical engineers, are employed in devising means for conveying my heavy artillery across the great Desert. Soon shall

India hail us as her deliverers; and those proud islanders, the *Tyrants of Calcutta*, fall before the *Heroes of Arcola*.

The members of the national institute who accompanied the squadron to Egypt, have made a large collection of antiquities for the use of the Republic.—Among the scattered remains of the Alexandrine library, they have found a curious treatise, in Arabic, respecting *camels*, from which it appears that human beings, by proper treatment, may, like those useful animals, be trained to support thirst and hunger without complaining. Many reams of papyrus have been collected, as it is thought, during the present scarcity of linen and old rags in France, it may answer all the purposes of paper. CLEOPATRA's celebrated obelisk has been shipped on board the Admiral's ship *L'Orient*, ci-devant *Sans Culottes*: another man of war has been freighted with the *Sphinx*, which our engineers removed from *Grand Cairo*, and which, I trust, will be thought a proper ornament for the Hall of Audience of the Directory.—The cage in which BAJAZET was confined, has been long preserved at *Bassora*; it will be transmitted to Paris as a proper model for a new *Cayenne diligence*.—I beg leave to present to the Director MERLIN, a very curious book, bound in Morocco leather, from Algiers. It is finely illuminated with gold; and contains lists of the various fees usually received by Deys and their ministers from foreign ambassadors. A broken column will be sent from *Carthage*: It records the downfall of that commercial city; and is sufficiently large for an inscription (if the Directory should think proper to place it on the banks of the *Thames*) to inform posterity that it marks the spot where *London once stood*.

Health and respect.

BUONAPARTE.

MINIS--

MINISTERIAL ARCHITECTURE

AN EXHIBITION.

By Vitruvius Junior.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

PREMIER PLACE.

THE seat of the Right Honourable William Pitt. This is a long, irregular, shambling building, without any consistency in its parts, and it is very difficult to discover the original plan. From the report of some persons, who were alive when the foundation was laid, we are told it was built on the *scite* of a truly noble mansion, reckoned a very great ornament to the country. The present was intended to have been constructed upon the same plan, which was greatly admired for its solidity and beauty, a just adherence being observed to the several *orders*, with a base, firm, extended, and durable. Of that, however, scarce a vestige is now discernible. So many additions have been made in the barbarous style which prevailed in the dark ages, that the spectator is led to fancy that the builder had as much objection to utility as to ornament; yet it is incredible what sums of money have been sunk here. The inside corresponds to the exterior, the style being perfectly unintelligible. There is a particular *dining-room*, the door of which is so contrived that few people can get out without stumbling. The part appropriated to the *cellars* is unusually large, and it is supposed to have weakened the upper part. Nor is the situation happily chosen, having no direct view any where, and the best rooms overlooking a number of miserable hovels, which the tenants are either unable or unwilling to improve. The *tower* however, which terminates the top, affords no unpleasant prospect.

CONTROL.

CONTROL CASTLE.

The residence of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas. This was originally built by a Scotch lawyer, and has the appearance of a massy and impregnable fortress. The *façade* is particularly contrived in a bold style, and the brass portals give it an air of durability which is not often found in buildings of this description. It has certainly stood many years, and has survived some very great storms, which appears to have been an original thought of the builder, who constructed it in such a manner, that it presents a firm front *every way*, but particularly to the *East*, which is the principal access, and the *North*, which is admired by very good judges. The prospects towards the east are very rich; those towards the north very gloomy, but commanding the whole country. Apart however from the seeming solidity of the building, the *style* is peculiarly uncouth and unintelligible. The inside corresponds in a great measure, more resembling a suite of irregular offices, one incompatible with the other, than a gentleman's mansion. There is, however, a very good museum of gold and silver snuff-boxes, and *conveniencies* of all kinds—*except one!*

JENKY HALL.

The seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool. This was originally built by a Scotch nobleman, about the year 1760-1, who left it to the present possessor, on condition that he should make no alterations to affect the old plan, and this has been faithfully adhered to. The alterations are indeed numerous, but have all tended to the original purpose, particularly a large *flight of steps*, which leads to the principal room, as we now see it. It does not however follow, that it is not capable of improvement, if any deviation from the original plan were not thought almost a crime.

The

The style of building introduced by the Scotch nobleman just mentioned has never pleased persons of judgment in such matters, and it probably would have long ago fallen into disrepute, had he not left materials for various edifices on the same plan, under the direction of one of his *pupils*, which the *majority* of the nobility have been pleased to patronize. Long as it has stood, it has neither beauty nor solidity—the buttresses are fast giving way, and the *Corinthian capitals*, which are the highest ornament to a building when sparingly introduced, are here confused by a mixture with the *lower orders*. The whole however cost an immense expense, and considerable sums are yet thrown away in making additions to it.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

The seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Fitz-William. This mansion has undergone so many changes of late years, that it is impossible to trace any remains of the original design. By looking however at the old plan, which is to be found in *Debrett's Antiquities*, we learn that it is constructed of apparently very durable materials, with a base firm and majestic. The former tenant, the Marquis of Rockingham, left it highly improved, and it was then reckoned a model of pure architecture. It remained pretty nearly in the same condition until the fatal earthquake in the year 1792, when it received a violent shock, but no apprehension being entertained at the time, it was allowed to remain in the same state. About two or three years after, however, during the absence of the noble owner in a neighbouring country, it fell down with an astonishing crash, although just before it had been cased with *Portland stone*. In the present structure little has been done to regain the former grandeur.

In the external appearance there are many incongruities;

gruities; but the modern Gothic prevails; a species of architecture highly in vogue in our days, because subject to few rules, and those changeable at pleasure. The *wing* to the *north* has been added very lately, but the architect has deserved little reputation from it, from having condescended to accept the design from a person he affected to despise, and it certainly would not be thought an ornament, in any times distinguished for purity and taste. In the inside the only things noticeable are a *winding* stair-case, *dissentient* from every other part of the building; a few unfinished "Views in Ireland," and "the Entry of an Ambassador," in plaster of Paris, from the collection of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke.

FAMILY HOPES.

The villa of the Right Honourable Lord Hawkesbury. This is a structure of very modern date; the materials dug from a neighbouring *Pitt*, and put together with an affected imitation of various styles. There is nothing original about it, if we except two soldiers in stone at the gates, in the attitude of *marching*. In the principal room is "A View of Paris," in *distemper*, and "The Conquest of France," a *clumsy design*. "The Pacification of Tranent" has been much admired, but certainly not for the colouring—the flesh is of a deadly pale, and the figures remarkably stiff.

The roof of this edifice is flat, and covered with lead, but affords very little prospect, and the principal room looks into the mausoleum of the old mansion of Jenky Hall.

TURNSTILE.

The seat of George Canning, Esq. It appears that the owner of this house had an excellent plan laid down to him by an eminent architect, with whom he lived some years ago, but having a turn for mechanical pursuits,

fuits, he changed the whole, and tried to make a something out of his own head. It is precisely what might be expected, where there is neither experience nor common sense to guide the hand. It is not, however, perfectly finished, and therefore we are not enabled to judge of the whole. In some parts it is not roofed in, and the foundation is so unsound, that a sinking has often been perceived. The principal *attic* is decorated with a new-invented *paper*, in imitation of the *French*. It is made by taking the refuse of the paper, and reducing it into a pulp. In this state the colours are applied, which are only different shades of the *French crimson*. There are none of the works of eminent artists here, but several caricaturas in pen and ink, and a pair of "Mechanical Manifestoes" curiously tinted.

DOUBTING CASTLE.

The venerable mansion of French Lawrence, L. L. D. This is a very heavy Gothic mansion, and which, notwithstanding the many recent additions, particularly a Roman portico, preserves every mark of ancient times, except that the attic story is much damaged. The awful grandeur of the approach, and the solemn arrangement of the several parts, are, however, more striking in appearance than when examined. Familiarized to the sight, we can find nothing either to gratify curiosity or excite interest. Authors are very much divided as to the time of its being built. They are indeed so contradictory, that it is supposed it derives its name from this very circumstance; for while some have traced it to the time of *Justinian*, others doubt whether it could have *risen* then or has *risen* since.

The inside is remarkably dull and gloomy, though the spectator at every step meets some Roman or Greek allusion, curiously suspended from the roof. The library is a very mixed collection. On the *right* are volumes of political poems and satires, and some original

ginal sketches of the *Rolliads*, and on the left, books of the civil law. The manuscripts consist chiefly of scraps, late the property of an eminent writer, and so contrived, that, by means of a machine, three or four of them can be stretched to the size of a pamphlet. Among the paintings are some excellent originals, particularly "a Civilian chastising his Feelings," with a fine relief in the back ground—"Hannibal in Downing-street," a study—the *vinegar* very fine, and "Zisca's Drumsticks," a pair of portraits.

THE YEOMAN.

AN EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF —, DUBLIN.

[Original.]

WHILE fops, nay, cowards, are in gorgets clad,
 And all the world is military mad;
 While Dublin sends her pensioners and lords,
 In kindred blood to flesh their maiden swords;
 All ripe, to starving multitudes, who dare
 To quit their hovels for unequal war,
 With torture, plunder, rapes, and death, to prove
 How much the government deserves their love;
 Say, how can you, 'mid storms of civil strife,
 Preserve the peaceful habits of your life?
 O'er bleeding worth the tear of pity shed,
 And curse a ruffian, though his coat be red?
 What though you lack the zeal for public good,
 That bathes your nobles' hands in peasants' blood,
 Know you the gain, the blessings that await (a)
 The sons of war, the tools of civil hate,
 Who slay the subjects to support the state? }

For

JUVENAL XVI.

- (a) Quis numerare queat felicitis præmia, Galle,
 Militiæ? nam si subeantur prospera castra,
 Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta secundo
 Sidere: plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
 Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti,

Et

For me, if still the loyal troops engage
 A helpless rabble's unavailing rage,
 Though martial danger much my nerves detest,
 Faith! I would join the army with the rest—
 Envy should own a mob I never fear'd,
 And if I fled, when real foes appear'd,
 Still I might hope some honour from the day;
 For *L—ke* would praise me, though I ran away:
 But better things than *L—ke's* unmeaning thanks
 Reward the man who joins the Orange ranks.
 Free from the ties that common mortals bind,
 His passions range unquestion'd, unconfin'd,
 The base designs, that none but villains feel,
 And all that are not soldiers, must conceal.
 A rage for plunder, or a thirst for blood,
 With him, is ardour for his country's good.
 If prompt by lust, by avarice, or pride,
 My wealth he plunder, and my God deride;
 If of my house the self-appointed lord,
 He spread the feast of licence o'er my board;
 His beastly orgies through the night prolong,
 Enjoy my wine, but more enjoy my wrong,
 Tear from my grasp, the hopes, the joys of life,
 My blooming daughter and my tender wife;
 And there, before a fire's, a husband's face,
 With brutal fury, work a house, disgrace,
 And give to lawless bands' licentious arms
 The virgin's honour and the matron's charms:
 If he do this—he does it all secure,
 'Tis his to injure, and 'tis mine t'endure.
 He half rebels, who dares relate his woe;
 Should he complain, he stands confess'd a foe;
 Butcher'd or hang'd—his fate shall rebels awe;
 And show a yeoman's crimes are acts decreed by law.
 If charg'd—a *Soldier* is by *Soldiers* try'd, (*b*)
A—fr—g or *Enn—k—len* shall preside.

Et Samiâ genetrîx quæ delectatur arenâ.
 Comoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
 Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
 Audeat; immo et si pulsetur, diffimulet, nec
 Audeat excussos prætori ostendere dentes . . . &c.

(b) Bardaicus iudex datur hæc punire volenti
 Calceus, et grandes magna ad subsellia suræ . . . &c. With

With Orange crown'd the martial judges sit
 To punish crimes such as themselves commit.
 Oh blest tribunal! pure, impartial court! (c)
 Here let all injur'd innocence resort!
 Come then, ye unprotected, plead your cause,
 Obtain redress, and bless your country's laws!
 But ere you dare a yeoman's acts arraign,
 Does your house stand, or do your lands remain;
 Have you a friend, a daughter, or a wife,
 One gleam of comfort, or one hope in life?—
 'Twere best be silent, while your limbs are sound, (d)
 And, lest revenge repeat, conceal your wound.
 Then where is HE, the bold, the generous friend, (e)
 Who dares for truth with danger to contend?
 Who dares, while rank and file maintain the lie, (f)
 Their falsehood combat and their rage defy?
 A lie, that serves the legal ruffian's end, (g)
 Sheds guiltless blood, or libels Freedom's friend,
 Hundreds will swear—where soldiers must decide;
 'Tis easy proving on the army's side:
 To this by interest, fame, and zeal, they're led,
 'Tis *Reynolds'* glory, and 'tis *Hughes'* bread.—
 But where's the patriot witness who will swear
 To truths unwelcome to the martial ear?—

(c) Justissima centurionum

Cognatio est igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit
 Ulcio, si justæ defertur causa querelæ.

(d) Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli
 Consensu magno officiunt, curabilis ut sit
 Vindicta et gravior quàm injuria: dignum erit ergo
 Declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
 Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos,
 Millia clavorum

(e) Præterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
 Ut veniat &c.

(f) Da testem, judex cum dixerit; audeat ille
 Nescio quis pugnos qui vidit, dicere; vidi
 Et credam dignum barbâ, dignumque capillis
 Majorum

(g) Citius falsum producere testem
 Contra paganum possis quàm vera loquentem,
 Contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.

Say

Say he is found, and say, by threats unmov'd,
 He's trac'd the villain, and the murder prov'd;
 Prov'd, that the ruffian slew with savage joy,
 E'en on the mother's lap, the sickly boy;
 What then remains? the act they justify,
 And boldly warrant what they can't deny:
 Tributes of praise his brother-butchers give;
 But blame the fool who let the mother live.
 The cause is heard, the court approve the deed,
 And own the crimes their orders have decreed;
 The villain thrives—for murders on record
 Are pleas of favour to each loyal lord.
 Unwise *Cornwallis*! who such merit loaths,
 Checks yeomen's zeal, and trusts in peasants' oaths;
 Too mild to murder, and too just to rob,
 Not long can prosper, for he will not job.
 What though a while, beneath his equal law,
 The troops may feel some temporary awe,
 May for a season curb the headstrong will,
 Nor live on spoil, nor blood in rivers spill;
 Time shall some new *C—h—pt—n* bring again
 To break the fetters that their zeal restrain.
 Then, then again shall halcyon days return, (*h*)
 Thousands shall bleed and villages shall burn;
 Young lords, with skilful hand, the lash shall wield;
 Or chase the helpless peasant o'er the field;
 And all shall glut, who in their ranks engage,
 Their vengeance, av'rice, malice, lust, or rage.
 Say, if allur'd by blessings great as these,
 You'll join the army, to secure your ease.
 If so, enjoy a privilege unfound,
 Unhop'd, unequall'd, but on Irish ground;
 Your leaders' conduct shall dispel your fear,
 They'll count for merit what would hang you here.

(*h*) Ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem;
 Ut læti phaleris omnes, et torquibus omnes.

BEDERSHIN !

OR, NAPPER TANDY AT RUTLAND.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

KNOW, Europe, that, after a six years absence, devoted to freedom of his own sort, Citizen *Tandy* has revisited his native land. Glorious France! which can lend a *Buonaparte* to Alexandria, and a *Tandy* to Rutland.

A national corvette wafted the returning patriot to his native shore. An act of parliament had passed to call the hero to his trial. "Try me in the field of battle," said the hero, pulling up his breeches.

The national corvette hoisted *English* colours. A pilot came on board to perform the offices of skilful friendship. "I am come," said Tandy to the pilots, "to proclaim *freedom* to Ireland!" The national corvette hoisted the *tri-coloured* flag. "You are my prisoners," said the master of the corvette to the pilots; "pilot me into your harbour at your peril."

The gracious presence of Citizen Tandy calmed the fears of the pilots. The wishes of the friends of freedom wafted the boat to the shore. "'Twere best to secure a retreat," said the prudent Citizen.—The pilots were handcuffed, and four cuirassiers remained to guard the barge.

The Citizen then, the GENERAL, TANDY, lands! Pencils of Titian, and of Rubens, can ye do justice to his majestic, his auspicious port?—See the downcast melancholy of his one eye, looking on his prostrate country: whilst its fellow, turning from the disgraceful picture, looks up to the Genius of Liberty for his protection. Mark his tremulous head, his quivering lip! Behold that crest erect—that step of enterprise!—Hushed be all meaner sounds! The General speaks.

"Order breakfast at the inn," were the first simple, though emphatical words which the General uttered.

I

An

An aid-de-camp hastened to obey the welcome order. But, wherefore stops the General?—Dreadful inquiry! —“The sign of the *King's Arms*!” said the patriot: “I disdain to enter it: conduct me to another.”—But, other there was none. The sign was therefore removed, and the condescending General entered the room.

The ostler came out to take the horses. “We have no horses *yet*, Citizen,” said the General’s aid-de-camp; “we are dismounted cavalry.”—“*Bedershin*!” said the ostler. “May be so,” said his interpreter, who was standing by.

Breakfast was now announced; and breakfast, in consequence, was eaten. Five full-grown turkies paid the cheerful tribute of their eggs to welcome the hero to the soil from whence he sprang. A sixth refused. The hero was in a rage. Three mutton kidneys appeared, and his stomach was pacified.

“Lead me to your town-hall,” said the General after breakfast. “We have no town-hall,” said the fishermen of Rutland. The benign General smiled with all the compassion of contempt on the unenlightened fishermen.

And now, beneath the free expanse of universal heaven, a *Tribune* was erected in the Market-place. The machine on which the victims of an oppressive Aristocracy had erst been put in requisition, and forced to stand, now ministered in its turn to the cause of Liberty. On this was erected the tribune; and thence did the Citizen-general proceed to unfold his salutary commission. *Achilles* at the breakfast, he was *Cæsar* in the tribune.

“Liberty!”—(Here the Citizen hemmed with animation to clear his voice, for the eggs had not yet operated.) “Fraternity!—(hum.)—Equality!—(hum.) The Irish union!”—(a great hum.)—After which his
voice

voice resumed its wonted sweetness, and he proceeded as follows:

"You see now before you, Citizens, *Napper Tandy* of the Emerald Isle, delegated by the *Great Nation*, and come to invite you to freedom! France, which hath given new consequence to Holland, and new liberty to Switzerland, will now show her equal kindness to the Irish union. You will find her, my fellow-citizens, equally liberal in her professions, and tenacious of property, which is never safely lodged in the hands of individuals. Her marine will as amply protect *your* trade, as it has done her own. The tribute, which she condescends to demand of you, will be but small, unwilling to demand a second time. The glory to which she will conduct your armies is immense and incalculable. The Great Nation will deign to fraternize with Ireland (*"Erin go bragh!"* said an exulting by-stander, out of powder), and Ireland shall be raised to the dignity of fighting the battles of the Great Nation. Her cause and yours is the same; and in your country, as the favoured chosen spot, will she war for your welfare against the common enemy. Nay, stare not, for I will explain. Four campaigns of glorious war in Ireland will lay England at the feet of France; and then, then shall Ireland flourish in her emancipation from tyranny—protected by the arms, and cherished by the friendship, of the generous conquerors of Britain. Hem! ha! bring me a drop of whiskey."—(Drinks, and clears up again.)

"A chosen band of heroes, ardent for your rescue, has already landed in our happy island; and I am now come, a messenger of festivity, to announce that another expedition is on the *tapis*, and vigorously preparing. There is no obstacle whatever; none but the British fleet, which blocks up, indeed, the friends of freedom in the ports of France. Pugh! as good Riehard.

ard says, 'a weak invention of the enemy!' When some auspicious moment shall lull the adversary to sleep, *then may you expect*, if the winds and waves are favourable, to see the flag of Liberty streaming on your happily-astonished coasts. You will, no doubt, impart to these liberal foreigners, as your truest friends, the redundant produce of your lands, after the few campaigns which will so exuberantly have enriched them; and you will then receive from them, in return, that unspeakable emancipation which we have so much at heart. Your taxes, which you so deeply feel, France will condescend to regulate; and then, as other nations find, you cannot long be taxed at all. Your payments to a tyrannical government shall be then no more; for your government will be the government of France, and payments there are daily becoming obsolete.

"*France, Citizens, has abolished monarchical and ecclesiastical tyranny**. She has deposed the Pope and his usurpations."—(Here murmurs among the crowd showed the orator that he was in the wrong box. But the bolt was shot, and he was obliged to keep moving.) "I do not say," said the placid General, smiling, "I do not absolutely say that she has *deposed* the Pope; she has only taken his Holiness under her protection and that of her armies. She has, indeed, abolished the idle folly of the Sabbath.—(Murmurs, in another part of the crowd, here seemed to indicate as if the General had *put his foot into it again*.) "I do not say," said the enlightened General, "that she has *abolished* the Sabbath altogether; No, no; but Sunday now, in France, Sunday is now on a different day of the week

* Napper, it seems, had just heard of the suppression in the French schools of that anti-republican, VIRGIL; all because of those awkward lines which he so cordially pronounced in his Third *Æneid*:

"*Rex Anius; rex idem hominum, Phœbique sacerdos;*

Vixit et sacra redimitus, tempora lauro."

No wonder, after this, that their *court-cards* were re-organized.

to what it was formerly.”—(Some smiling ensued, and some looked grave. The General felt that he was rather on ticklish ground, and therefore, without a smile, he judiciously drew towards a conclusion.) “In short,” said he, “France is the land of reformation; and United Ireland shall follow her steps.

“I now visit you,” said he, more familiarly (for this part of his address was delivered *extempore*), “only with a small force; for I am come to join the invincible troops who lately landed with General Humbert; I come not, indeed, to reinforce his army, for I suppose I need not tell you that *he* could not want—”

Here the vile founding of a horn for a moment struck alarm into the matchless soul of Napper. The blood retired from the outposts to the very citadel. It was not fear, it was surprise, that sometimes unnerves the bravest. Macbeth, unawares, could start; even at a shadowy Banquo. But the glow of pristine courage was soon restored, and Napper was himself again; for he now found that the cause of his nervous agitation was not the approach of an army, but the arrival of the town post-boy!

The General therefore (for the Rights of Man permit even greater things) laid hands immediately on the public vehicles of intelligence. He snatched a hasty glance at the Evening Post.

“Glorious news, my heroes,” said the General; “Humbert and Sarazin are safely arrived in Dublin! Benefactors of the world, your success is decided, and commensurate with your merits! Haste we, my happy friends, to follow them in the career of glory!”

“Come,” resumed the elated General, “let us now examine the detail.” Ha!—Tri-coloured flag of the Great Nation, interpose the beams of thy transcendent majesty! Clouds of the Atlantic, why obscure ye thus the horizon?—Genius of the happy union, oh, blot out the dire detail—he reads, he swears, he flatters:
mers:

mers: "They are all prisoners!"—His noble soul felt for his allies; it felt for himself—and he looked towards the sea.

"Let us return to the corvette," said the General, faintly.—"I expected no better," said the master of the corvette. But how shall we get back?" said Napper. "As well as we can," said the *Capitaine*.

"And so *we* were to furnish them with horses," said the ostler of the inn. "*Bederbin!*" cried his interpreter. "He ought to be hanged for robbing the mail," said the post-boy. "They don't try convicts with *us*," replied a Londoner. As to poor Napper, the fishermen of Rutland swore they did not understand a word of his outlandish lingo; and the women of Rutland are believed without swearing, when they say, "He was an ugly son of a b---- of a General."

HOW TO MAKE EXCUSES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

Why should excuse be born, or ere begot? SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW no talent in the application of which some gentlemen more excel than that of *excusing*; and when I tell you that I am a tradesman, obliged, from the nature of my business, to give credit, I hope you will not doubt that experience has qualified me to speak upon this subject, and to speak feelingly.

There are only two kinds of *debtors*—those who *cannot* pay, and those who *will not* pay. The first have excuses *ready made*—the latter are *obliged* to *make* excuses. The first may be *sometimes* dishonest—the latter are never *very* honest. The first destroy hope at one blow—the latter protract its torments till it expires from weakness. The first is an *acute distemper*, that kills in a few hours—the latter is a *chronic distem-*
per,

per, worse than death. In a word, Sir, *inability* is tolerable, because *they* cannot cure it—*unwillingness* is painful, because *I* cannot shorten it.

In *forming excuses*, according to the common practice, the following rules are observed:

1st. That the *same* excuse shall be as seldom repeated as possible.

2d. That the excuses be as various and *plausible* as possible.

3d. By way of maxim—every kind and degree of excuse deserves to be tried, because there is much less inconvenience in postponing a debt than in paying it; and the advantages of *giving words* and *parting with money* are all on the side of the former.

To exemplify these rules, Mr. Editor, permit me to state a case. Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession.

July 1. “O! this is Mr. Mercer’s bill—Call again any day next week.”

July 9. “Not at home”—When will he be at home?”—“Any time to-morrow.”

July 10. “Has a gentleman with him”—waits an hour—“O! ah! this is the bill—ay—hum!—look in on Monday.”

Monday. “Not at home---gone to ‘Change.”

Thursday. “Leave the bill, and I’ll look it over.”

20. “There seems to be a mistake in the bill; I never had *this* article---take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books.”

24. “Just gone out.”

29. “I am busy now; tell your master I’ll call on him as I go into the city.”

Aug. 16. “Bless me! I quite forgot to call. This bill is not discharged---bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day.”

17. "Gone to Margate, and won't be home till next month."

Sept. 12. "What! did not I pay that bill before I went out of town?—Are you going farther?"—

"Yes."—"Very well; call as you come back, and I'll settle it."—Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Clapham.

16. "Plague of this bill!—I don't believe I have so much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a 100*l.* note?"—"No."—"Then call in, as you pass, to-morrow."

18. "Not at home."

25. "*Appoint a day!* Damme, what does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

Oct. 14. "What! no discount!"—"Sir, it has been due these two years."—"There's your money then."—"These guineas are light."—"Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of 9*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* with three of the guineas light.

But these are only a sample, after all, of the many excuses I must receive; and the most mortifying part of the business is, that such debtors are really those who can pay, but by various delays obtain the use of the money, and in some cases tire out the patience of the creditor. I must say, indeed, that they are remarkably civil;—they give me the prettiest words— they send their compliments and their kind love "to Mrs. Mercer and the dear little ones"—but, plague on them! they won't send the money.

As my fellow-shopkeepers labour under the same hardships in these respects as myself, I hope you will not refuse this humble statement of our case; and if it produces the payment of any one bill which I am now hunting after, you will merit the hearty thanks of,

Cheapside, Mr. Editor, your constant Reader,
July 23, 1792. TOBINE MERCER.
VOL. II. AMO-

AMOROUS CORRESPONDENCE *.

The following BILLETS are handed about as an *original* Correspondence between two Females, preparatory to a *celebrated Union* in the *fashionable World*.

[From the Morning Herald.]

COPY.

MADAME,

THOUGH fate ordains me your *successor*, look not upon me in the invidious light of a *rival*! I am a *novitiate* in those *mysteries* in which you have the advantage of *experience*;—deign then, by your advice, to relieve a mind agitated by *enormous fantasies*, which the weakness of my frame may be unable to encounter. Hints of difficulties and dangers, from my best friends, have aggravated these imaginary horrors!—You, Madame, who to a general *knowledge of mankind*, add also a *particular acquaintance* with all that now so nearly concerns, and is at present concealed from me, can only dispel my anxiety:—Oh, tell me then *what I have to hope*, and *all I have to fear*!

I have the honour to be, &c.

Monday morning.

C. B.

TRANSLATED ANSWER.

—Indeed your Ladyship's terrors have been excited by reports, most ridiculously exaggerated!—If you believe *half* you hear, it will be leaning far enough to the side of *credulity*!—But in the *pleasurable route* you are pursuing, the flowers of deception must be expected to arise.—Your eyes, however, will soon be open to *Lordly vanity*, and the *instability of human affairs*!

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Tuesday afternoon.

ST. A.

* This article appeared at the time of Lord Cholmondeley's marriage.

VERSES,

VERSES,

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF
THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.

ASCRIBED TO LORD MORNINGTON.

[From the Anti-Jacobin; or, Weekly Examiner.]

IPSA mala hortatrix scelerumque uberrima mater

In se prima fuos vertit lymphata furores,
Luctaturque diu secum, et conatibus ægris
Fessa cadit, proprioque jacet labefacta veneno.
Mox tamen ipsius rursus violentia morbi
Erigit ardentem furis, ultròque minantem
Spargere bella procul, vastæque incendia cladis,
Civilesque agitare faces, totumque per orbem
Sceptra super Regum et Populorum subdita colla
Ferre pedem, et sanctas regnorum evertere sedes.

Aspicias! Ipsa sui bacchatur sanguine Regis,
Barbaraque ostentans feralis signa triumphi,
Mole gigantæâ campis prorumpit apertis,
Successu scelerum, atque insanis viribus audax.

At quæ Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, præcæ morum compage solutâ,
Procubuisse solo civilis fœdera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
Religio, Pietasque, et Legum fræna sacrarum.

Nec spes Pacis adhuc—necdum exfaturata rapinis
Efferâ Bellatrix, fusos expleta cruore.

Crescit inextinctus Furor, atque exæstuat ingens
Ambitio, immanisque irâ Vindicta renatâ
Reliquias Soliorum et adhuc restantia Regna
Flagitat excidio, prædæque incumbit opimæ.

Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis,
Libertate probâ et justo libramine rerum,
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura parentum
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deorum.

Eheu! quanta odiis avidoque alimenta furori!
Quanta profanatas inter spoliabitur aras
Victima! si quando versis Victoria fati
Annuerit scelus extremum, terræque subactâ
Impius Oceani sceptrum fœdaverit Hostis!

TRANSLATION.

PARENT of countless crimes, in headlong rage,
 War with herself see frantic *Gallia* wage,
 'Till worn and wasted by intestine strife,
 She falls—her languid pulse scarce quick with life;
 But soon she feels through every trembling vein
 New strength, collected from convulsive pain:
 Onward she moves, and sounds the dire alarm,
 And bids insulted Nations haste to arm;
 Spreads wide the waste of war, and hurls the brand
 Of civil discord o'er each troubled land,
 While Desolation marks her furious course,
 And thrones subverted bow beneath her force.

Behold! she pours her Monarch's guiltless blood,
 And quaffs with savage joy the crimson flood;
 Then proud the deadly trophies to display
 Of her foul crime, resistless bursts away,
 Unaw'd by justice, unappall'd by fear,
 And runs with giant strength her mad career.

Where'er her banners float in barbarous pride,
 Where'er her conquest rolls its sanguine tide,
 There, the fair fabric of establish'd law,
 There social order, and religious awe,
 Sink 'midst the general wreck; indignant there
 Honour and Virtue fly the tainted air;
 Fly the mild duties of domestic life,
 That cheer the parent, that endear the wife,
 The lingering pangs of kindred grief assuage,
 Or sooth the sorrows of declining age.

Nor yet can Hope presage th' auspicious hour
 When Peace shall check the rage of lawless power;
 Nor yet th' insatiate thirst of blood is o'er,
 Nor yet has rapine ravag'd every shore.
 Exhausted Passion feeds th' augmented flame,
 And wild Ambition mocks the voice of Shame;
 Revenge, with haggard look and scowling eyes,
 Surveys with horrid joy th' expected prize;
 Broods o'er each remnant of monarchic sway,
 And dooms to certain death his fancied prey.

For 'midst the ruins of each falling state
 One favour'd nation braves the general fate,

ONE

ONE favour'd nation, whose impartial laws
Of sober Freedom vindicate the cause;
Her simple manners, 'midst surrounding crimes,
Proclaim the genuine worth of ancient times;
True to herself, unconquerably bold,
The rights her valour gain'd she dares uphold;
Still with pure faith her promise dares fulfil,
Still bows subniffive to the Almighty Will.

Just Heav'ns! how Envy kindles at the sight!
How mad Ambition plans the desperate fight!
With what new fury Vengeance hastes to pour
Her tribes of rapine from yon crowded shore!
Just Heav'ns! how fair a victim at the shrine
Of injur'd Freedom shall her life resign,
If e'er propitious to 'he vows of hate
Unsteady conquest stamp our mournful fate,
If e'er proud France usurp our ancient reign,
And ride triumphant o'er th' insulted main!

* * * * *

† To what dire darkness, Britain, wert thou doom'd,
Thy wit and manners all at once entomb'd!
How smart a genius were in CANNING crost,
How much of Billingsgate in BOGY lost,
What grovelling bards would MORNINGTON succeed,
How sweet a rhymers must in MORPETH bleed!

But hence, base fear! the British lion roars,
And deathless warriors throng our wond'ring shores!
See the thick squadron of new-levied peers,
Grim-visag'd troops of city volunteers;

† These lines were added by the Morning Chronicle in place of the following in the original translation, which are attributed to Lord Morpeth.

Far hence th' unmanly thought—The voice of Fame
Wafts o'er th' applauding deep her DUNCAN'S name.
What, though the Conqueror of th' Italian plains
Deems nothing gain'd, while this fair isle remains!
Though his young breast with rash presumption glow,
He braves the vengeance of no vulgar foe:
Conqueror no more, full soon his laurell'd pride
Shall perish—whelm'd in Ocean's angry tide;
His broken bands shall rue the fatal day,
And scatter'd fleets proclaim BRITANNIA'S sway.

Danger they scorn, and all fatigues defy—
 Pride in their port, and custard in their eye!
 Glib GARROW heads the heroes of the bar,
 And dapper ABBOT loves a windy war;
 Well skill'd alike they wield their threat'ning swords,
 Though all their malice be—to murder words!
 PITT spreads his soul through each untainted rank,
 And—ah no more a virgin!—claps the Bank:—
 Coy once the Dame; but fearing fiercer ill,
 She yields, and lets him—work his naughty will!
 What though no Priest can WILBERFORCE excel
 In dark dexterity of lying well,
 To guard our Church, a PRETTYMAN, be thine!
 Fibs have a double force from lips divine.
 Why shrink we then from BUONAPARTE's pow'rs?
 Have we not HAWKESBURY?—is not WALLACE ours?
 Or, if at last, within St. Stephen's wall,
 'Scap'd from the fight, should fit the conqu'ring Gaul,
 There nods avenging anubush o'er his head,
 There DOCTOR LAWRENCE waits to talk him dead.

DEBATES TO SOME TUNE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH it has been repeatedly asserted that
 the characters of nations depend upon forms of
 government, yet it appears from a very recent example
 that the overthrow of an ancient constitution is not
 accompanied with any permanent change of ancient
 habits. The French, for a time, indeed, laid down
 the fribble and the fop for the more important duties
 of the legislator and the statesman; but it does not ap-
 pear that they could get rid of "what was bred in the
 bone." Of this we have a pretty striking instance in
 your paper of this day, where we are informed that the
 proceedings of the *Council of Five Hundred* are accom-
 panied by a band of *music*.

This addition to the deliberative energies of states-
 men

men is, I believe, peculiar to the *Great Nation*; and if we allow to music those *charms* which one of our poets gives it, we perhaps may be induced to think that it has brought on the age of *moderation*, although we cannot so easily allow that it contributes much to the establishment of argument and fair discussion. We ought not, however, to despise a custom merely because it has been adopted by an enemy, and I am inclined to think, that as *our* great men have tacitly adopted some of the French improvements in the art of governing, it might be worth their while to consider whether an *orchestra* would not be a very advantageous addition to our Senate. In all probability those who will not listen to *argument* may listen to a *concerto*, and when the warmth of debate is likely to put certain orators off their guard, it might answer a very good purpose, if the Speaker were to prescribe an *andante* movement to calm their spirits.

Luckily we are provided with a great many pieces of music, which might be played very opportunely as accompaniments to the vigour of ministerial motions, and I am certain that there are few who would not prefer the *crash* of a *full concerto* to the *yelpings* and *Hear him*s of the young gentlemen who think they atone by strength of lungs for want of intellect. *They* also would profit greatly by the aid of music. Every dramatic writer can testify its power in reconciling the hearer to any kind of nonsense, and the sternest critic is pacified when he considers, that though the *dialogue* of an opera be wretched, the *music* is charming.

The leader of the band might be instructed in the proper tunes for all sorts of business, which, by the by, he would very soon learn by an attention to the trim of the speakers. For example, when he should observe the virtuous coquetting of the Premier with Mr. Wilberforce, he would immediately strike up with the good old tune, "*A certain Presbyterian Pair*," and Mr. Rose's earnest

earnest protestations of public virtue and public spirit might be followed by "*Come, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay.*" Mr. Windham's censure of his old friends would have a very striking effect, if seconded by "*Ye Prigs who are troubled with Conscience's Qualms.*" And certainly it would have a very fine effect, if, when a city magistrate details the information he receives at a turnpike-gate, the band were to play "*John Anderson, my Joe, John, I wonder what you mean.*"

I offer these, Mr. Editor, merely to show that there are very few kinds of business that occur in the Senate for which we are not already provided with suitable music. In this respect, indeed, we are much better off than our Gallic enemies, who have been obliged to have recourse to *new tunes in new measures*; whereas we have nothing to do but revive our old *national* music, which we heard in our infancy, and have been always accustomed to. It has never been well with us since we exchanged those for the harsh and grating sounds of such *instruments* as have lately been employed.

I have presumed to offer these few hints, Mr. Editor, in hopes that our Premier, in his retirement, will consider the subject, and enliven the business of legislation by a proper mixture of *sense* and *sound*, if that be possible; or, if not, let us be assured that we may depend on *one* of these at least, and, when we have been accustomed to such *tunes* as do the business *within* doors, we may be able to assist the Minister, by *humming* them without.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

TANTARARARA.

Cat and Bagpipes,
July 26.

ERRORS.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

[From the Public Advertiser]

ASCRIBED TO CALEB WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

MR. WOODFALL,

WHILST you and your correspondents are so laudably employed in watching over the welfare of the state, keeping a jealous eye on Ministers, and pointing out the *errors* of Government, I wish (if you could but find time for it) that you would pay some little attention to your own *errors*.

Perhaps it will appear the highest degree of presumption, to offer advice to a person in *your* eminent station; *one* who every day (Sundays excepted) dictates to ministers, and counsels kings; *one* who is read and admired in every part of the British dominions.

It is for this very reason, Sir, that I think it incumbent on me to tell you of your *mistakes*; for you cannot say with Job, "*Albeit that I have erred, mine ERROR remaineth with MYSELF.*" No, Mr. Woodfall, *your* errors circulate far and wide; they misrepresent many, and mislead more; in short, the errors I mean, are *errors of the press*, or, as my learned friend Sir James Hodges expresses them, in *one* English-Latin-singular-plural word, *erratum*.

Of all errata, the most *harmless* are those which make stark-staring *nonsense*. These are never imputed to the writer, but are corrected by the reader, in his own mind, as he goes along. But the *dangerous* ones are those which make a kind of half-sense, and pass current as the sense of the *author*, until the day following, when your list of errata transfers the blame from the writer to the printer. However, I must say that printers (with all their professions of candour) are as little apt to acknowledge *their* errors as the rest of mankind: for not one erratum in ten is ever acknowledged; and, indeed,

indeed, I suppose they very seldom would, unless at the particular desire of the writer.

As I have said much about the *errors of the press*, it may naturally be expected that I should produce some proofs of what I have asserted. This I am enabled to do, having paid particular attention to them for some time past, and having looked more sharply after them, than the promotions civil or military, the prices of corn or of stocks, the list of ships or bankrupts, or of those paragraphs which inform who is dead, who is married, or who is hanged.

But now for the particulars of the charge.

I have known you throw an injurious reflection on all the crowned heads in Europe at one stroke; for instead of *potentates*, you have called them *potatoes*, as if they had been *mere vegetables*. As to the King of Prussia, you talk of *him* in a different style; for, instead of the *Hero* of Prussia, you have made him the *Nero*. Next day comes your apology, or your *erratum*, which sometimes, instead of mending matters, makes things worse, and like an arch-tinker, in stopping one hole makes two; as I remember my old friend Alderman Faulkner, of Dublin, corrected an error in *his* Journal, "Erratum in our last; for *his* Grace the *Dutcheffs* of Dorset, read *her* Grace the *Duke* of Dorset." Indeed, a blunder seems to be something of the nature of a *bog*, the more you struggle the deeper you get into it. But, to proceed. You have on several occasions used the *Doge* of Genoa extremely ill, and never have made him the least apology for omitting the last letter in his title; though if you *had* desired your readers next day, instead of *Dog*, to read *Doge*, I do confess that it would have been no great reparation.

I remember the Irish Parliament, some time ago, were offended at something in the Public Advertiser; and took up the matter so *warmly*, that they ordered the paper to be burnt. Now, Mr. Woodfall, whether
you

you have taken umbrage also and like-*wife*, or whether it proceeds from negligence, I know not; but certain it is, that several unlucky mistakes have happened relative to that respectable body. At their first meeting you told us, (instead of a *bill*) that a motion would be made for leave to bring in a *bull*; and afterwards another motion, that the order of the *Dey* be read, as if it was an assembly on the coast of *Barbary*.—You told us, one day, that *Lord* —, of the kingdom of Ireland, had been safely delivered of a daughter; and we were all very anxious, on my lord's account, till the day following, when you delivered his lordship of the burden, and brought the child into the world a more natural way.

In a late scuffle under the Piazza, Covent Garden, you informed us that an Irish officer had got a *confusion* in his head; and you made no apology afterwards, thinking, I suppose, there was no occasion for any, as you were right to a *t*.

Not long ago you advertised a speedy cure for *raptures*; and I am afraid it gave some wicked bachelor occasion to scoff at the holy state of matrimony; for, as the devil would have it (I mean one of *your* devils), the very next advertisement to it was from a gentleman who wanted a wife, and over it was printed Matrimony in capitals; consequently it appeared that *matrimony* was the most speedy and effectual cure for *raptures*, though of ever so long standing, &c. &c.

I have known you advertise, instead of a *never-failing* remedy, an *ever-failing* remedy: now, Sir, though this might be strictly true, “yet I hold it not proper that it should be so set down,” as I suppose the quack-doctor paid you his money for conveying a very different sense to the public. In a receipt lately published for the cure of the plague, instead of *rue*, you put *rice*; and so made a *pudding* of it; and in advertising a course
of

of lectures, you turned a *syllabus* into a *syllabub*; and called the perpetual *motion* a perpetual *notion*.

I wish you would be a little more cautious in advising *Salivation not necessary*; for it happened, that omitting the *i* in *salivation*, you gave great offence to some very good christians in my neighbourhood; and also gave occasion to some wicked *punsfers* to observe, that it was not the *first* time an *eye* had been in salivation; nay, that some people had been so lucky as to lose a *couple*.

There is another advertisement which frequently occurs, beginning with, "*Whereas several evil-minded persons, &c.*"—One day you made it evil-minded *parsons*, which was extremely unlucky; for in these times of *infidelity*, people are too apt to scoff at the clergy, and indeed at all serious subjects; as to myself, I must confess that I am particularly hurt at those *impertinent letters* with which some people indulge themselves, being a person of a serious turn of mind, and of a disposition rather saturnine and grave.

It too often happens, Mr. Woodfall, that "we should be *grave* you turn to *farce*." I remember your paper, a sensible, pathetic letter, signed a *Citizen* he laments the *internal* state of this country, and made it the *infernal* state; when he exclaimed, *sad verse!* you made him cry out, *sad reverie!* he disapproves of all *rational* reflections, you made him disapprove all *rational* reflections: and, talking of the *fate* of empires, you made him say the *fat* of empires. Now there are so many standing jokes about citizens being fond of *fat* (whether turtle fat or venison fat), this unlucky mistake quite spoiled the letter, disobliterated the friend the *Citizen*, and "all the fat was in the fire." And here I cannot help taking notice of a paragraph some time since, containing an account of the election of a worthy alderman for a certain ward, when in the

of saying he was *duly* elected, you said he was *dully* elected, and thereby afforded a handle for breaking some common-place jest on that respectable body of men the Court of Aldermen. Another time, in the account of an entertainment given by a worthy alderman to the deputy and common-council of his ward, where they *dined* on the turtle, you said they *died* on the turtle; as if they had all ate till they choked or burst; whereas, on the contrary, it was extremely remarkable, that none either over-ate themselves, or caught a surfeit that day.

From several articles, Mr. Woodfall, one would be apt to conclude, that you were no great *geographer*; for you tell us of corsairs fitted out from *Turin*, instead of *Tunis*; and that the *Chinefe* had revolted against the Spaniards, instead of the *Chilese*: now, though these two nations are on different sides of the globe, I suppose you thought they were near neighbours, being within an *ell* of each other. Last year, when the Russian fleet took the Isle of *Lemnos*, you told us that part of the Squadron remained at the Isle of *Candy*, and the rest were going to attack the Isle of *Lemons*: you suppose, no doubt, that *Candy* was a *sugar* island, and that they were gone to the Isle of *Lemons* for fruit, and so between them to supply the fleet (*pro bono publico*) with *punch*.

You have sometimes treated the *Russians* very injuriously, by calling them *Ruffians*; and one day you told us the combined army of the Turks and Tartars (instead of a *Kam*) was commanded by a *Ram*; as if they had been a parcel of sheep:—and when it was expected the two armies were coming to *Action*, you said they were coming to *Aston*; and as there was a considerable fall of stocks about that time, I have reason to think it was owing to the above report, or to some other equally alarming.

I trembled for you during the whole time of the con-
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grefs at *Fockzany*; it is a ticklish word in the hands of a careless compositor, and one does not know what terrible work he might make of it. Apropos, it is not long since you advertised a view of the canal of *Venice*, and you made it the canal of *Venus*: and in the account of a housebreaking, instead of, the rogues broke in at the *window*, you said they broke in at the *widow*.

When you informed us that a certain lady was gone to pass the holydays at her country-seat near *Corydon*, every reader supposed that some *scandal* was meant, till the next day, when we learnt that there was no *Corydon* in the case, and that her ladyship was only gone to her country-seat near *Croydon*.

One day you told us, that some English lord (whose name I forgot) was arrived at Naples with his *tabor*; travelling with a *tabor* seemed to be an odd kind of conceit; but his lordship (*apparemment*) was fond of music, though the tabor and pipe seemed more adapted to a *lugged bear* than a lord on his travels: thus we reasoned till the *erratum* of next day desired us, 'for *tabor* to read *tutor*.'

If your compositors are bad geographers, they are at least as bad *arithmeticians*: wherever sums occur, they are sure to make a bad *figure*. I remember, at different times last year, they made the *compulsatory* India loan 14,000, 140,000, and sometimes 14,000,000: in short, they have no adequate ideas of figures; and as to *ciphers*, they consider them as *mere nothings*, and that adding or taking away two or three of them from a sum makes no difference at all.

I have known you turn a matter of *hearsay*, into a matter of *heresy*; *Damon*, into a *Dæmon*; a *delicious* girl, into a *delirious* girl; the comic *musc*, into a comic *mouss*; a Jewish *Rabbi*, into a Jewish *Rabbit*; and when a correspondent, lamenting the corruption of the times, exclaimed, *O Mores!* you made him cry *O Moses!*

You should consider, Mr. Printer, that there is a material difference between acting with the utmost *lenity*, and utmost *levity*; between *factious* and *facetious*; *fellow* and *felon*; *imprudent* and *impudent*; *resolution* and *revolution*; *Runny-mead* and *running mad*; *loud professions* and *lewd professions*; *words* and *works*; *soaring* and *roaring*; *Thavies Inn* and *Thieves Inn*; *minutes* and *minuets*; *rubies* and *bubbies*; a *tube* and a *tub*: all of which words I have observed you, Sir, at times, use *indiscriminately*.

I know you will say that the people ought to consider the constant hurry which attends the publication of a daily paper; that the Public Advertiser is in so great request, and people are so eager to get it, "*with all its imperfections on its head*," that you really have not time to be more correct.—Ah, Master Woodfall! it would be well for mankind if reformation, like charity, were always to begin at *home*; and that people would try to mend *themselves*, instead of bestowing so much fruitless and thankless pains in admonishing their neighbours. You, Sir, have bestowed much time and labour, and oil, floods of ink, and reams of paper, in advising ministers of state, and correcting the measures of Government; and, after all, I dare say *you yourself* will allow that they are at this moment not one bit better or wiser than when you first undertook to mend them.

Therefore take an old man's advice, friend Woodfall; set a pattern to thy brother printers; leave for a while the care of the state to those who are *paid* for it—look at home; begin a reformation *there*, and "*correct thyself for the example of others*."

I am,

Thy sincere well-wisher,

REMANDATOR.

WHIMSICAL MISTAKE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

PASSING accidentally through the Royal Exchange, between two and three o'clock, I was surprised to see a very large wooden stage erected on one side of the building. Whilst I was musing upon what it might be, I perceived a man dressed in black with a remarkably dejected countenance, and a person with the appearance of a clergyman speaking to him with great earnestness. I immediately set it down in my mind that the criminal lately convicted of a forgery upon the Bank was, for public example, and for greater solemnity, to be executed upon the stage before me; and I looked with a considerable degree of distress and interest at the unhappy man, whilst the Lord Mayor's chaplain, as I considered him to be, was exhorting him to bear his condition with fortitude and resignation. What rendered the scene more affecting, was the awful distance preserved by every body, either assembled upon Change for business, or by accident passing through it, who, by a sort of insensible and involuntary motion, had got squeezed up to the other side of the area. In the midst of the contemplation which this novel scene excited in me, I was greatly surprised and shocked to hear a well-dressed gentleman say that he hoped to God (pointing to the stage) that it might become perpetual, and that there might be as many people upon it as it would hold, from morning to night. "Good God! Sir (says I), this is a most extraordinary sentiment to utter in a Christian country."—"Extraordinary! (answered the gentleman;) the public credit of the country cannot be restored without it."—"The public credit of the country (answered I with the strongest emotion) might suffer, if criminals were not punished for their crimes,

crimes, but would it not be a more pious wish that these depredations on the Bank no longer existed?"—"Depredations upon the Bank! (said the gentleman;) the subscriptions might be doubtful in point of law, but upon what principle can it be called a depredation?"—"Subscription! (said I;) why, we are at cross purposes; I am speaking of the poor man before us, who is just going to be launched into eternity for forgery."—"What man?" said the gentleman. I then pointed before me, when he burst into a violent fit of laughing, saying, "Why, damn me, Sir, you must be mad; that is Mr. Kemble, standing to collect subscriptions, and the other man is his clerk; and although the hustings are large enough to have taken the poll of all London, and although there have not been ten people there for these three days together, yet that is a matter of accident, and could not be foreseen." I made the gentleman a bow, and I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JONATHAN HUMBUG.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR (1795)..

BY MR. MERRY.

[From the Telegraph.]

'MIDST snows and tempests nurs'd, the infant Year
Comes feebly forth; no smiles upon his cheek
With cherub sweetness seem to speak
Of coming joy, or promise pleasures dear:
But furrow'd is his baby brow,
While from his dull disastrous eye
Horror's impressive glances fly,
And sad prophetic cares avow.
Hope plays not on his aspect wild,
But low he bends to earth, an-aged child.
Ah! ere his mission'd toil is done,
Ere sets his last December sun,
More wild shall desolation reign;

Armies shall perish, navies burn,
 And Death in his gigantic urn
 Shall heap the ashes of a MILLION SLAIN.
 For 'tis by tyrant destiny decreed,
 'Again the world must weep, again the world must blee

When shall this sanguinary conflict end,
 O when shall MAN, with sober reas'ning mind,
 Become the BROTHER of his kind,
 And in one mass of love all nations blend?
 Not till each frantic Despot's ire
 By its own efforts shall subside,
 And in the shame of baffled pride,
 The furies of his heart expire.

When Error's artifice accurst,
 And barb'rous Prejudice have work'd their worst,
 Then shall a living light expand
 O'er ev'ry breast, o'er ev'ry land,
 Virtue her character maintain,
 The wak'ning multitude shall scorn
 Oppression's proud unfeeling crew,
 Shall Nature's holy lustre view,
 And hail the breaking of a blissful morn;
 While as the mental shades glide swift away,
 The Sun of Truth shall rise, and ALL BE BOUNDLE

DAY.

Yet, yet before that fast-approaching time,
 What ling'ring pangs must human kind endure,
 What added insults load the poor,
 What horrid heights insatiate Grandeur climb!
 Lo! CATHERINE, with imperial rage,
 Lays patriot territories waste,
 Deems it a *boon*, and finds it grac'd
 By flattery's prostituted page;
 While the sunk POLE, with his last breath,
 Calls her mock mercy terrible as death.
 Thou wondrous Year, and must thy course
 Attend the triumphs of vile force;
 Where from the violated scene,
 Pale Justice flies with mad dismay,
 Nor yet to cheer her darksome way,
 One beam of hope shall intervene;

But mix'd with hollow groans thro' the thick air,
Th' abhorr'd *TE DEUM* float, of exquisite Despair?

And thou too, *BRITAIN!* *LIBERTY'S* FIRST-BORN!
Wilt thou thy birthright slavishly resign,
With her worst foes relentless join,
Till the last laurel from her shrine be torn?
Ah! is thy alter'd heart so cold,
Or is thy wonted sense derang'd,
And are *her holy honours* chang'd
To base idolatry of gold,
Thy sons by bonds delusive held,
Or has the Demon *SELF* all social spirit quell'd?
Else, what portend these banner'd throngs,
These mystic shouts, these choral songs,
These treasures lavish'd in a cause
That blurs meek Mercy's angel face,
And turns e'en glory to disgrace?
If 'twas thy valour gain'd thee *LAWs*,
Or if thy *COUNTRY* and thy *KING* be dear,
Respect a *NATION'S WILL*, Freedom's just rights revere.

Unhappy Year! for thou art doom'd to see
The length'ning out of this unnatural strife;
Vain prodigality of life,
And *BRITONS* fighting to *enthral the Free*.
What though be heard the People's voice;
Loud, to avert th' impending woe,
Their haughty Rulers desp'rate grow,
And 'midst the slaughter'ring scenes rejoice.
For this, perchance, when *thy fair Spring*
Approach o'er hill and vale her flow'rs to fling;
THE FLOOD, like an impetuous flood,
May drench these fertile plains with blood.
The *armed Rich* aghast shall stand,
And feebly lift the opposing lance,
Till as more near the tides advance,
They call for aid, the *vulgar Band*,
With pray'rs exhort the long-despised Poor
To drive the hostile hordes from AN *INVADED SHORE*.

Yet think not, Tyrants, long, where'er ye rule,
To check the progress of pervading *THOUGHT*;

But

But by severe experience taught,
 Let all your selfish burning passions cool.
 No Pow'r on earth can MIND control;
 O rather point your cannons dire
 To set Heav'n's spacious arch on fire,
 Than strive to quell th' expanding foul.
 The drama past, the fable o'er,
 Ye soon must stalk, and rant, and scoff no more.
 For since the globe abundance bears,
 The lowliest will demand their shares—
 But yet a little while, the storm
 That menaces this ravag'd ball,
 In softly-spreading show'rs shall fall,
 To cheer, to fertilize, and warm;
 While on the TOMB OF WAR mankind agree
 To fix th' eternal flags of PEACE AND LIBERTY.

THE CLUB.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is necessary to preface the following narrative with acquainting you, that the liberty a recess from Parliament allowed some members of our Club of visiting the country for a few days, is the reason why a third letter from our society did not reach your hands sooner. Last Tuesday we again met for the elucidation of a question which involves the happiness of mankind, on which Marriage is most likely to produce felicity—that of Love, of Interest, or of Indifference. The lot obliged me to address my friends, which I did, with saying,—

To you, Gentlemen, who have been in habits of intimacy with me for so many years, it will be matter of surprise to learn, that, notwithstanding the apparent cheerfulness which has so frequently excited your envy and applause, there exists not, at
 this

this moment, more innate wretchedness in any bosom than my own.

I was very particularly distinguished, from my first entrance at Oxford, by the worthy and learned Dr. ———, Master of ——— College; and, after a little while, became so familiar a guest at his house, that I was almost one of the family, which consisted of the Doctor, his wife, and three daughters; two of whom were extremely handsome, and much admired; while the third, who was only pretty, had a thousand nameless attractions, visible alone to those who saw her mind. I found that satisfaction in her conversation and presence, which I have never, in all my connexions with the sex, experienced in any other; but I carefully concealed, from her ear at least, the influence she had in my heart.

In the second year of this intimacy, I lost my father, who left me an unencumbered estate of seven and twenty hundred a year.—I instantly came to town, and lost little time in entering into the fashions of the world.

The Act at Oxford, however, had powers to attract me, and I beat up for volunteers to go down; my post-coach accommodated three of this description; one of whom betted twenty guineas with another, that Dr. ——— would try to take me in, now I had cash. I felt rather awkward when I heard the third say, “Poor *Bessy*, I fear I made her heart ache, God forgive me.” Something I said in defence of the family, made them all ironically pity me, and comfort me at the same time, with assurances, that any of the three ladies might be mine for the trouble of asking, as they were all in league to get husbands, provided they had fortunes. I replied, that I never meant to marry. These hints, frequently given, quashed an embryo passion for the time;—without assigning any reason for the alteration in my behaviour, I put on a cold, formal
reserve

reserve for half-a-dozen distant visits, and returned to town; though with contrition I must add, that I had received the most friendly attentions from every individual of the family.

At the Queen's birth-night ball (the first after her marriage) I danced at Court, and was told by a friend, that my performance had made a conquest; he pointed out the lady to me, and offered to introduce me, as he was particularly intimate. Flattered extremely at the discourse, I took him at his word, and was absolutely intoxicated with her beauty and wit. The acquaintance improved so rapidly, that in two months the Honourable Mrs. — gave me her hand, and a good jointure. Within the year, however, I had reason to regret my precipitancy; my wife proved to be one of those trifling, vain, extravagant, frivolous creatures, who ruin the peace of mind, as well as fortune of a sensible man. I was wretched with her; she soured my temper, and destroyed my estate; but the hope of reclaiming her from these follies, made me irrefolute to part, and weak to retract, till a rheumatic fever deprived her of the power of renewing my resentment. For three years she was an absolute cripple. Unaccustomed to brook confinement, she added to her distress by a perpetual peevishness; but I felt for her situation, and bore patiently with this part of her conduct. A slight fit of the gout carried me to Bath, where I accidentally met at the Pump-room Dr. ———'s daughter; she scarcely seemed corporeal: a secret kind of something made me wish to escape her notice, but a hectic flush on her cheek convinced me that she recollected the past. Twelve years had elapsed since I left Oxford. I avoided her eye; but my conscience suggested to me, that her reflections could not be to my advantage. I quitted the room, and Bath furnished me, in the next half hour, with her history. She was now the wife of Sir Charles

Charles ——; and her illness was occasioned by the death of her only child. I determined to bow the next time we met; and accordingly this happened on the morrow. We conversed on indifferent subjects, and I left my card at her lodging next day. The revival of our acquaintance proved to me, that my heart had been more deeply engaged to her in my youth, than I had imagined. Her husband's sister bore her company, and seemed a worthy good creature, who had neither faults nor merits to make you conscious she was present.

Bath afforded his wife no benefit, which determined Sir Charles to take her to Spa. On the evening prior to their departure, I entered on the subject of my own unhappy marriage, concluding with acknowledging that I had been justly punished for my mercenary connexion. A crimson blush overspread Lady ——'s face, while the idea of what was passing in her mind, made me look like a criminal. The sister beheld both with looks of astonishment. After an awkward pause, Lady —— walked to the window, whispered a something to her sister, and withdrew. I urged Miss —— to tell me what that whisper was, but in vain; till, just as they were quitting Bath, I threw myself on my knees, to entreat her to tell me before she went. Would to God I had not done so!—From that unfortunate moment I date my real misfortune.

She told me Lady —— said, "The letters I once wrote you from Oxford will explain the present scene." I returned to town, where I found my wife very dangerously ill, and in six weeks I lost her; but before that time, I heard from Sir Charles, that his wife was improving in the article of health. As the autumn was approaching, I determined, having no particular cause of grief in my wife's death, to follow my friends to Spa; and, in the absence of Sir Charles
and

and his wife, I again entreated their sister to let me see the letters alluded to. After infinite persuasion, she put them into my hands; they were expressive of the miseries my juvenile attentions to the writer had occasioned,—her hope that I was in earnest,—her fears and despair if I was not,—her unalterable attachment to me,—her detestation of the man her parents designed for her,—and her conclusion in every one, that my designs must be honourable, since I could have no interest in deceiving her. So many sentences as her letter contained, so many stabs did my bosom receive.

Fool that I was, I contrived to be still more wretched. I watched for an opportunity of avowing to Lady —— the misery I deservedly suffered. “God of Heaven!” she exclaimed, “my sister has betrayed me!” I pretended ignorance of what she alluded to; but to a mind penetrating as hers, this subterfuge was vain. At dinner, she said to her husband, “You will be sorry, my dear, to hear our friend must depart for England early in the next week, and that it is impossible for him to avoid it; Tuesday is the day at present fixed on, but if he could but wait one day longer, I should be able to trouble him with some commissions.” I was so thunderstruck, that I believe I said nothing; when I had recovered a little, I made a plausible reason for quitting Spa on the Wednesday; but on the Monday a premature labour deprived the world of an invaluable woman;—she expired after giving birth to a son. My distraction was carried to such a height, that it injured the memory of this angel. The sister besought me, in an interval from frenzy, to spare the reputation of Lady ——, and the eternal peace of Sir Charles, by controlling my grief. “Should he have a momentary jealousy,” said she, “her fame will be the sacrifice.”—“Gracious God! enable me to retrieve the past,” said I;
“worlds

" worlds would be too small a ransom to redeem her unfulfilled reputation." She left me at the entrance of the physician, who, finding me calm, said, Sir Charles had refused to see his child : that there was a settled sullenness in his manner that alarmed him ; " to which, Sir," he added, " your most uncommon participation in his misfortune has certainly given birth."

" How, how shall I avert the impending miseries that await us all ?" exclaimed I, absolutely mad. " There is but one possible way," said he : marry Sir Charles's sister ; that step will effectually restore the injured reputation of the dead, the peace of the husband, and the parental affection to the child."—

" Unite us instantly,---lose not a moment, lest I cease to be frantic." He brought a priest ; and the lady, who had her senses, told her brother we were married privately before my departure for England was mentioned. Peace and tranquillity was restored to every bosom, but——

But I must conclude. I am not at all times master of my spirits. The greatest cause of regret I have in my wife is, that she will assign the too true cause for this depression---my first marriage was of interest, and carried a curse on the very face of it ; my second, of indifference, to which indifference has succeeded ; while, had I united myself to that woman who had singled me out as the object of her affection, I had probably enjoyed a more than common portion of felicity. I am,

Mr. Editor,
Your humble servant,
ONE OF THE CLUB.

VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ON my return from an excursion last week, I was obliged to remain at an inn rather longer than I wished on Tuesday, owing to the violent storm, and found nothing to amuse me, but a parcel of old Court Calendars---a very sorry amusement, you will say, to any but a courtier. However, as the Spectator says, there is no book so stupid or worthless as to afford no kind of instruction, nothing good, or amusing, it occurred to me to compare the Calendar for 1778 with that for 1798, a period of twenty years; and I had not proceeded far, when I found ample subject for a meditation on the vicissitudes of human life. Mercy on me! such chops and changes in this short time! so many *dead and gone!* so many *fatherless* and *widowless*, as an old lady once said, that it made me quite melancholy; and I was obliged to call for a bottle of the landlord's best port, to enable me, with any composure, to make the following *minutes of mortality*.

In the first place, Sir, I found that of *Sovereigns* then living in Europe, four only were now on their thrones.

Of *Peers*, I wish I could gratify you with a list, but I found it more than a Herculean task to follow them through their various changes. But there was less subject for melancholy here; for whatever number died, their places were soon filled up. There were then *two hundred and three Peers*; there are now *two hundred and seventy-five*; so that we have great reason to be thankful there is no prospect of a scarcity in this article.

Of *Bishops*, who are not reckoned in the above list, there are *nine* of the present number.

But

But the *House of Commons* exhibits an awful instance of the mutability of human things. Of the *five hundred and fifty-eight*, who then sat in Parliament, only *seventy-eight* are to be found in the present. Yet it is some, though perhaps a faint consolation, that it is not the sole work of the grim tyrant---some have been removed to that political *long home*, the House of Peers; and we may therefore comfort ourselves, that “though they cannot return to us, we may go to them.”

Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, are likewise mortal; *twenty-two* only, of the whole number, *eighty*, being now left in this wicked world.

His Majesty (God bless him!) has but *two Physicians*, who have been able to help themselves; only *one fourth* of his *Chaplains*, and not one *Priest in ordinary*. Of these, some, I believe, have been removed to a better state.

But what shall I say of our navy? *One Admiral* only (Lord Howe) is left to tell the early glories of this reign. The *Elder Brethren of the Trinity House*, sympathizing, as in duty bound, have left only three of their whole number.

Fatal as these twenty years have been to the navy, the *army* has been a much greater sufferer. Alas! Sir, Alexander himself would weep to think that there remaineth *not one* Field-marshal, General, Lieutenant-general, Major-general, or Colonel, who was on the list in 1778, and only seven Lieutenant-colonels, and eleven Majors, mostly superannuated. But death is the very life of a soldier, as an Irish chaplain, once said, and we must not regret the loss of those who “labour in their vocation.”

Of *Judges*, I find *four* whom death has not yet tried for their lives.

Placemen! Oh! what a thought is there? *Placemen* must die! only *two Commissioners of Customs* are living,
I 2 and

and *not one of Excise*; which I greatly lament. How happy must they have been to see the extension of that admirable system, at which a Walpole and a North were wont to tremble!

I shall be brief with the clergy, because they set their minds on another world. *Six Deans*, however, may be found lingering here; and *twenty-five* of the *eighty London clergy*. *Oxford* has *six* Heads of houses, and *four* Professors, and *Cambridge* has *two* Heads, and *five* Professors.

Will money avert the rude hand of death? Alas! no. There are only *four Bank*, and *two India Directors*, who have lived to see the wealth of the great extracted from the rags of the poor.

“ If to the city sped, what waits us there ?” Of *Aldermen*, I find only *five* able to eat out the remainder of life, and of the whole number of *Common Councilmen*, namely, *two hundred and thirty-four*, I say it to the glory of our markets, and the praise of our kitchens, in spite of the advance upon every species of provisions, the confusion in our turtle colonies, and the capture of our West-Indiamen—out of all this number *twenty-eight* remain to record the feasts of former days.

These instances, Sir, are, I hope, sufficient to create serious thoughts in the minds of your readers on the stability of all human greatness. These amount, you perceive, to a complete revolution of *persons* in all the departments of state. Why then this anxiety for *cheese-parings* and *candle-ends*, since in so short a space as twenty years we may ourselves be food to the very vermin we now rob?

One only instance more let me mention---with gravity if possible---that *all* the Trustees for *insuring lives* are *dead*.

I remain, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

MEDITATOR.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

[From the European Magazine.]

Dum tentat pulsum venæ, dum fercora versat,
Fallitur et fallit: sed non discriminis æqua
 Conditio. Ille miser moritur (causamque canendi)
 ———calvis præbet, caldisque cucullis
 Hic *alius*, contrà, sceleris mercede recepta,
 Causatur superos, et fati imputat ipsis
 (*Si quis obit*) lætusque implet multo ærè crumenam.
Zodiac. Vit. à Palingenio.

ANY young physician, who wishes to come into practice very speedily, should always set out with a new theory. If he could attempt to prove that the blood does *not* circulate, he would be most certainly a made man. He should make, too, some wonderful discovery in some little article of diet: for instance, he should attack the wholesomeness of salt, of bread, or of the inside of a surloin of beef in preference to the outside. He should attempt something singular in his manner; he may be either very brutal or very polished, as he pleases. Radcliffe told Mead one day, on the latter's starting for practice, "There are two ways, my boy, for a physician to treat his patients; either to bully or to cajole them. I have taken the first, and done very well, as you see; you may take the latter, and perhaps do as well."

Skill in pursuits not very consonant to medical ones, now and then, has a great effect in procuring practice; it has been found to have been of great use to affect fox-hunting, boxing, &c. Singularity * is what af-

* Dr. Taylor, being consulted on the complaint of an infant who had a scirrhus liver, forbade the use of potatoes, which he pronounced was a species of the deadly nightshade. The sickly infant is become a stout man, and, in spite of the Doctor, has been as great an eater of potatoes as any Irish giant.

fects the general run of mankind with wonder, and from wonder to admiration the transition is obvious. A physician too should never affect ignorance of the cause of any complaint; he should even place it in the pancreas, or the pineal gland, if he has no other place ready for it. He must always be ready with an answer to every question that a lady puts to him; the odds are, that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be or be not a possible solution of it.—I remember hearing a lady ask her apothecary, from what substance castor oil (the *oleum palmæ Christi*) was made; he, unembarrassed, said, it was made from the beaver. I did not expose his ignorance, but desired his partner to advise him to be more cautious another time. A lady was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill.—“Madam,” replied the physician, “that depends on the *duration* of the disease.”—“Much obliged to you, Doctor, for your information,” was the lady’s wife answer.

A physician should never neglect to take his fee; it is astonishing how the *aurum solidum* quickens his faculties, and sets them to work with double effect. A celebrated physician at Bath, lately deceased, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said, laughingly, to a friend one day, “Come, I think I will give myself a fee; I am sure I shall do better then.” The Doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other hand: this had the desired effect. The same physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before he died, said, holding it up with streaming eyes to a friend that was near him, “*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend.”—The late Dr. Ward used to call physicians “the scavengers of the human race;” and so indeed they are, when they condescend to visit a dram-drinking woman, or a crapulous man, with the apparent attention with which they would visit a person
in.

in a pleurisy or a putrid fever. A late physician of Bath (who was a fine gentleman, as well as a good scholar and eminent physician), when sent for to a patient who indulged himself in strong drink, used to inquire of what particular liquor he was fond, and to make him drink it well diluted with water, after he had given him a pretty strong vomit; this, of course, rather indisposed the patient against his beloved potation for some time. Dr. Radcliffe, who indulged himself not unfrequently with a bottle or two of claret, was once called in to a lady who had the same propensity, but who was drunk. The Doctor, who was in the same situation himself, but who little dreamt of the lady's condition, approached the bedside, and, finding himself unable to feel her pulse, stammered out (speaking of himself), "Devilish drunk, indeed!" The lady's maid, who was present, thinking the Doctor had said this of her lady, whispered him, "Indeed, Sir, you have hit upon my mistress's disorder; she is apt now and then to take a little too much wine." The Doctor now had his cue as to her particular complaint, prescribed some emetic tartar and warm water, and bustled out of the room as well as he could.

A very singular story is told of this celebrated practitioner. He used to go to some coffee-house in the city, where he gave his advice gratis, or for half a fee. A celebrated miser, who lived near London, to save his money, presented himself before him in a shabby coat, and with a very fine nosegay, which he gave to the Doctor (who was very fond of flowers), telling him that he was a poor man, and had nothing better to give him for his advice. The sagacious physician, who knew him through all his disguise, asked him if he did not live near Chelsea, and if he had ever seen Mr. —, the disguised gentleman's real name. On his telling him that he knew him very well, "Well then," added

added he, "when you see him, give my compliments to him, and tell him that Old Nick will have him ere three weeks are past."—The person went home, and, as the story goes, died within the time, to complete his friend's prediction.

To some court lady, who was much oppressed with a nervous complaint, then called vapours, who asked him what she was to do to get rid of them, he said, "Your Grace must either eat and drink less, take exercise, take physic, or be sick."

It has always been found of great use to a physician to be of some sect in religion: he is in general pretty sure of those that belong to it, and to some other patients out of curiosity. He should be a Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, a Sandemanian, a Swedenborgian, or a Jew. In this country, indeed, he may pick and choose. The *thee* and *thou* of the late Dr. John Fothergill, of London, was supposed to be worth 2000*l.* a-year to him at least. A physician (if he happens to be sent for by a nobleman or a lady of quality) should never cease telling his poor plebeian patients of his being called in by a person of that rank. He should tell his wondering patients of the compliments that were paid him on his skill by this very discerning person, and should mix up some anecdotes of the great family for his patients with as much nicety as he would compose a box of pills. It has oftentimes been of use to a physician to give good dinners and suppers, and card-parties and balls at his house: the allure of good cheer and amusement is very often as good a bait for a patient as a May-fly is for a trout. If, however, he wants immediate practice, and does not very much care whether it is continued or not, a pamphlet, attacking some ancient axiom in medicine or in diet, or the mere dressing up old doctrines in a new manner and in a new style, will do extremely well.

A cc-

A celebrated brochure upon health, written some years ago, brought into its author's pocket, in three months only, one thousand guineas—the Doctor, however, made a full stop there ;—and an excellent physician at Bath (then the father of the waters) said, that in consequence of the excessive temperance into which many foolish persons had too suddenly thrown themselves from the contrary extreme, the salutary springs over which he presided, were, in the year in which this pamphlet came out, more frequented than he had ever known them. So wonderfully sagacious is crude and inexperimental theory, and so fatal at last to the doctor as well as to his patient.

With Eton and Westminster, and classical persons, the idea of a physician's being a good scholar has great weight ; as if the putting together with difficulty in a particular language what is perhaps not worth telling in any, displayed much strength of thinking or acuteness of mind. This is, however, thought of so much consequence by some physicians in England, long after they have quitted their classical pursuits, that they pay some indigent scholar to put their thoughts into elegant Latin for them.

So much for the arts, not the *art* of physic!—that art, so complicated, so difficult, so useful and honourable, when practised with skill and integrity, that the rant of Pliny respecting it is hardly hyperbolic—“*Diis primum inventores suos assignavit medicina cæloque dicavit* ;” and, according to Rhasis (to whom as a professor some allowance might be made when he speaks of his art), “*Medicina tota est Dei, et est res venerabilissima.*”

I may, perhaps, in another letter, have a touch at the patients.

CARBONARIUS.

SECESSION.

[Original.]

THOUGH Taste and Friendship blame the sad design (a)

That robs our Senate of such parts as thine ;
 Yet cooler judgment checks my fond regret,
 And Reason bids me praise thy *wife* retreat.
 E'en from the first, when on thy patriot tongue
 Admiring crowds and list'ning senates hung,
 However sweet to mighty souls it sound
 To hear their well-earn'd glory whisper'd round,
 Not hopes of empty praise thy bosom fir'd,
 Nor was thy *only* aim to be admir'd :
 The conscious virtue that inform'd thy mind
 Bade thee not *charm* alone, but *serve* mankind ;
 Bade thee their cause protect, their rights support,
 Slight meaner views, and spurn a *venal* court.
 For this, while hope remain'd, thy genius toil'd,
 Still to the charge return'd, though often foil'd ;
 Still, like the fable, heav'd up hill the stone,
 Which ever from the top came tumbling headlong down.
 But now, 'since av'rice, pow'r, or treachery leave
 No arms to level and no stone to heave,
 Vain is all farther strife.—The mere debate
 (That dying murmur of a *free-born* state)
 Serves, if there are, who ancient customs prize,
 With *Freedom's* phantom to delude their eyes.
 Shall you, whose veins with genuine ardour beat,
 Lend your *great name* to cover a deceit—
 Assist the juggle, and support the cheat?

No :—Who shall blame, if, from such scenes withdrawn,
 You trim your garden, or adorn your lawn ? (b)
 Better with books and plants to crown our ease,
 And, quitting useless pains, ourselves to please,

JUVENAL III.

(a) Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
 Laudo tamen

(b) Janua Baiarum est, et gratum littus amoeni
 Secessus. Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.
 Nam quid tam miserum, et tam solum vidimus, ut non
 Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 Testorum assiduos, ac mille pericula sævæ
 Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense Poetas ?

Than

Than still a thankless, toilsome path to beat,
 Dull in itself, and ending in defeat;
 For who, that could escape to shades, would bear
 From autumn's colds till summer's heats to hear
 The deep-ton'd nothings of a *J—nky's* throat,
 Slow *S—t*, and *Jenny R—d—r's* peevish note;
 Hear coarse *D—nd—s* support the bashful *R—se*,
 And *L—wr—nce* prose and swing, and swing and prose?—
 I said,—when, turning to yon clouds of smoke,
 With honest anger thus *Umbrilius (c)* spoke—
 “Since public zeal and liberty are grown
 The scorn, the jest of this ungrateful town;
 Since few the men who public crimes oppose, (d) 21
 While base *Corruption*, gath'ring as she grows,
 To fewer yet, contracts that dwindling few—
 And still some fresh apostate swells her crew,
 I seek the shade; ere age my scheme destroy—
 While yet I've health to save, and life t'enjoy—
 While, unsupported by a younger arm,
 I stroll my garden or direct my farm;
 While yet I feel the fire of *Homer's* page,
 Soar with his flights and kindle with his rage.
 Born to my rights, while England yet was free,
 This busy city has no charms for me!—
 Where schemes of plunder form the Statesman's boast,
 And he's rewarded best who robs the most—
 Where, through a world's distress, a nation's cries,
 Through fraud, through blood, the road to honour lies,
 I thank my stars, I was not made to rise!
 No:—there let *L—v—r—l*, *D—nd—s*, and *R—se (e)*
 Plod on, and fatten on their country's woes;

(c) Hic, tunc, *Umbrilius*

(d) Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodie minor est, herè quàm fuit, ac eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid; proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi *Dædalus* exiit alas:
 Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus—
 Dum superest *Lachesi* quod torqueat, et pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo,
 Cedamus Patriâ

(e) Vivant *Arturii* isthic,
 Et *Catulus*: maneat qui nigra in candida vertunt;

Let *P*—*tt* remain, since he can relish praise
 From fools his taxes starve, and knaves his treas'ry pays;
 Let ——— boast, lest any future sneer
 Should taunt with dulness that insipid Peer,
 That once (so strange was *Pitt's* or *Fortune's* whim!)
 The lives of millions were consign'd to *him*!—
 There let him tell, where'er his pow'r prevail'd
 The cannon reach'd, if fire and scourge had fail'd;
 The poor alike an easy conquest yield—
 Burnt in their beds, or butcher'd in the field!
 These are the men, whose all-persuasive strains
 Prove black is white, make Britons bless their chains,
 Securely murder, popularly rob—
 Then, from their heights descending, stoop to *job*;
 Lie, flatter, fawn, their venal bargains drive
 For votes—nor on the dirty traffic blush to thrive!

“ And let them!—since 'tis *Fortune's* cruel sport (*f*)
 To aid the follies of a frantic court;
 Her chief diversion is in man's misrule,
 And her *prime* fav'rite is the pow'rful fool.
 Why should *I* stay?—I cannot live on lies,
 Or paint, to gratify a nation's eyes,
 The *wealth* of bankrupts, or the *worth* of knaves,
 The *wit* of fools, and *liberty* of slaves!
 Triumph o'er foes unarm'd, defenceless, poor,
 Where landlords revell'd in their tenants' gore,
 Where British blood was spilt on either side,
 Nor soothes my feelings, nor exalts my pride.
Cornwallis triumphs—but I feel not vain,
 Nor taste the glories of that grand campaign!

Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluvicm, portandum ad busta cadaver,
 Et præbere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.
 Quondam hi cornicines, et municipalis arenæ
 Perpetui comites, notæque per oppida buccæ,
 Munera nunc edunt, et, verso pollice vulgi,
 Quemlibet occidunt populariter—inde reversi,
 Conducunt foricas

(*f*) Et cur non omnia?—Cùm sint
 Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 Extollit, quoties voluit *Fortuna* joculari.
 Quid Romæ faciam?—Mentiri nescio, librum,
 Si malus est, nequo laudare, et poscere &c.

Wha

What though a *Nelson's* deeds my wonder raise,
 Pleas'd *once again* to join in *Britain's* praise;
 Yet, that his spreading flag, his cannon's roar,
 But seem the signals for some carnage more—
 That *Kings*, unsatisfied with myriads slain,
 Yet fresh from slaughter, thirst for blood again,
 I weep—for I can ne'er my thoughts conceal,
 Or Court Gazettes consult before I feel:
 I flatter none—I serve no private ends,
 Nor tax a nation to secure my friends.
 Hence 'tis, while crowds to bless our Premier run,
 Me foes deride, and all the prudent shun;
 While some traduce, and some lament my fate,
 I stand a blank, a cipher, in the State, (g)
 An useless member—and the reason's clear,
 I give no pension, and I make no Peer.
 Who drains the Treas'ry, who distributes bribes,
 Can ne'er want votes, he counts his friends by tribes:
 His potent call can Nature's self transform,
 Sloth grows alert, Indifference is warm;
 Nor pride, nor love, nor pleasures interfere;
 The 'squire, th' uxorious spouse, the haughty peer,
 All hurry up; since gain inspires a zeal
 Virtue scarce knows, or even patriots feel.
 Each for his favourite whim his country barter,
 Scotsmen for money, dukes and fools for garters.
 A better diocese the bishop wants,
 And having canted long, at last recants.
 Let — say what vast rewards await
 The specious rogue, the hypocrite of state;
 E'en from the day when he his friends betray'd,
 What honours grac'd him, or what sum repaid;
 * * * * *
 Till great beyond e'en sanguine Treachery's hope,
 He deals out justice who deserves a rope;
 Vents his poor spite on those he once carefs'd,
 And dooms to prison for a harmless jest.

(2) Atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
 Mancus, et extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

Let none despair—since fresh from clubs of France
 With pompous Peers could *H—k—ff—n* advance ;
 Since bullying *S—dn—y* proves how blockheads rise,
 And *Bob Sm—th*'s wealth the want of *birth* supplies ;
 All villains thrive—but most the Scots succeed—*(h)*
 Thames is a tributary stream to Tweed : *(i)*
 Scots sent in droves, like oxen to be fold,
 Outstrip their buyers in the race for gold.
 An English rogue may fill a paltry place ;
 Scots reign o'er India ; Scots usurp the mace. *(k)*
 We vote like them, but can't command our looks,
 Or laugh, like *G—ll—w—y* at *Gr—nv—ll—'*s jokes. *(l)*
 See bold *D—nd—s* the venal phalanx lead, *(m)*
 Nor shame his heart—nor wine can reach his head—
 A jovial *loon*, who laughs at right and wrong,
 Brags in his face, and coarseness on his tongue—
 * Such parts each post of Ministry shall fill,
 Comptroller, statesman, banker, what he will ;
 He governs India, and o'er Scotland reigns,
 And from the very Bible draws his gains.
 On England's people once relied the Crown,
 And in their safety dar'd to seek its own ;
 Kings guarded law—affection lin'd the coast,
 And peace and freedom form'd the Statesman's boast :
 Now other schemes employ a Premier's wit,
 Ingenious taxes are the pride of *P—tt*.

(h) Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem &c.

(i) Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

(k) Ad summam non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
 Qui sumpsit pennas—mediis sed natus Athenis.

(l) Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
 Creditur
 Natio Comœda est. Rides?—Majore cachinno
 Concutitur

(m) Ingenium volec, audacia perdita, sermo
 Promptus, et Ifæo torrentior: ede quid illum
 Esse putes?—Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos.
 Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
 Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus—omnia novit.
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum jussisset, ibit!

* First commissioner for India affairs, governor of the bank of Scotland, patent printer of the Holy Bible.

Yes,

Yes, if his laws can reach his subjects' purses,
 He flights their murmurs and derides their curses.
 Do Senates catch from you their patriot zeal,
 Protect your rights, and speak the sense you feel?
 No driveller puts such obsolete demands—
 What brings your trade? and what produce your lands? (u) 113
 What laws shall we devise? what schemes invent
 To seize the profits, and to share the rent?
 How make the farmer's art, the peasant's toil
 But heap up stores for our triumphant spoil?
 Such are the plans that ask a Statesman's pains,
 And rack through summer his inventive brains.—
 You who just start on life's tumultuous stage,
 Nor knew the freedom of a happier age,
 May bear the yoke—or e'en attend the school,
 Where youth are taught to rob a land by rule.
 But me, alas! for scenes like these unfit,
 Too old to learn, too honest to submit,
 Who, born and bred in England's happier days,
 Deem freedom bliss, and independence praise,
 Discretion calls from scenes of useless strife,
 And bids me spare a yet-unfulfilled life.
 No more can I my ancient course pursue,
 Honour and dignity forbid a new.
 Farewell! (v) I go—should sense of injur'd truth
 Kindle new flames, and glow in Britain's youth;
 Shouldst thou indeed among thy equals trace
 The growing virtues of a worthier race;
 Should they conspire to save the sinking State,
 And snatch fair Freedom from the gripe of fate;

(u) Protinus ad censum; de moribus ultima fiet
 Quæstio: quot pascit servos; quot possidet agri
 Jugera; quam multa magnæque paropside coenat?
 Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
 Tantum habet et fidei . . .

(v) . . . Ergo vale, nostri memor; et quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Elvinam *Cerere*, vestramque *Dianam*
 Convelle à Cumis: Satirarum ego (ni pudet illas)
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

Then at thy call I quit the shades I love,
 The sunny garden, or sequester'd grove,
 And haste once more to take the well-known field,
 'Gainst Freedom's foes the arms of Truth to wield,
 Till we all fall, or base Corruption yield."

}

A DIALOGUE IN EMPYREUM.

LOUIS XVI. AND CHARLES I.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

L. ROYAL martyr, brother of my fate, take me to thy embrace. With thee, at least, I am secure of sympathy, the only alleviation my hard lot admits.

C. Hail, brother!

L. It comforts me that I have burst, although by death, my bonds, that I breathe not in the sullied presence of those wretches whom I remember the dependants of my nod, the creeping flatterers of my power, who won my confidence, like Dalila, to shear me of my strength, and who have since announced their influence over my people by a climax of horrors, by plunder, by assassination, by regicide.

C. If sympathy be thy only wish, seek it rather among the kings who have *feared* than among those who have *undergone* thy fate. A hundred and fifty years residence in Empyreum is a marvellous corrector of impassioned judgments and fierce resentment, when we have much conversed with men of other times.

L. Was ever prince misused like me? Always distinguished for love towards my subjects, did I not employ Turgot to please them—the Americans to please them—call the States-General to please them—accept the constitution to please them? and for all this, their ingratitude annihilates my income, traduces my character,

rafter, and, as my sources of influence abate, they drag me from the throne to a dungeon, and thence to a scaffold.

C. Let us analyze the benefits you enumerated.—About the year 1774, the philosophic sect of Physiocrates was already organized into a political body, which had friends in most of the great incorporations of France, in the chambers of commerce, the magistracies, the parliaments. Some powerful families among the nobility, who pleased not at your court, supported this faction.

L. Only the Rochefoucaulds—those hereditary Reretics.

C. A sedition broke out in the metropolis. You were alarmed, and accepted at their hands Turgot for minister, under conditions which you subscribed, like a conquered enemy. Security was soon restored, and reformation began. But Turgot, having the weakness to believe that the opinions of the wise will never be those of the people, continued the restrictions of the press. He formed, therefore, no barrier of public opinion against court mutability; and, as soon as the Parisians had forgotten politics, to enter into Rousseau's quarrel about their music, Turgot found his supporters purchased, undermined, deterred, distanced, dissipated—and had to resign.

L. It was not I who disappointed this minister of influence, but the management of the Queen's advisers.

C. France is not the only country which a double cabinet has condemned to fluctuating counsels. Your next minister was *Necker*, a man whom Turgot had oppressed for writing in favour of limitations upon the corn-trade—a moderate man in temper, in abilities, and in opinions. You chose him because the Paris bankers would lend to no one else. His talents as a financier, the enemy of your enemies applauded in the

English parliament, whilst he was borrowing capital to pay the interest of the French debt, and thus, by the accelerated operations of compound interest, was securing that financial catastrophe—

L. Which the church-lands, and a tax upon noble estates, might easily have averted.

C. Not expecting, however, the submission of these powerful orders to your authority, like vulgar bankrupts, you summoned a meeting of your more notable creditors, relations, and friends, who advised the convention of the states; after which, even *Calonne* dared not help you through without convoking them.

L. Ah!

C. Of all your boasted concessions thus far, which of them could you have avoided? Which of them was even made with a grace? Which of them was not the obvious preference between two evils?

L. The—the declaring for the Americans.

C. And you will be rewarded for it by the generous pity of American and English republicans. Yet, even in this case, were you not a little eager to busy some stirring spirits among the more gallant of your nobility? To avoid a civil, wage a foreign war, is an old adage of profligate state-craft.

L. Some people about me might reason so.

C. The states met. Is there a single boon they owe to your generosity? Your people pulled down the Bastille, or you would have issued *lettres de cachet* against their members. Your soldiers refused their bayonets, or you would have overawed their deliberations, and have——

L. Not I, not I; others might wish——

C. In a word, you found that public opinion, and consequently public force, was at the command of these national assemblies. They raised *Necker* to the clouds when you wanted to dismiss him, in order to show

show him independent of you. Restored at their bidding, they suffered him to resume his pompous importance.

L. A curious proof of the caprice of popular assemblies.

C. The constituting a *popular* assembly! Yet De Retz said to me, after the 4th August, "You see all great bodies are populace, when they are not puppets."

L. Puppets!—are senates ever so? I feel that kings may—

C. And sometimes, as in your case, should. Your *votos*, when exerted at the request of a party, always drew attention, even after your captivity. Without a party among your subjects, you had long ceased to be attended to.

L. They seemed to prize my acceptance of the constitution.

C. As if willing to revive an opinion of indefeasible right, when it was likely to operate in their own favour. Was it this which duped you into over-rating your residuum of power so far, as to think you could withstand an administration enjoying the confidence of the legislative assembly? Prince—prince!

L. I only wished to second the Feuillant party, who were not, like the Jacobins, aiming at my very being.

C. Had you taken the most desperate into pay, these Jacobin ministers, like all others, would have endeavoured to strengthen an authority which made a part of their own. They would have erected their statue *To the restorer of French liberty*, which their antagonists voted you. They would have increased a civil list, which was to buy them creatures. But your eternal blind preference of whatever men promised you most *appearance* of power, naturally led the people to believe that even a constitutional king would oppose them all he could.

L. And the accursed 10th of August!

C. The

C. The right of nations to decree the forfeiture of a crown, my good people of England acknowledged, you know, in 1688.

L. But *their* motives—

C. Were chiefly to unseat an administration. Wildman, Fletcher, and the disinterested friends of freedom, would have preferred James with a diminished prerogative, to William with an increased influence. Burdensome churchmen of the time could not abide a miscreant king, willing, perhaps, out of bigotry, to tolerate both Catholics and Dissenters. William, indeed, had the like wish, but he knew better than to sacrifice his crown to his liberality.

L. I gave no grounds of alarm or provocation, religious or civil.

C. The obstinate detention of a foreign guard, which the constitution forbade, which the legislative assembly advised you to dismiss, and which seemed likely to co-operate with the Duke of Brunswick, then rapidly approaching towards Paris; was this no ground of alarm, of provocation? A sovereign should never excite jealousy, if he cannot command acquiescence.

L. They imprisoned me in avowed contempt of my constitutional inviolability. Atrocious, faithless monsters!

C. I shall not defend it. I expected that, at the meeting of the Convention, you would have been liberated—informed, with as much indifference as had you been a toll-gate keeper, that your services were to be dispensed with—counselled to pass your carnivals at Venice—and suffered to retire upon a pension, neglected and content.

L. And content? You do not suspect me of such villainess?

C. If contentment were the wisest course, why not?

L. Oh, but I had friends!

C. You.

C. You suppose, then, that a strong party in the country would at any time have marshalled around your name—would have assisted you to recover your fallen dignity, and to replace the 'scutcheons of your nobility among the civic honours of the country. Else—

L. Surely I do.

C. And if the members of the Convention were also aware of the existence of this party—if the superstition about kings had given way rather to an opposite enthusiasm, than a national indifference for them—if the existence of a man, believed to have innate, indwelling, or divine rights, was really dangerous to that unanimous submission to the newer powers, which could alone enable them to direct the public force with sufficient energy against the foreign foe—

L. You are not daring to palliate the last act of our common ill-usage?

C. I think as ill as ever of such as thought by my execution to secure personal impunity or individual advancement; but I have had so much conversation with Hampden, Bradshaw, Milton, and the rest of that stamp, that I begin to enter into the grounds of their party.

L. Which were—

C. That, although no previously existing law justified my removal, yet that my acting in concert with persons hostile to the progress of popular influence upon government, which *they* call liberty, tended to defer the improvement of the constitution—that opinions of hereditary right cannot, by their very nature, be compounded with, but must either be allowed to establish their superstitions (the monarchy or seigniorage of certain families), which is unjust to the opposite opinions, or must be coerced in the exercise of their claims—that the sectators of nobility, having acquiesced in the suppression of peerage, and thus concen-

ured

tered their wishes upon the retention of kingly power, would have no pretext to revolt against the more general will, if deprived of their only possible leader—and that the backward minority of my son rendering their conversion probable, before the growth of a new chieftain, an instantaneous general tranquillity, and the ultimate attachment of the nation to an equitable republicanism, was likely to ensue from—

L. From murder!

C. They felt, indeed, that, every illegal precedent facilitating a future breach of law, the oppression of a boor is a crime of infinite magnitude, because liable to be repeated upon millions of the human race—that the arbitrary usage of an elevated man is a heavy evil; because it encourages against thousands the like wrong, and that the injury, even of a solitary class in society, beside being ungenerous, is highly dangerous. But they thought that, by encompassing this crime with formalities, which would for ever necessitate the concurrence of many men reputable among the people, and responsible to posterity, they had deterred from its repetition without mighty motives of national expediency.

L. Such reasonings would apply in my case.

C. Would they?

L. And therefore must be nugatory and flagitious.

C. Certainly my English judges did not foresee that the hereditary superstition, which, during my life, was an offspring of the ignorance of my subjects, was by my death to become the dotage of their passions, and therefore incurable—that the example was to shake for ever that confidence between subjects and sovereigns, which disposes both parties to bring their complaints before the pure tribunal of universal reason, and to arbitrate by a gentler sway than that of force, by the healing voice of deliberate public opinion, their reciprocal public grievances—that it was to em-
bolden

bolden the French nation first, and in consequence of their success—

L. Oh, they cannot succeed against the detestation Europe.

C. Not unless that detestation should appeal to force, and choose an umpire whose decisions are unconnected with right reason.

L. Heaven will avenge their breach of every duty.

C. By insuring to all their conduct its natural reward.

L. Yet injustice, you were insinuating, may be policy.

C. The obligation to justice, in all cases, undoubtedly depends upon its utility—and France is severely feeling the horrid havoc of immoral legislation. That unconscientious temper, which could pardon to the demolishers of the Bastille the exercise of summary vengeance, first weakened the personal security of all those whose functions or whose conduct might become obnoxious to the spirit of the times. Men, content to derive advantage from the decent imprisonment of their king, after the 6th of October, have little to charge upon those who sent a mob to the Louvre on the 20th June. Proprietors, who could deprive the clergy of France, in their lifetime, of an income acquired and enjoyed under ancient statutes, ought at least to tolerate the proposal of other agrarian laws. The suppression of feudal rights, without a full indemnity, is no less inequitable than the offer of a composition upon national debts. Yet, where is the French patriot of integrity so severe as to have concurred in none of these wrongs?

L. Did Roland?

C. There are too few such. Can we treat one man's life with levity, and expect another's to be respected? view one form of property with indifference, and look for another to be held sacred? But
this

this rigid justice once dispensed with, each particular infringement must be estimated by its own peculiar expediency.

L. Judged of then by its success?

C. Not if that success becomes itself a misfortune to the human race. The success of Harmodius encouraged Brutus to tyrannicide; but we now condemn them both with Sindercome and Ankarstroem.

L. Would you have had Brutus assemble a convention of the Roman senators, to decree Cæsar's death?

C. The tyrant would have been punished by an *ex post facto* law.

L. There should too be some remedy for usurpation.

C. Surely no grievance of general concern can ever need an individual victim. The obnoxious power of any one man must depend upon a force attached to him by pay, or by opinion. Are his resources personal property? It has a right to its natural operation.—Public property? It may be withheld.—Does he conciliate opinion by personal qualities? They have a right to their natural operation.—By a prejudice of sanctity or birth? Remove the superstition, or you effect no cure.—In every sacrifice of individual property or life to public prettexts, it has ever been ignorance that cuts the knot, which skill might have untied.

L. Impatience rather.

C. Perhaps so. The just are seldom numerous enough to war successfully with an abuse, without assistance; and the unjust have some immediate end to serve by its extirpation, which renders the tolerance of delay insupportable.

L. Then it will always happen in great events that—

C. General causes every where operate alike. We both fell short of money from circumstances unavoidable. We both assembled the deputies of the people to obtain more. We both found them determined to buy privileges for their contributions; and, not relishing the terms,

terms, we both tried to break off bargaining, and found them the strongest—

L. We did not draw back before the antagonist became so palpably insolent—

C. Louis, it is the last prejudice we doff in these ethereal seats—to be ashamed of pleading guilty to the meaner vices. We were both tainted with insincerity. Our foes never knew wherewith we would be content; and therefore had, in every situation, to multiply their precautions against us.

L. You were born in an age when the highest thought much of kings; I, when the lowest thought little of them. By early and moderate concessions, therefore, you might have retained a more than reasonable share of power.

C. Brought up as kings, it was natural for us both to over-rate alike that share of power which the general will would have vouchsafed. I fear there is, in this case, no other measure of the reasonable.

L. My sacrifices have been such—

C. As bore to the times the same proportion with mine. You partook the philosophic temper of your age; I, the chivalrous spirit of mine. You had indolence, and thought a reputation acquirable by commutating your power for a pension. I had activity, and fancied my honour required that I should hand down my patrimony of power undiminished to my son; but now I perceive that true honour consists in the voluntary foregoing of unreasonable privileges.

L. That is, according to your own criterion, of those one cannot keep.

C. Of those one cannot keep in conformity with the general will, with the public interest. Opinions were perhaps, in your time, so mature, that true honour required a complete abdication of the crown. Yet I do not believe the French nation so far advanced in information. Prudence might have kept us both upon

the throne. I should have made it the interest of Parliament not to shake the prejudices which gave me importance, by dividing with them my power. You should have made it the interest of demagogues to increase your influence by joining in the overthrow of the privileged classes. My country was ripe for aristocracy, where rank is power; I had to preserve the prejudices of condition. Your country was ripe for democracy, where opulence is empire; you had to interest each successive administration in encircling you. Had you earned your pension by zeal—had you been a Jacobin king, instead of a *roi fainéant*, all had been well—but Dorillaus beckons.

L. Leading hither the execrable Pelletier.

C. Not so boisterous, Louis. Though your enemy, he was honest. You have yet the passions of earth—in time you will acquire the equanimity of our shadowy dwellings.

EXAMINATION EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

SCENE—near Leicester Square.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUSTICE ———, RUNNERS, PRISONERS, &c. &c.

TIME—Morning, subsequent to a Search-Night.

Justice. SIR, how do you live?

Prisoner. Pretty well, Sir—generally a joint and a pudding at dinner.

Justice. I mean, Sir, how do you get your bread?

Prisoner. I beg your Worship's pardon—sometimes at the chandler's shop, and sometimes at the baker's.

Justice. You may be as witty as you please, Sir; but I mean to ask you, how you do?

Prisoner. Tolerably well, thank God—I hope your Worship is well!

Cetera desunt!

SAPPHICS.

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

Friend of Humanity.

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day "Knives and
" Scissars to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'quire, or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the 'quire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by ~~TOM~~ PAINE?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Knife-grinder.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice **OLDMIXON** put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence:
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

Friend of Humanity.

*I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance ;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritlefs outcast !*

*(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.)*

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

A FRAGMENT IN MANUSCRIPT,

LATELY FOUND.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THIS fine old mansion belongs to the ancient and respectable family of John Bull, which family possessed it for a great number of years, but becoming too numerous to live all together, they agreed to let it on a repairing lease, under such conditions as, if properly attended to, would keep it standing to the end of time, as it was a very substantial good building, although allowed by architects who surveyed it to possess some trivial defects, originating from the old Gothic manner of building.

Several repairs have been occasionally made ; one in particular in the year 1688, when it was found necessary to turn out the old tenant, who was doing all he could to destroy the building, which being made known to Mr. Bull's family, he gave him a warning to quit, which he did in a precipitate manner, and another tenant entered, and made the then necessary repairs, which are the last it has undergone, except some trifling alterations, as pointing, painting, and white-washing, but nothing very substantial ; and the present tenants, who have had it almost a century, having been frequently, of late years, applied to by the family to make the necessary repairs, in order to keep the

the old mansion together, have lent an ear to their just representations, and from time to time recommended to the family to agree among themselves on what was necessary, and they would find them cheerfully disposed to fulfil the conditions of the lease. Accordingly many disputes took place on the subject ; but from some artful management, the thing was always put off from time to time.

This is to be accounted for in the following manner. The tenant had so increased the number of his servants, that not only all the principal apartments of the old mansion were filled with them, even so as to incommode the tenant himself, but as their number augmented, a set of offices attached and detached were added to the original fabric : which not only very much encumbered the premises, injured the simple and majestic beauty of the ancient building, but in the erection of which various trespasses had been made on the common reserved by Mr. Bull for his own use. These apartments and out-houses, the servants in process of time began to consider as their own property, some of them descending from father to son, some of them being let out, and some of them being even made the subject of transfer by private bargain. In this view, it was natural that they should make such alterations as might beautify their several apartments, or adapt them to their own taste. Some would strike out a new window for the sake of having more air, or of improving their prospect ; and some who did not choose to be overlooked, would block up a door, or carry up a dead wall.

As often therefore as it was known that Mr. Bull desired a survey to be taken of the premises, these servants never failed to mix themselves with the surveyors appointed by the family ; and fearing that their apartments, particularly the attached and detached offices, should be taken down to support the

rest of the building, they exerted all their eloquence and arts to prevent the measure from being adopted. When it was proposed in winter, their answer was, "What! would you set about the work during this severe season, when it is impossible to depend upon the weather for two days in succession? We own it is not altogether wind and water tight; but stay till summer, and you may safely set about filling up a few chinks that time has made in the building." Mr. Bull is a reasonable man, and venerating his mansion full as much as the tenant's servants, cheerfully postponed the intended repairs to the approaching summer. But what was his surprise, during one of the finest summers that ever Providence blessed a people withal, when these very servants changed their tone, and said—"Surely this is not the proper time. Nothing would be more ridiculous and insane than to touch a brick of the building. In winter, indeed, there might be some reason to repair any injuries made by the high winds and the rain; but now it evidently wants nothing. Look at the tenant, and look at us his servants, you see we are all in perfect health; we surely are the best judges, who live in the house, whether it wants repairs or not; and we assure you that it is extremely snug and comfortable, and the very best house, take it all together, that ever was built by the hands of man."

There was no part of this speech to which Mr. Bull could subscribe, but the last. He owned the truth of that observation, and said it was for that very reason, because it was the best, strongest, most superb, and most convenient mansion in the world, that he desired to save it by judicious and skilful repairs from the ravages of time. He was very much troubled by the contradictory assertions of these undertenants; at the same time that he had good reason to believe his own tenant, who paid his rent well, and

was.

was extremely beloved by the whole family of Mr. Bull, was also incommoded by these intruders, who gave themselves many airs, and having no true and permanent interest in the estate, would risk the whole, rather than endanger the loss of their own apartments.

Accordingly, Mr. Bull, some time ago, called all his family together, and appointed a set of competent surveyors, but without being able to prevent these servants from mixing, as usual, with them. They saw this, and greatly lamented that they could not converse about their own concerns, without being interrupted and disturbed by these men. Many of them met together at one another's houses, to avoid this inconvenience. They took the opinion of the ablest men they could find: they recommended to all the family to think of the matter seriously, and to give their opinion freely and candidly upon a subject in which they were equally interested.

Nothing could surpass the earnestness with which they deliberated, but at the same time they preserved the utmost coolness. It was the object nearest their hearts, for it was their all; and therefore they turned it in their thoughts over and over again. Many plans were suggested, some of which were rejected when they came to make an estimate of the expense, others because they tended to vary from the original plan; but one only of all the family, who had been a traveller, and was anxious to introduce new-fangled modes of building which he had seen in foreign parts, proposed to serve their beloved tenant with an ejection, to pull down the old fabric to the foundation, and rear up a new house in the modern style, which they might do in a few days, and at a small expense, as it was great nonsense to encumber themselves with an immense building. A slight roomy house would answer all the purposes, and faced with plaster-of-Paris, would do as well. The family rejected this proposal.

posaf with indignation, and at last it was agreed by a great majority, that all that was wanted was to diminish the number of offices attached and detached, which had been built since the last repairs in 1688, to make some reform in the upper chambers, and above all, to prevent so many of the tenant's servants from mixing with the men that they might from time to time appoint to look over the building. This, they said, was the source of all the decay that had taken place, and of all the negligence that had followed. They agreed also, that legal notice might be given of this resolution of the family; and they unanimously agreed, that they had full confidence in the integrity of their good tenant, that he would, as soon as the determination of the family was fairly made known to him, cheerfully and honestly fulfil the conditions of his profitable lease.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

A FRAGMENT.

[From the Telegraph.]

Johnson—Boswell.

—AFTER I had given him an account of the war, and the state of the nation, I said that the conduct of the ministry was not more extraordinary than the tame acquiescence of the people in measures so hurtful to their own interest. He interrupted me hastily—

“Sir, there is nothing extraordinary in all this. You say the people were thrown into a state of *alarm*, and that they have not recovered. What is this but saying that they were seized with madness, and have not yet come to their senses?”

“But, Sir, *fear* is not madness. We do not send a man who is alarmed to a mad-house.”

“Sir,

“ Sir, you do not send him to a mad-house, to a receptacle for lunatics, you do not send him to Béd-lam, or St. Luke’s; but you do worse, Sir; you make him destroy himself. You drive him out of his senses, and you do not take from him the power of doing mischief. You make him mad, Sir, and you put a gun and a sword into his hands. Now, Sir, this is abominable; this is execrable, Sir; this is a refinement upon cruelty.”

“ But may not men in a state of fear be capable of reasoning?”

“ No, Sir, no man trembles and reasons; there is no rationality in an aguish fit. The paroxysm has shaken them. The superior power that frightens them may make them do any thing; and you allow that that superior power has made them do any thing, any thing, and every thing, absurd and ridiculous. You talked of marching to Paris, and of the honour of the courts of Berlin and Peterburgh. There’s your *reasoning* power. You are told that your house is on fire, and you bustle to save a pair of old breeches; there is no fire, and yet somehow your strong box is gone. No, Sir, your governors frightened you, and made you *deliver*. The pistol was at your breast, and out came the purse.”

I repeated to him from one of his most sublime passages, these words: “ Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.”

“ Yes, Sir, and the converse of the proposition is equally true. In all the transactions of which you have given me an account, I see no thought either of the past or the future. When a man threatens my life, unless I give him my purse, I think neither of the trouble it cost me to amass the money, nor where I am to raise another guinea. Sir, a man with a pistol at his breast has no time for thinking. The
past

past and the future are annihilated. Two-thirds of his existence are gone."

"He may think that the alarm was well-founded."

"Sir, it is of no consequence whether the alarm was well-founded or ill-founded. When the highwayman presents the pistol, you do not ask him whether it be loaded."

"But I may think it is loaded."

"No, Sir, you think nothing about it. You have heard something of a pistol with a ball in it, and there's an end. Nay, you don't know if it be a pistol. The highwayman takes you in the dark, and robs you with a brass candlestick. He blind-folds you, and *raises the supplies!*"

"Yet it is possible to rid ourselves of fear when we become convinced that it has no solid foundation, and that we have been afraid only of a 'painted Devil.'"

"Alas! Sir, what does all this amount to? I have been frightened out of my time, my reputation, and my money. Two of these are irrecoverably gone, and the third I know not where to get. I went mad before to please another; I must go mad now to quiet myself. Let's hear no more of this stuff of a 'painted Devil.'"

"I believe, indeed, that the devils who frightened us had no colour for it."

"Sir, that's a mere play of words, but it may be allowable in you. You are just come from a world, where all your political knowledge is a wretched play of words---your '*acquitted felons*,' and your '*negative successes*.'"

I reminded him that he had once said to W——, that he would in time make a very pretty rascal!

"Yes, Sir, I knew he would, and I am partly not sorry. Sir, I never presumed to look often nor far into futurity; but I have ventured once or twice,
and

and have not been deceived. Sir, a man who prophesies seldom, does not like to be disappointed. I should not have said that London would be swallowed up on a certain day, nor that you would be elected Pope, but I said that Mrs. T—— would do a foolish thing, and that W—— would make a very pretty rascal, and I was right."

"We have lost vast numbers of our bravest soldiers on the Continent."

"Thousands of them have come here to tell us the news, but I have, in vain, asked what they were fighting for. Yes, Sir (with a sarcastic laugh), they *died of fear*! You were told the French were coming to cut your throats, and so you went to them, and held out your necks, that they might have little trouble. We were not so polite in my time. We did not anticipate invasions, nor antedate revolutions—and yet it is the fashion to blame Sir ROBERT WALPOLE."

"Was he not a very corrupt minister?"

"Sir, he was corrupt *per se*; he was corrupt in himself; but relatively, he was pure itself; comparatively, he was an honest man. Now (mentioning a minister) is all corruption. Compared with him, Sir Robert was a baby in corruption. Then, Sir Robert never insulted the common sense of the nation. He always supposed that men were endued with reason; he never said, 'I know you to be all a parcel of fools, and I'll treat you as such.' Besides, Sir, he bribed men to vote *according* to their conscience."

"That experiment, I confess, has not yet been tried."

"No, Sir, the time of trial is past. You have no consciences worth the experiment. Such miserable drivellers as —— and —— and —— (mentioning two city knights and an alderman); how is it that such fellows

do not carry a load, and ply for fixpence? Is — still in place?"

"Yes, he retains his power by complying with every thing."

"That fellow I like; a man who is a scoundrel and avows it, does no great injury to the public mind. He has none of the cant of a politician. He says nothing about honour and conscience. Having ceased to deal in the thing signified, he has taken down the *sign*."

"Sir Robert Walpole's best quality was his love of peace."

"Not altogether: but he kept the nation out of war as long as he could. We have since had no minister of pacific propensities; and then, Sir, consider the state of a nation, where one man cannot tell another *who really is minister*. Like the oracles of old, you hear the voice, but see nothing. You are impelled into action, but know not by whom or for what purpose. Have you able political writers on the side of alarm."

"None of any name; but they are well paid, and they go through a deal of dirty work."

"That is as it should be. Men of genius may do something in gratitude, but nothing for hire. Yet it is miserable policy, after all, to pay blockheads for deceiving the nation, and not have the work done as they wish."

"Notwithstanding the general delusion, I am of opinion, that there is not one man of sense in the kingdom, not under influence, who is a friend either to the principle or the conduct of the war."

"Alas! Sir, what do you get by that? where are your men of sense, and how many?—Then, Sir, as to influence, consider its divisions and subdivisions. One man is corrupted by money, and his dependant
is

is corrupted by merely smelling to it. It is wonderful what a trifle will do. For every man who receives a favour, you may reckon twenty men *frightened* over to Government. I remember a country barber who would not vote for Mr. ——— (who was a Whig) because his uncle the green-grocer sold stamps. Now, Sir, what can a country shop-keeper get by selling stamps? And yet you see he can command a barber, and perhaps a cobbler and a taylor, and all for a small *per centage* upon two-penny stamps."

I observed that soldiers had always been considered as machines.

"No, Sir, not always—when they have fought for liberty, and the independence of their country, they were no longer machines, they were animated, they could reason. Now, indeed, they are mere appendages to baggage-waggons—the *things* that point the gun, and draw the trigger. It is all machinery now. A citizen is as much a machine as a soldier, and the strangest of all machines is a citizen keeping out French principles by marching to Paris. Sir, there never was so much machinery in the nation before."

"We have certainly departed from the principles of our forefathers."

"No, Sir, you have not departed. Had you departed from them, you might have got better principles; or, Sir, you might have left them entire; but you did worse, Sir, you mangled and tortured them into the most grotesque forms. You have *travelled* Blackstone's Commentaries."

I mentioned to him the principal objection to a peace, that the French have no permanent constitution, and I explained to him the various changes their constitution had undergone. He interrupted me with great indignation:

"Sir, Sir, this is stuff fit for school-boys, and they ought

ought to be whipt for it. *What* constitution is permanent, in your sense?"

"That of our country, in King, Lords, and Commons."

"No, Sir; King, Lords, and Commons, are but the forms of the constitution, the building, the ornaments, or what you please. The whole body of laws is the constitution. When they are changed the constitution is changed, and when they are changed by the consent of the people expressed by their organ, where is the harm? But when they are changed arbitrarily, changed wantonly, Sir, at the pleasure of a judge, or a minister, the constitution is gone; *actum est, perit*. Sir, I venerate the form of the British constitution—I would have a King, Lords, and Commons. But if I am imprisoned to-day, for that which was not a crime yesterday, and will not be a crime to-morrow, what is it to me that I have King, Lords, and Commons? Sir, it is part of the constitution, that a person to be tried has a right to challenge his jury. Now, Sir, would any man succeed, who should bring a bill into the House of Commons to abolish that right? No, Sir, not *even now*. And yet, by your own account, what Parliament cannot do, a petty judge at a country assizes may do—and not be hanged by the neck for it. Then what becomes of your permanent constitution?"

"The constitution, as vested in Kings, Lords, and Commons, is no doubt——"

"No, Sir, there you confound matters again. You mistake the form of government for the constitution; the outside for the inside; what you see for what you feel. The form may be changed, and the constitution remain. But I beg pardon (bowing ludicrously); I forgot that men in a fright cannot make distinctions. The pistol is at your breast still."

"But,

"But, my dear Sir, the incursion of French principles—"

"Mere wadding, Sir; you taught them to put the ball in. Here is a nation of enlightened statesmen, of heroes, and of philosophers, frightened by pamphlets, and talking of a permanent constitution. Sir, men who overthrow governments, write no pamphlets. Cromwell wrote no pamphlets. Ravaillac wrote no pamphlets. Sir, whatever your form of government may be, your constitution is nothing if you can be frightened out of its substance. A constitution must have the characteristic of Divinity. To be permanent, it must not be Pitt or Fox—Whig or Tory—it must be the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever."

I was about to reply, when our mutual friend Sir Joshua appeared, and put an end to the subject for the present. Should any of my illustrious friend's sentiments appear different from those held by the author of "*Taxation no Tyranny*," let it be remembered, that in this place fair play is given to the exercise of the understanding, and no influence is known but that of truth and reason.

REPUBLICAN GAZETTE

FOR 1892.

Written and prophesied by an eminent Mobocrat.

[From the Morning Herald.]

LONDON.

YESTERDAY the workmen employed in removing the rubbish of *Lambeth Palace* found part of a book, which, on careful inspection, proved to be a *Bible*, a work that made some noise in the last century, when superstition and tyranny ruled the land. An *antiquary* offered an *assignat* of *thirty halfpence* for it; but the men, with a most disinterested patriotism, immediately burnt it.

A deputation of *active citizens*, from the department of the *Thames*, went in a body on Monday to the *National Assembly*, and made an offering of some very fine *fish*. This proof of their zeal for the constitution was received with the greatest applause, and the *ladies* were requested to assist at the deliberations, the members remaining all uncovered while they staid.

The affair which happened last week in the Strand has been greatly misrepresented. There was no riot in the case. A fellow was detected, in a coffee-house, reading part of an old volume of *Blackstone's Commentaries*. The people immediately took him to the lantern-post, hung him up, and afterwards dispersed in the most quiet and orderly manner.

Accounts from *Canterbury* mention an engagement between the *national guards* and some of the *refractory priests*, in which about fifty of the latter were killed.—Nothing can equal the madness of those priests in shutting their eyes against the glorious advantages of our new constitution.

The 3 per cents were done yesterday at 27 3-8ths, a price which marks the strong confidence of the people in the Assembly. Several *guineas* were done as low as 37s. and an eminent broker purchased *five half-crowns* for *forty shillings*.

The *primary assemblies* of *Aldgate*, *Whitechapel*, and *Stepney*, met yesterday, and took the civic path seventeen times.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

Dec. 25, 1892.

The decree respecting committees was passed. The Assembly, for the more quick dispatch of business, is to be divided into *one hundred and seventy committees*; and, to prevent partiality, the members of any one committee may be members of another.

Mr.

Mr. —, the Minister, appeared at the Bar, and announced a letter from the *King*. The members immediately sat down, and put on their hats. The letter stated that, according to an article in the constitution, the King was entitled to two candlesticks on his table; but that Mr. *Firebrand*, commander of the national troops, had allowed him but one.

The reading of this letter occasioned the greatest tumult and confusion; but Mr. *Cromwell*, the illustrious patriot, moved the order of the day, and that no notice should be taken of this letter; which was agreed to.

Mr. *Walter Tyler* moved, that a committee should be appointed to examine into the complaints so often brought to the Assembly respecting the knockers of doors. He observed, that several citizens still knocked three or four times, and that very loud. He trusted that all remains of *aristocracy* would now be abolished.

Mr. *John Cade* seconded this motion, and added, that there were many other enormities practised, which ought to be severely punished. He had lately seen no fewer than three *libraries*, in which there were books printed in the last century, of the most dangerous tendency, as he was informed;—not that he either did or could read them:

This speech was received with the loudest acclamations, and ordered to be printed.

One of the members now announced that a deputation of young citizens, from *Hackney boarding-school*, waited to pay their compliments to the Assembly.—They were admitted amidst peals of applause; and the eldest of them, a fine boy about six years old, made a most eloquent speech; after which these young patriots took the usual oaths—and some gingerbread, and were desired to assist at the deliberations.

A woman appeared at the Bar, and denounced a young fellow for an attempt to *ravish* her.—Referred to the committee for *general purposes*.

The committee appointed to inspect the building formerly called *St. Paul's Cathedral*, reported, that, with some repairs, it might be fitted up as the National assembly-room, and that one million and a half of expences would be necessary.—The Assembly agreed to the report.

A deputation of *active citizens*, from the department of *Tothill-fields*, came to complain of the high price of bread. A member, however, rose up to remark, that there was no end to such complaints, and that they ought not to interrupt the great business of a free nation.—Agreed.

Letters were then read to the Assembly, stating, that four or five thousand persons had assembled on Blackheath, pretending to be artificers, who had lost their employment in consequence of the levelling decree, and that they were starving.—The Assembly ordered, that ten thousand of the national troops should be sent against them.—Adjourned.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

BY MR. MERRY.

[From the Courier.]

THE sun was just retir'd, the dews of eve
 Their glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale;
 The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
 Telling, with many a pause, her tend'rest tale.

No clamours rude disturb'd the pensive hour,
 And the young moon, yet fearful of the night,
 Rear'd her pale crescent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
 That caught the parting orb's still ling'ring light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark'd the way,
 A wounded soldier feebly mov'd along;
 While pity in his youthful form might view
 A helpless prematurity of age.

Then

Then as with strange contortions lab'ring flow,
 He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
 And saw the well-known prospect spread below,
 The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill ;

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh
 Shook the firm texture of his tortur'd heart ;
 And from his hollow and dejected eye
 One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

" How chang'd (he cried) is the fair scene to me,
 Since last across this narrow path I went !
 The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
 Nor any human breast more true content.

" When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow thrown,
 Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd ;
 My prowess too at harvest-time was shown,
 While Lucy's carol ev'ry labour cheer'd.

" The burning rays I scarcely seem'd to feel,
 If the dear maiden near me chanc'd to rove ;
 Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
 It was a rich repast—a feast of love.

" And when at ev'ning, with a rustic's pride,
 I dar'd the sturdiest wrestlers on the green,
 What joy was mine ! to hear her at my side
 Extol my vigour and my manly mien.

" Ah ! now no more the sprightly lads shall run
 To bid me welcome from the sultry plain ;
 But her averted eye my sight will shun,
 And all our cherish'd, fondest hopes be vain.

" Alas ! my parents, must ye too endure
 That I should gloom for e'er your homely mirth,
 Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
 And make ye curse the hour that gave me birth ?

" Oh, hapless day ! when at a neighb'ring wake,
 The gaudy sergeant caught my wond'ring eye,
 And as his tongue of war and honour spake,
 I felt a wish to conquer or to die.

" Then,

" Then, while he bound the ribands on my brow,
He talk'd of captains kind and generals good,
Said, a whole nation would my fame avow,
And *bounty* call'd the purchase of my blood.

" Yet I refus'd that *bounty*—I disdain'd
To *sell* my service in a righteous cause,
And such to my dull sense it was explain'd,
The cause of monarchs, justice, and the laws.

" The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,
My King and country seem'd to ask my aid;
Through ev'ry vein the thrilling ardour ran—
I left my humble cot, my village maid.

" Oh, hapless day! torn from my Lucy's charms,
I thence was hurried to a scene of strife,
To painful marches, and the din of arms—
The wreck of reason and the waste of life.

" In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field;
Now backward driv'n, like leaves before the wind,
Too weak to stand, and yet ashamed to yield.

" Till oft-repeated victories inspir'd
With tenfold fury the indignant foe,
Who ruthless still advanc'd as we retir'd,
And laid our boasted, proudest honours low.

" Through frozen deserts then compell'd to fly,
Our bravest legions moulder'd fast away,
Thousands of wounds and sickness left to die,
While hov'ring ravens mark'd them for their prey.

" Ah! sure remorse their savage hearts must rend,
Whose selfish, desp'rate frenzy could decree,
That in one mass of murder men should blend,
Who sent the *slave* to fight against the *free*.

" Unequal conquest!—at fair Freedom's call,
The lowliest hind glows with celestial fire;
She rules, directs, pervades, and conquers all,
And armies at her sacred glance expire.

" The

" Then be this warfare of the world accurs'd !
 The son now weeps not on the father's bier,
 But gray-hair'd age (for nature is revers'd)
 Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear."
 Thus having spoke—by varying passions toft,
 He reach'd the threshold of his parents' shed,
 Who knew not of his fate, but mourn'd him lost,
 Amidst the number of the *unnam'd dead*.
 Soon as they heard his well-remember'd voice,
 A ray of rapture chas'd habitual care :
 " Our HENRY lives—we may again rejoice !"
 And LUCY sweetly blush'd, for she was there.
 But when he enter'd in such horrid guise,
 His mother shriek'd, and dropp'd upon the floor :
 His father look'd to heav'n with streaming eyes,
 And LUCY sunk, alas ! to rise no more.
 O, may this tale, which agony must close,
 Give due contrition to the self-call'd great,
 And show the poor how hard the lot of those
 Who shed their blood for *ministers of state* !

LETTER FROM A LADY.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

Our fair correspondent has stated her case in so simple and artless a manner, and the misfortune under which she labours is one so common, and, as we fear, so increasing throughout the country, that we lose no time in laying it before the public, exactly as it has come to our hands.

SIR,

I DO not know if you will admit a female correspondent, having seen none such acknowledged in your paper as yet, though I have seen it from the very beginning. But I hope you will—having a case to lay before you, which, I think, you ought to consider.

What I find most fault with you for is, that you confine your remarks chiefly to public matters, as if jacobinism, and the principles which you set up to oppose, did not disturb domestic felicity and comfort as much

Then he tells us that gratitude is a bad passion, and has actually quarrelled with Sir ———, his landlord, who raised him, and lent him money when he was in distress, just after setting up for himself in business (though now he is so affluent), because he said he could not abide a man who had laid upon him the weight of an obligation.

He used to go to church too, regularly every Sunday; but of late he has left it off entirely, though professing, at the same time, to be more religious than ever, and to adore the Supreme Being in his works.—So he makes me walk in the open air during service-time, and bids me gaze up and look around, and overflow with divine sensation—which he says is *natural* religion, and better than all the preaching and saying printed prayers in the world. I do not know why it is; but, though I have walked in all weathers at this devotion, I have not felt so devout, nor come home so comfortable and satisfied with myself, as if I had been at church in the old way to which I was accustomed. As for my poor mother, she is by no means to be persuaded to it, but calls it downright heathen, and goes to church the more, which makes my father only the more angry.

But, perhaps, the greatest grievance of all is about my marrying, which I was going to be; but my father has put a stop to it, because my Edward, to whom I was betrothed (and a match every way suitable in situation, as all the world allows), went into the yeomanry cavalry, for the defence of his King and country—which angered my father past all enduring—He hates all war and bloodshed, he says, and was always twitting and reproaching Edward with his military ardour, and thirst of human blood (as he called it), till at length, one day, in his drink (for though formerly very sober and abstemious, he has taken more to drink of late), he downright quarrelled with him for good

good and all, and turned him out of the house, saying, *He would have no butcher of his fellow-creatures there.*— This was last month, at the dinner which he gave on the christening of my little brother *Buonaparte Sourby*, which name he gave him against the advice of the clergyman and all his neighbours.

I am afraid these particulars may seem tiresome and uninteresting; and I feel that I have not half described the uneasiness which this new temper and principles of my father occasion, and the change that has been made in him; nor how surprising it seems to me, that the more he has liberty and independence in his mouth, the more he should be a tyrant (if I might say so) in his conduct to his family. But I will intrude no longer, than to say, that

I am, Sir,
Your afflicted humble servant,

LETITIA SOURBY.

I forgot to mention, that my father does not know of my seeing your paper, which I see at a neighbour's in the village (a widow lady), who takes it in, and lets me read it when I call upon her. My father would be very angry if he knew it.

LETTER FROM SAMUEL SHALLOW.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

SIR,

HEARING you had some time back published a letter from a Young Woman, complaining, her father had been misled by these new-fangled French doctrines, I take the liberty (though I am but a poor scribe) to relate to you the history of my own family.

We live in a small town in Warwickshire. Father is a shoemaker; I am his apprentice; and mother as eminent a clear-starcher as any in the county. We were very hard-working people, and had plenty of customers, and were as comfortable a family as could be, till about

two months ago, when father one evening carried a pair of shoes to the master of the Red Lion. It was twelve o'clock before he came home; he was very drunk, and came in singing (as he called it) patriotic songs. Father never could sing in his life; but he made a frightful noise, and mother and I had much ado to get him to bed. Being usually a sober man, next day he was very sick, and could not sit at his work; and a strange, ill-looking man came and asked to speak to him, and they were shut up together ever so long, and when he went away, father said it was Citizen *Rigshaw*, a member of the *Corresponding Society*, and occasionally steward of the *Whig Club*, a great philosopher, and a *patriot*, who had been sent down to enlighten and reform, and organize (I think he called it) this part of the nation, and father was to help him.—Father said it would be a GLORIOUS work! and full of HUMAN WISDOM and INTEGRITY!

Meantime, however, his own work stood still, and we were half starved. My mother had a great affection for my father, and a high opinion of his understanding; but when she found his studying politics made us none the richer, and his neglecting his work made us all the poorer, she grew somewhat crusty, and one evening, when father had been keeping his *Decade-day*, as he calls it (for we had no *Sundays* now, though we did no work), mother plucked up a spirit, and well scolded him. He only smiled, and told her, Philosophers did not like a noise; therefore he should get rid of a brawling wife, for he would be divorced as soon as the French came. "Divorced!" said my mother, colouring as red as a turkey-cock—"Nay, *Female Citizen*," said he, "do not blush, it will be no disgrace to thee; I shall only allege *incompatibility of temper*, and when thou art divorced from me, thou mayest marry as many husbands as thou canst get—one after another, that is."—"May I, sure?" said mother; and she seemed quite pacified, and went out
of

of the room, telling one, two, three, upon her fingers. Then my father turned to me—"My brave boy," said he, "thou art no longer my child, but the child of thy country;" and then he ran on a deal about the old Romans, and a parcel of stuff I did not heed—I had heard enough in knowing I was no longer his son, and I determined to shift for myself in the world, and trouble my head no more about him.

A few days ago he happened to get drunk again; and as he was roaring Liberty and Equality in the street, a sturdy fellow came up, and damned him for a *Jacobin*, and pushed him into the kennel. I happened not to be far off, so he halloos out to me—"Come hither, Sam, and help thy old father on his legs again." I thought to show how well I had improved by his instructions; so, going up to him, I said, "Citizen, I am not thy child, but the child of my country"—and was walking away, when I met a gentleman who had dealt at our shop, who, seeing father sprawling on his back, insisted on my going and taking him up, and supporting him home, and he walked with us; so, when we came to our house, the gentleman said to my mother, "Mrs. Shallow, I have brought you home a drunken husband; but you are a good wife, and, I doubt not, will take care of him."—"Sir," said my mother, calmly, "to oblige you, I will take charge of this citizen; but—" "*Citizen!*" cried the gentleman, "is he not your husband?"—"Why yes, Sir, I cannot but say he is at present; but we shall soon be divorced for *comatability of tempers*, as Richard calls it, and then I shall marry neighbour Wilkins the clothier; and then Ephraim Hopkins, a promising youth in the sadlery line; and then, perhaps, John ——" "Hold your foolish prating," said the gentleman; and therewith he fell a discoursing upon the nonsensical doctrines that we had been learning, and vowed, as he was a justice of peace, to clear the parish of that Rig-

shaw, if he were fifty times a *Whig* and *Corresponding Society-man*.

Next day he came again; father was ill, from the bruises he got by his fall, so the gentleman went and talked to him by his bed-side; and truth to say, we were all desperately ashamed of ourselves, and very sorry for what had happened; and resolved to keep to our business, which we did understand; and not meddle with politics, constitutions, or divorces any more. Father has shut his door against all citizens (as for Rigshaw, he was put in gaol for robbing the landlord's hen-roost); and we hope in time, by the help of a few friends, to get into business again, though at present 'tis but poor doings with us.

If you think, Sir, our example may serve as a warning to others, you are very welcome to publish this letter.

From your obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL SHALLOW.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE FISHERIES.

IN A LETTER TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND READ LATELY IN THE SOCIETY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

EVER desirous to contribute what *lies* in my power to the perfection of those plans in which the Society are laudably employed, I beg leave to communicate a discovery lately made in America, and which I have no doubt will prove of infinite service to this country, if not resisted by that bugbear, dread of innovation, which threatens to render all improvement dead and unprogressive.

In an American paper which lately came into my hands, I found the following paragraph—

“ *New*

“ New Hampshire, Keen, March 22.”

“ A singular fact.—We hear from Enfield, in the upper part of this county, that as two men were crossing a pond in pursuit of a mouse, one of them being thirsty, and perceiving a hole which had been cut through the ice by some fishermen, he stooped down to drink, but being possessed of a long red nose, a fish supposed he had some bait; and made bold to snap at it, when the man suddenly throwing his head back, drew out a trout, which weighed three pounds four ounces.”

Since the discovery of the circulation of the blood, there has not been a discovery equal to this—nothing which will tend more to facilitate the art of angling, and render the implements of fishery so cheap. Immediately on reading this account, I went to the New York coffee-house, situated in the ward of Cornhill, and parish of St. Michael's, and inquired if any gentlemen had lately arrived from America. I found several, who confirmed the truth of this fact, by producing other newspapers, into which it was copied. The evidence being now complete, I immediately sat down to improve upon this discovery. The result of my reflections I beg leave to communicate to the Society by your means.

The leading fact here established is, that “ *Red noses are a good and sufficient bait for trout.*”—I will not stop here to dissert on the *mouse-hunting*, which probably is a diversion peculiar to Enfield, in the province of New Hampshire, as hunting the steeple is in some provinces in England, not to speak of chasing butterflies, and emperors of Morocco—but I will proceed to observe upon the fact itself, that if due encouragement is given to the breed of red noses, catching trout will soon be as easy as taking snuff.

To ascertain the fact, however, by experiment; which now and then is a pretty certain way of proving facts.

facts, I went down to my country-seat in Surry, where I have an excellent fish-pond. On my arrival, May the 6th, at three o'clock P. M. I immediately called my servants and tenants together, that I might find a proper person, that is, a person with a proper nose, *long* and *red*, as described in the account. With some difficulty I discovered a nose of the proper dimensions, namely, three inches and an half long, and, at the broadest part, one inch and three quarters. A better nose could not be conceived as to length, but it wanted redness. I was surprised at this, because the fellow who owned the nose had often been brought before me, as a justice of the peace, for getting drunk and romping with the maids. My servant however whispered me, "Your honour will please to remember that you took away the *spirit licence* from the public-house last year."—This accounted for the matter at once—I took the fellow into my house, and sending to town for a six gallon cask of true British spirits, I pretended to make this fellow keeper of it. The scheme answered, for, in less than a month, I had reason to think his nose a sufficient temptation to any trout in the kingdom. I then took him to the pond, and instructed him how to proceed. He lay for an hour with his nose about half an inch in the water, but nothing came—I encouraged him however to persevere, and to my utter joy, a trout of the precise weight described in the printed account, in an unguarded moment, seduced by a crimson concupiscence, made a bite at the fellow's nose, who throwing his head back as I taught him, produced the fish. The fact was now so plain, that I made him repeat the experiment, and it was always attended with *equal* success.

Permit me now, Sir, to observe:

First, That the expense of fishing-tackle, boats, nets, &c. &c. which bears very hard upon the poor, may hereby be saved. Men who have not nets come
into

into the world with noses; and that which formerly served only to smell a rat, may now bait a trout.

Secondly, The breed of long, red noses may be more easily cultivated in this country than in any other; for two reasons, namely, for the innate love of *gin*, and for the ease and facility with which the Government have contrived that *gin* should be procured, every sixth or seventh house being a public house.

This learned Society cannot but have heard of a mode of catching trout by *tickling* them. The present mode however is far superior, because only one minute's instruction is necessary, and because the materials are always ready; for, barring accidents, I believe that every man carries his nose before him. I hope that what our immortal bard has said of a *good* nose will soon be realized of a *red* one—"A good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses"—Yet I must confess that Skakespear, with all his genius, speaks sometimes of red noses in terms not very respectful.

I am aware that the present state of the laws respecting fisheries may be offered as an objection to my plan. For if every man who has a red nose is allowed to catch fish, property in rivers, &c. will be destroyed. This objection is plausible—it is difficult to word an act of Parliament, so as to attach to the nose, though sometimes they may be applied with *ease* to other places. But yet I think that the existing laws will be quite sufficient; and every man with a red nose be obliged to take out a *licence*, or to give security for his good behaviour in ponds, &c.

In a moral light, this scheme will not be without its uses. In the present irritable state of the nose, how much duelling and bloodshed does it occasion? But when the nose is made subservient to the teeth, when biting becomes a business, when nostrils become nets, and redness affords temptation to fish as well as to females,

males*, the true dignity of the nose will be restored—it will then have found a use, of which the world since its creation has been ignorant.

I have only to add, Sir, that I am not so fanguine in this my scheme, as to insinuate the least probability of its being extended to the catching of sturgeon or salmon; these large fish must come the old way; for I am of opinion, though with due deference to this learned Society, that with a score of long red noses, with "the great fisherman" Curtis, at their head, and Jamy Boswell's Song in their teeth, would not be sufficient to move any thing "very like a whale."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

RODOLPHUS RUBICUND.

PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

ST. Paul's proclaims the solemn midnight hour,
 The weary cit slow turns the master-key;
 Time-flinted 'prentices up Ludgate scour,
 And leave the street to darkness and to me.
 Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
 And scarce a sound disturbs the night's dull ear;
 Save where some rambling hack directs its way,
 Or frequent tinklings rouse the tavern bar;
 Save that in yonder iron-grated tower,
 The watchmen to the constable complain,
 Of such as, in defiance to their power,
 Molest their ancient solitary reign.

* Certain females are said to be fond of red coats. See my *Memoirs of the Horse Guards*, vol. vi. p. 729.

Beneath

Beneath these butchers' stalls, that pent-house shed,
 Where rankling offals fret in many a heap;
 Each in his several sty of garbage laid,
 The dext'rous sons of Buckhorse soundly sleep.
 The cheerful call of "Chair! your honour, chair!"
 Rakes drunk, and roaring, from the Bedford Head,
 The calls of coachmen, squabbling for a fare,
 No more can rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them the blazing links no longer burn,
 Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
 No setters watch the muddled cit's return,
 In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.
 Oft to their subtlety the fob did yield,
 Their cunning oft the pocket-string hath broke;
 How in dark alleys bludgeons would they wield,
 How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their humble toil,
 Their vulgar crimes and villany obscure;
 Nor rich rogues hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The low and petty knaveries of the poor.
 The titled villain, and the thief of pow'r,
 The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour—
 The paths of wickedness but lead to shame.
 Nor ye, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If justice round their necks the halter fix;
 If, from the gallows, to their kindred vault,
 They rid not pompous in a coach and six.
 Gives not the lordly axe as sure a fate?
 Are Peers exempt from mould'ring into dust?
 Can all the gilded 'scutcheons of the great
 Stamp on polluted deeds the name of just?
 Beneath the gibbet's self perhaps is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire;
 Hands which the sword of NERO might have sway'd,
 And, 'midst the carnage, tun'd th' exulting lyre!
 Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with such monstrous crimes, did ne'er unrol;
 Chill penury repress'd their native rage,
 And froze the bloody current of their soul.

Full

Full many a youth, fit for each horrid scene,
 The dark and sooty flues of chimnies bear;
 Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,
 And dies unhang'd, for want of proper care.
 Some petty CHARTRES, that, with dauntless breast,
 Each call of worth and honesty withstood,
 Some mute inglorious WILMOT here may rest,
 Some ———, guiltless of his ———'s blood.
 The votes of venal senates to command,
 The worthy man's opinion to despise,
 To scatter mischief o'er a ruin'd land,
 And read their curses in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbid—nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing fortunes, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad with libels to insult the throne,
 And vilify the noblest of mankind:
 The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
 To bid defiance to all sense of shame,
 Their country's toil and labour to deride,
 And heap fresh fuel on sedition's flame.
 To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice,
 Their vulgar withes ne'er presum'd to soar;
 Content on wheel-barrows to cog the dice,
 Or pick a pocket at a playhouse door.
 Yet e'en these humble vices to correct,
 Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high;
 Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
 Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.
 Their years, their names, their birth and parentage,
 Though doubtful all, the Grubstreet bard supplies;
 Prints but what first debauch'd the tender age,
 And with what words the ripen'd felon dies.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 When to the dreadful tree of death consign'd,
 But yearns to think upon the fatal day,
 That first seduc'd to sin his pliant mind?
 No soul so callous but remorse may wring,
 No heart so hard but guilt may teach to sigh;
 Contrition forces heart-felt tears to spring,
 And melt to tenderness the sternest eye.

For him, the master of the pilfering herd,
 Whom certain punishment attends, though late;
 If, when his wretched carcase is interr'd,
 Some curious person should inquire his fate;
 Haply some hoary-headed thief may say,
 "Oft have I seen him with his lighted link,
 Guide some unwary stranger cros the way,
 And pick his pocket at the kennel's brink.
 "There, at the foot of yonder column stretch'd,
 Where the Seven Dials are exalted high,
 He and his myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
 And pour'd destruction on each passer-by.
 "Hard by yon hill, where not a lamp appears,
 Sculking in quest of booty he would wait;
 Now as a beggar shedding artful tears,
 Now smiting with his crutch some hapless pate.
 "One morn I miss'd him at th' accustom'd place,
 The seven-fac'd pillar, and the fav'rite wall;
 Another came, nor yet I saw his face:
 The post, the crossings were deserted all.
 "At last, in dismal cart, and sad array,
 Backward up Holborn-hill I saw him mount;
 Here you may read (for you can read, you say)
 His Epitaph in th' Ord'nary's account."

EPITAPH.

Here festering rests a quondam plague of earth,
 To virtue and to honest shame unknown;
 Low Cunning on a dunghill gave him birth,
 And Villany confess'd him for her own.
 Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark;
 In artful knavery lay all his hope;
 No pains he spar'd, and seldom miss'd his mark,
 And gain'd from Justice all he fear'd—a rope!
 If farther you his villanies would know,
 And genuine anecdotes desire to meet,
 Go read the story of his vice and woe,
 Printed and fold by SIMPSON, near the Fleet.

A TOUR TO CELBRIDGE*.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[From the European Magazine.]

THE love of variety is a passion naturally implanted in the human breast, nor perhaps is the rational segregated from the brute creature, by any more discernible discrimination than an eager desire to visit different countries, to explore new objects, and to accumulate fresh materials for the versatility of contemplative investigation. Sir Thomas Brown says, that were the regions of his second state of existence left to his election, he would choose to be the inhabitant of a planet, rather than of a fixed star. Without staying to examine, whether there is not more of humour than solidity in this whimsical preference, we may venture to pronounce that the faculties of the mind stagnate by confinement, and that change of place will naturally produce vicissitude of ideas. There is, besides, this certain advantage in travelling, it makes us independent of other men's labour; observation rescues from prejudice, teaches to moderate credulity, and assists to detect imposition. I was naturally led to these reflections by a retrospect to the occurrences of a day lately spent in the vicinage of Dublin. Having visited every thing worthy the notice of a stranger in the metropolis of Ireland, and being fatigued by conviviality without conversation, society without selection; constitutional bumpers, and stale anecdotes, I determined to explore the banks of the Liffey, and to search among the anniculists for that entertainment which eluded my pursuit in the urbanity of the capital; letters, which the officiousness of friends rather than any sollicitation on my

* This excellent ridicule of Dr. Johnson's style was, when it appeared, ascribed to Mr. Jephson.

part, had put into my hands at my leaving London, served to introduce me among others to two ladies who happened to be at that time resident in Dublin. The name of Mrs. Greville is too well known in the world of taste and fashion to depend for celebrity on the perishable memorial of a fugitive itinerary; and Mrs. Jephson possesses all the powers of captivation, without brandishing any of the weapons of allurements. I had scarcely intimated to these ladies my satiety of the town, and my wish for a rural excursion, when Mrs. Greville offered me a place in her coach, which had been just ordered to the door to convey Mrs. Jephson, a dignified clergyman, then present, and herself, to the seat of Colonel Marlay at Celbridge. The clergyman I afterwards found to be the brother of Colonel Marlay, whose villa was to be the Calpe of our peregrination: as I liked the company, I did not hesitate to accept the accommodation. Though we passed with a rapid velocity over little more than three leagues of high road to Celbridge, I observed many stately mansions, many well-disposed enclosures, and more towering plantations than any eye but that of a native of Scotland could discover in the black circumference of the whole Caledonian horizon. The pleasure I received from the transient contemplation of such scenes, was often interrupted by the sight of tattered mendicants, who crawled from their hamlets of mud on the way-side, to howl for charity, or to gaze in torpid suspension at the ordinary phenomenon of a passing equipage. National reflections are always illiberal, and often ill-founded; the poverty of the lower class of people in Ireland is generally imputed to laziness; but sagacity will not rest satisfied with such a solution, especially when it is considered that the risk of a halter is intuitively preferable to the certainty of famine, and that the rags of these miserable bipeds might be mended with less trouble than they are worn; and in a shorter time than, if they

are shaken off, they can again be indued. This remark must however occur to every sojourner in Ireland, that the transitions in the scale of opulence are by no means gradual, as in England, from abundance to competency, from luxury to convenience, from the elegances to the necessaries of life; but from superfluities to indigence, from the riot of profusion to the foulest dregs of squalidity and wretchedness; so that there seem to be few intermediate links in the great descending chain of property. When the strepituousness of total progression rendered the modulation of ordinary discourse inaudible, the ladies and the Dean had recourse to song, that we might not rely solely for our entertainment on the gratification of vision. The Dean began by chaunting some verses of a sublime anthem, in a strain of harmony, which might have excited extraordinary emotions in a Webster or a Manzuoli: the ladies, who joined in the chorus, assured me, he was a perfect master of the scientific part of music, and my auditory organs did justice to his powers of vocal execution. By degrees the serious tenor of sacred melody was exchanged for the lighter airs of the Beggar's Opera; and before we reached the Cherry-tree (a magnificent public-house at the village of Lucan, within a league of Celbridge), our small company had vocalized all the songs in the opera in such a manner as I never heard them executed upon any theatre in London. An overturn, occasioned by our coachman's driving over some pigs and children who were lying together in the middle of the road, obliged us to descend from our vehicle at the Cherry-tree. While the carriage was refitting, and the ladies readjusting their dress, which had suffered some discomposure from the accident, I entered into conversation with the publican. I was naturally led to make some inquiries about the place I was going to visit, and the character of the owner. The substance of my host's information was, that Celbridge was reckoned one of the

the most beautiful villas on the river; but Esquire Connolly's was the grandest feat in the whole world: the Colonel, he told me, had long served in the army with great reputation, and had quitted it on some disgust, or to have more leisure for the business of agriculture, in which he takes great delight, and is very skilful. His clothing was of goats-skins fastened together with leather thongs, and girt round the middle by a fash, which he had worn in all the late wars. Since his retirement he had never shaved his beard, which hung below his waist, and was quite white, though his age was but little on the dusky side of fifty. His love of sequestration being generally known, his gate was seldom besieged with idle visitors, and many were deterred from approaching it by the fear of a twelve-pounder planted at the orifice of a side-wall, commanding the entrance to the mansion; this piece of ordnance being loaded up to the muzzle with boiled potatoes, spontaneously discharged its vegetable ammunition in the faces of all who laid hold of his knocker without business or invitation.

This account was so choked with colloquial barbarism and idiomatic anomaly, that I had some trouble to select a little grain of the narrator's meaning from the rank exuberance of his unweeded diction. In a short time afterwards we set forwards, and arrived at the place of our destination. My curiosity was first excited by the aperture in the wall, which might have been intended for the purpose mentioned by my communicative landlord; but as the party came by invitation, I had little fear of suffering by any sudden explosion.—Colonel Marlay met us soon after our entrance, and received us with that polite and disengaged affability more proper to the character of a soldier and a gentleman than to the savage rusticity of discontent and solitude.

Though it is too commonly the practice of compilers of journals to swell their meagre pages with unimportant

ant events and trivial circumstances, to present little to the reader but what was too obvious to escape notice, or too insignificant to deserve it: yet I shall not think the little dignity of these sheets impaired by a particular description of this gentleman's dress and figure. By comparing the authenticity of ocular knowledge with the fallaciousness of legendary rumour, conviction will at last find her sober medium between the dangerous austerity of heterodox rejection, and the despicable acquiescence of passive credulity. The beard excepted, which hung thick, long, and albescent, below his breast, there was no circumstance of singularity in the Colonel's appearance. He wore his hair in the military fashion, tied behind with a riband; a bright garnet-coloured cloth, ornamented with a well-fancied brass button, was his superior tegument, over a tunic of silk proper for the solstitial season, and elegantly wrought in the tambour with variegated embroidery of flowers and foliage: from below the genual articulation to the furcated division of the body, he was covered with flesh-coloured Indian linen, of a tenuity almost transparent, through which the contour of femoral rotundity filled the eye with a satisfactory plumpness. Minutiæ like these might probably have escaped my notice, had they not seemed greatly to attract the attention of the ladies. It is natural to look at what we see others examine. Besides, I was summoned to more than a superficial survey by the accounts I had just received of him from the Cherry-tree.—Were I able to recollect or describe the particular scite and combinations of objects which constitute the beauties of Celbridge, I should not scruple upon the whole to pronounce it beautiful. Impressions from things which environ us generally precede examination of their cause; the philosopher may, if he pleases, contend that the heat is not in the fire, but in the body which it consumes or warms. Yet when any grateful revolution is wrought almost instantaneously in
our

our internal sensations, we must conclude, that such effect has been produced less by our disposition to receive pleasure at the time, than by the aptitude of the objects around us to excite it. Scarcely had I taken a survey of the place from a spot of some eminence, when I found a complacent serenity, a mellow composure of thought like genial sunshine diffused all over my frame. The lively sallies of my companions of the way, poignant without malice, and frolicsome without fatuity, had occasioned some paroxysms of hilarity, that bordered upon turbulence, but these spasms of the mind were immediately tranquillized by the placidness of the scene before me. I felt pleasure without irritation, and in the sedateness of contentment lost all appetite for the delirium of ecstacy. I could not indeed forbear laying hold of the fair hand of one of the ladies, and crying out with the enamoured Gallus,

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycoris:
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

My Lycoris seeming to conceive the full force of this passionate distich, with an amiable subrision of countenance led me forward to a spot at no great distance, called the Island. We passed into it over a bridge of one small arch; it is nearly triangular in form, contains about five acres of Irish mensuration, and is thus completely insulated. On one side flows the main course of the river Liffey, and on the other a stream branches from the river, and being forced above its level by mounds, contains a sufficient weight of the fluid thus compressed, to circumsolute a mill-wheel for the comminution of corn; near one angle of the base, and at no great distance from the mill, the shining surface of the water in its course forms a cascade by breaking over its rampart; down the side of this it falls in one pellucid sheet, and disdaining the opposition of the rocks beneath it, hurries on with foaming precipitation to rejoin the parent river, from whence it seems to have been reluctantly separated.

separated. The island is little indebted for variety to any inequality in its surface; yet the water with which it is environed, the intermixture of forest trees and odorous shrubs with which it is planted, and the healthful verdure of the turf, where it is unsheltered, conspire to bestow upon it a very captivating amenity.

Some part of the estate of Celbridge, with the mansion, and this island, belonged once (as I am informed) to Mrs. Vanhomrigh; a name which perhaps might have been preserved only in some musty title-deed, had not Swift conferred immortality on the female who bore it, by substituting for the dissonant Batavian, the softer poetical denomination of Vanessa. Close to the stream I was showed this lady's bower; it is umbrageous and refrigeratory, obliged to a small degree of art for having conducted some luxuriant branches of the marginal trees for a canopy, for raising a bank of earth by way of seat, covered with such flowers as delight in the shade, and for having placed there a few wooden bunches about the size of the human body; these have fallen to the ground, less in appearance through the lapse of time, than from the reiterated impulse of external concussion. The laurel-tree is the only standard evergreen here, and flourishes near the bower in great abundance.—Whether it was mentioned to me seriously by Dean Marlay, or was only the extemporaneous effusion of female pleasantries, I cannot now precisely determine; but I think I heard that Vanessa, when mistress of Celbridge, had put down a laurel for every brilliant couplet of which Dr. Swift or her own vanity told her she was the subject and he the author. Had the subsequent possessors of Celbridge with counteractive industry deracinated a laurel for every distich published by his posthumous editors, disgraceful to the memory of that singular genius, the island of Celbridge would be destitute of a laurel.—We left the bower, the laurels, and the island, and proceeded to an irregular bridge

bridge of I know not how many arches. From the central part of this bridge some miles of the river, and the gentle declivities of the ground, appear to great advantage. Colonel Marlay possesses a considerable tract on each side of the river; a circumstance of distinguished advantage, as the view from either bank cannot be prejudiced by the malicious hostilities of an opposite neighbour, nor by a cause less reprehensible, though more to be apprehended, the vicious appetite for altering the landscapes of nature without genius to embellish them. As both shores call him master, he can sleep secure without the fear that his verdant banks will be tortured into terrace, the winding stream quadrated into fishponds; that hares and greyhounds of lead may take their eternal station in the fields before him; or that a whitewashed Neptune will be for ever recumbent in his sight upon an urn like a bagpipe, from which can issue neither moisture nor melody.

While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Liffey, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity. Prefence of mind in constitutions not naturally timid is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril. Having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished; but being for a moment raised above the element by my struggles, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and instantly embraced the means of extrication: a cow at the moment of my lapse had entered the stream within the distance of a protruded arm, and being in the act of transverse navigation to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold on that part of the animal which is loosely pendent behind, and is formed by a continuation of the vertebræ.

In

In this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of progress without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though in some respect I resembled the pilot of *Gyas*, *jam senior madidaque fluens in veste*, yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncouthness of embarrassment by the insults of derision: shrieks of complorance testified sorrow for my submerision, and safety was made more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility excited by the feculency of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her graminous digestion in a very ludicrous abundance. About this time the bell summoned us to dinner, and as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mine; Colonel Marlay obligingly accommodated me with a loose covering of camlet; I found it commodious, and more agreeable than the many compressive ligatures of modern drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened close before with small cylindrical wires, which the dainty fingers of the ladies easily removed from their own dress, and inserted into mine at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the cachinations of levity.

N. B. The Doctor returned from Celbridge by the river side, and may make observations upon the villas he passed by, and their owners.

EXTRACT FROM MEMOIRS OF
THE LIFE OF THE ORANG OUTANG*.

INTENDED TO BE PUBLISHED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THIS is to me a memorable year (1791), for in it

I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary animal whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as the most fortunate circumstance of my life. I had for several years heard of him, and had frequently read, with instruction and delight, the elaborate account given by my very excellent and learned friend Lord *Monboddo*. I had long felt the highest reverence for him, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense continent of Africa. A friend of mine had given me a representation of his figure and manner, and, during my last visit to London, I daily flattered myself with the hopes of being introduced to him: but numberless engagements prevented me, and I was obliged to leave town with my hopes frustrated, for which he has lately, in the moments of friendly intercourse, censured me with some freedom.

At last, on Monday, when I was sitting at breakfast in Mr. —'s parlour, it came into my mind that I would that morning visit this extraordinary animal.— I immediately rose, and with much precipitancy hurried to the place where he resided. I had little difficulty in procuring admission. The porter led me to the door of his apartment, and addressed me in the manner of an actor in the part of *Aldiborontiphoscephor-*

* This burlesque imitation of the style of Dr. Johnson's biographer will not be thought improperly placed next to that of Dr. Johnson's own style.

nic, when he replies to *Rigdum Funnidos*, who had questioned him respecting *Chrononhotonthologos*:

“ Within his tent, on straw-bed couch recumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers.”

He awoke, and arose immediately at my entrance.— I was much agitated, and recollecting that he was *homo caudatus*, and consequently supposing that his prejudice against men without tails must be very strong, I said to the gentleman who introduced me, “ Don’t tell him that I have no tail.”—“ That you have no tail!” said the gentleman, *rogui/My*.—“ Mr. *Orang Outang*,” said I, “ I have indeed no tail; but I cannot help it.” I am willing to flatter myself, that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as any humiliating debasement at the expense of my countrymen. But however that may be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for, with that quickness for which I have since found him so remarkable, he seized the expression—*without a tail*, and retorted—“ That, Sir, I find a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.”—This stroke stunned me a great deal; I felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted; and in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute:

Orang Outang. “ Lord *Monbodd*, upon the authority of some travellers, has told the world, that those of our nation cannot speak. Lord *Monbodd* and these travellers, Sir, are mistaken. Sir, we have literature amongst us. I have learned the English language since I came over, and have read this book (taking up
‘ Lord

* Lord *Monboddó* on the Origin and Progress of Language'); it is a pretty essay, Sir, and deserves to be held in some estimation—but much of it is chimerical."

Biographer. "Sir, I disputed with my friend Lord *Monboddó* on the subject of your nation. I always conceived it impossible that a race of beings, so accomplished in other respects, should want the use of language, and be unacquainted with letters."

O. O. "Travellers, Sir, might be easily led into that mistake; we have a rule to prevent any intercourse with strangers."

Biog. "Lord *Monboddó* has been greatly ridiculed for espousing the cause of your nation so warmly as he has done; and, in general, people here are offended at his supposing that all men once had tails."

O. O. "Sir, I have attended a private dissection since I came over, and have no doubt that men had every where that elegant appendage originally."

Biog. "Sir, it is an appendage, the loss of which I bitterly lament."

This noble animal had, however, nothing very pleasing in his appearance besides; and such manly thinking as he displayed in the course of conversation made me at once honour his understanding, and lament that it should be so grievously clogged by its material integument.

I ventured to ask him to relate some circumstances of the early part of his residence amongst us. After having mentioned several, he added—"The first day after I came to England, I beat the person who attends me, whilst he was waiting at dinner, and that with perfect *nonchalance*. I had no notion that I was doing wrong."

Biog. "That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind."

O. O. "No, Sir, stark madness and brutality."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn
away

away from it by an engagement at another place :—the observations that I had ventured to make were received very civilly—so that I was satisfied. Though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. On reviewing my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I talked to him so familiarly, and that he bore it with such indulgence.

A few days afterwards I called upon the person who had first introduced me, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of visiting the *Orang Outang*, at the residence to which he had removed since I saw him last. He said I certainly might, and that it would be taken as a compliment. So upon Tuesday, after having been enlivened with the tricks of some monkies and baboons over Exeter 'Change, with whom I passed the morning, I boldly repaired to the *Orang Outang*. I felt a great veneration for the court which led to his house—so great, that I dared not to keep my hat on my head, or my shoes on my feet; but, considering it as a ground consecrated by his having passed over it, I walked bareheaded and barefooted through a wondering crowd, till I arrived at his apartments. I entered them with an impression given me by a friend whom I had just met, and who, with looks of terror, had described his having “found the giant in his den;” an expression, which, when I became further acquainted with the *Orang Outang*, I had the fortitude to mention to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

He pressed me to partake with him of some beverage. I had the boldness to inquire how it was made, as it had an appearance to which I had not been accustomed. I shall not hazard the making of my readers' stomachs uneasy, by naming the ingredients: but in my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending the *Orang Outang*, which was like being

secrerioribus conciliis, I willingly drank tumbler after tumbler—as if it had been the Heliconian spring. Let me confess, however, that, as the charm of novelty went off, I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovered that it did not agree with me.

We talked of Monboddo's book, when, expressing some inclination to visit *Angola*, and converse with the learned of his nation, he advised me to go.

Biog. "Are you serious, Sir, in advising me to go to Africa? for if you advise me to go to the devil, I believe I should go."

O. O. "Why yes, Sir, I am serious."

Biog. "Why then I will see what is to be done." So great was the veneration which I already had for this Hercules of African sagacity.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings, and as I took my leave shook me cordially by the hand.

It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of the *Orang Outang* was, to me, a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collection, concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

A FABLE FOR SUGAR EATERS.

THE BEE AND THE NEGRO.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

"WHY dost thou heave those sighs?" said a bee, perched on the clammy knot of a sugar-cane, to a negro who was stripping it.

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F

"I am

" I am sparely fed, and my hand is feeble. The day is sultry,—I am naked, fore with stripes; the mosquitoes haunt me, and my task is long. The overseer draws nigh with his thong, and I await more lashes."

" Thou art greatly to be pitied."

" Once I dwelt on the banks of the Senegal. I had then no master. An hour of toil in the cool breeze of dawn provided me with food. At noon I slept in the shady grove. At night I danced with my companions. I chose from among them the pearl-toothed Nayanomi. Then I built a hut between palm-trees, which I would climb with eager speed, to fling upon her lap the golden date. I lurked for the sky-bird with my arrows, and tangled in her hair the gaudy plumage. I fenced our maize-field with thorny acacias, and circled a rice-meadow with dikes. But those labours were sweet, they were all for Nayanomi. At length, a ship anchored on our coast. The war-men's whoop thrilled. Towns burned as they drew nigh; fetters clattered after them. Jonga and Nayanomi were seized. They were not chained together to pass the long sea. They could not distinguish each other's moan amid the general howl of despair. They were not sold to one owner—I hear not the rustling of the canes that Nayanomi is fated to attend."

" Thou art greatly to be pitied."

" Twelve years, it is said, and we all die—Me-thinks I could yet work hard, if in twelve years I might earn the ransom of Nayanomi."

" And wherefore art thou made to work?"

" That the whites may obtain a sweet drug for their friends beyond the sea."

" I, too, make a sweet drug, and the white men beyond the sea might feed upon it. Mine is a life of pleasure; I love to wave my wings in the sunshine,

to wander from flower to flower, rifling its hoards of nectar, basking in fragrance, and humming the song of content. When it rains I find shelter in my cell, and plaster its walls with an odoriferous amber. The white men are welcome to my work instead of thine ; why will they not take it ?”

“ I know not.—Perhaps the fetishes whom the whites worship have joy in evil, and love the negro’s groan. They are mightier fetishes than ours : we must submit.”

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES*.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

WE cannot better explain to our readers the design of the poem from which the following extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expressions of the author, Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise, that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other DIDACTIC POEM, the PROGRESS of MAN; and had, in the course of our remonstrance, hinted something to the disadvantage of the *new principles* which are now afloat in the world, and which are, in our opinion, working so much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

“ What you call the *new principles*, are, in fact, nothing less than *new*. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated man.

“ If you mean by my addition to *new principles*,

* In ridicule and imitation of Dr. Darwin’s Loves of the Plants.

that the object which I have in view in my larger work (meaning the PROGRESS of MAN), and in the several other *concomitant* and *subsidiary* DIDACTIC POEMS which are necessary to complete my plan, is to restore this first, and pure simplicity; to rescue and recover the interesting nakedness of human nature, by ridding her of the cumbrous establishments which the folly, and pride, and self-interest of the worst part of our species have heaped upon her—you are right—Such is my object. I do not disavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are abundance of abler hands at work upon it. *Encyclopedias, Treatises, Novels, Magazines, Reviews, and New Annual Registers*, have, as you are well aware, done their part with activity, and with effect. It remained to bring the *heavy* artillery of a DIDACTIC POEM, to bear upon the same object.

“ If I have selected your paper as the channel for conveying my labours to the public, it was not because I was unaware of the hostility of your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your attachment to “*things as they are*,”—but because, I will fairly own, I found some sort of cover and disguise necessary for securing the favourable reception of my sentiments; the usual pretexts of humanity and philanthropy, and fine feeling, by which we have for some time obtained a passport to the hearts and understandings of men, being now worn out or exploded. I could not choose but smile at my success in the first instance, in inducing you to adopt my poem as your own.

“ But you have called for an explanation of these principles of ours, and you have a right to obtain it. Our first principle is, then—the reverse of the trite and dull maxim of POPE—“*Whatever is, is right*.” We contend, that “*Whatever is, is WRONG*”—that institutions, civil and religious, that social order, as it is called in *your* cant, and regular government, and law,

law, and I know not what other fantastic inventions, are but so many cramps and fetters on the free agency of man's *natural intellect* and *moral sensibility*; so many badges of his degradation from the primal purity and excellence of his nature.

"Our second principle is the "*eternal and absolute PERFECTIBILITY of MAN.*" We contend, that if, as is demonstrable, we have risen from a level with the *cabbages of the field* to our present comparatively intelligent and dignified state of existence, by the mere exertion of our own *energies*, we should, if these *energies* were not repressed and subdued by the operation of prejudice and folly, by KING-CRAFT and PRIEST-CRAFT, and the other evils incident to what is called civilized society, continue to exert and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely greater than any thing of which we yet have any notion—in a *ratio* hardly capable of being calculated by any science of which we are now masters, but which would in time raise man from his present hiped state to a rank more worthy of his endowments and aspirations; to a rank in which he would be, as it were, *all MIND*, would enjoy unclouded perspicacity and perpetual vitality; *feed on OXYGENE*, and never DIE, but *by his own consent.*

"But though the poem of the PROGRESS of MAN alone would be sufficient to teach this system, and enforce these doctrines, the whole practical effect of them cannot be expected to be produced, but by the gradual perfecting of each of the sublimer sciences—at the husk and shell of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel whereof, in our present state, we cannot hope to arrive. These several SCIENCES will be the subjects of the several *auxiliary DIDACTIC POEMS* which I have now in hand (one of which, entitled THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES, I herewith transmit to you), and for the better arrangement

and execution of which, I beseech you to direct your bookseller to furnish me with a handsome CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY, in order that I may be enabled to go through the several articles alphabetically, beginning with ABACADABRA, under the first letter, and going down to ZODIAC, which is to be found under the last.

" I am persuaded that there is no SCIENCE, however abstruse, nay, no TRADE OF MANUFACTURE, which may not be taught by a DIDACTIC POEM. In that before you an attempt is made (not unsuccessfully) to *enlist the IMAGINATION under the banners of GEOMETRY*. BOTANY I found done to my hands. And though the more rigid and unbending stiffness of a mathematical subject does not admit of the same appeals to the warmer passions, which naturally arise out of the *sexual* (or, as I have heard several worthy Gentlewomen of my acquaintance, who delight much in the poem to which I allude, term it, by a slight misnomer no way difficult to be accounted for—the *sensual*) system of LINNÆUS;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of EUCLID and ALGEBRA, will be found to have smoothed the road of demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of elementary propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the *Asses' Bridge* with flowers."

Such is the account which Mr. HIGGINS gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the *absolute perfectibility* of our species, and are, in truth, liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with *things as they are*, than Mr. HIGGINS and his associates—yet, as we are, in at least the same proportion, less convinced of the practical influence of DIDACTIC POEMS, we apprehend little danger to our readers' morals, from laying before

before them Mr. HIGGINS' doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking kind, various and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing personifications; and similitudes and illustrations brought from the most ordinary and the most extraordinary occurrences of nature, from history and fable, appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the poem professes to treat, rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprised to hear that it has assisted any young student at either university in his mathematical studies.

We need hardly add, that the plates illustrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expensive for our publication) are to be found in EUCLID'S Elements, and other books of a similar nature.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Warning to the profane not to approach—NYMPHS and DEITIES of MATHEMATICAL MYTHOLOGY—CYCLOIS of a pensive turn—PENDULUMS, on the contrary, playful—and WHY?—Sentimental union of the NAIADS and HYDROSTATICS—Marriage of EUCLID and ALGEBRA—PULLEY the emblem of MECHANICS—OPTICS of a licentious disposition—distinguished by her telescope and green spectacles.—HYDE-PARK GATE on a Sunday Morning—Cockneys—Coaches—DIDACTIC POETRY—NONSENSIA—Love delights in ANGLES or Corners—Theory of Fluxions explained—TROCHAIS, the Nymph of the Wheel—SMOKE-JACK described—Personification of elementary or culinary FIRE.—LITTLE JACK HORNER—Story of CINDERELLA—RECTANGLE, a MAGICIAN, educated by PLATO and MENECHMUS—in love with THREE CURVES, at the same time—served by GINS, or GENII—transforms himself into a CONE—The THREE CURVES requite his passion—description of them—PARABOLA, HYPERBOLA, and ELLIPSIS—ASYMPTOTES—Conjugated Axes—Illustrations—REWBELL, BARRAS, and LEPREUX—the THREE virtuous Directors—
 MACBETH

MACBETH and the THREE Witches—The THREE Fates—
 The THREE Graces—King LEAR and his THREE Daugh-
 ters—Derby Diligence—Catherine Wheel—Catastrophe of
 Mr. GINGHAM, with his wife and THREE daughters over-
 turned in a one-horse chaise—DISLOCATION and CONTU-
 SION two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to
 drivers to be careful—Genius of the Post-Office—Invention of
 Letters—DIGAMMA—DOUBLE Letters—remarkable direc-
 tion of one—HIPPONA the Goddess of Hack-horses—PARA-
 METER and ABSCISSA unite to overpower the ORDINATE,
 who retreats down the AXIS MAJOR, and forms himself in a
 SQUARE—ISOSCELES, a Giant—Dr. RHOMBOIDES—Fifth
 Proposition, or ASSES BRIDGE—Bridge of LODI—BUO-
 NAPARTE—Raft and Windmills—Exhortation to the reco-
 very of our freedom—Conclusion.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

CANTO I.

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade
 The Muses' haunts, ye sons of WAR and TRADE!
 Nor you, ye legion fiends of CHURCH and LAW,
 Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw!
 Debas'd, corrupted, grovelling and confin'd, 5
 No DEFINITIONS touch *your* senseless mind;
 To *you*, no POSTULATES prefer their claim,
 Nor ardent AXIOMS *your* dull souls inflame;

(Line 1 to 4)—Imitated from the introductory couplet to the Economy of Vegetation:

“Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts unfold
 The Legion Fiends of Glory and of Gold.”

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

(Line 6)—*Definition*—A distinct notion explaining the genesis of a thing—*Wolffius*.

(Line 7)—*Postulate*—A self-evident proposition.

(Line 8)—*Axiom*—An indemonstrable truth.

For

For you no TANGENTS touch, no ANGLES meet,
 Nor CIRCLES join in osculation sweet! 10
 For me, ye CISSOIDS, round my temples bend
 Your wandering curves; ye CONCHOIDS extend;
 Let playful PENDULES quick vibration feel,
 While silent CYCLOIS rests upon her wheel;
 Let HYDROSTATICS, simpering as they go, 15
 Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe;
 Let shrill ACOUSTICS tune the tiny lyre;
 With EUCLID sage fair ALGEBRA conspire;
 Th' obedient pulley strong MECHANICS ply,
 And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye! 20
 I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
 The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer;
 Fair Sylphish forms—who, tall, erect, and slim,
 Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of limb;

(Line 9)—*Tangents*—So called from touching, because they touch Circles, and never cut them.

(Line 10)—*Circles*—See *Chambers's Dictionary*, Article CIRCLE.

(Ditto)—*Osculation*—For the *Os-culation*, or kissing of Circles, and other Curves, see *Huygens*, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

(Line 11)—*Cissois*—A curve supposed to resemble the sprig of ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to Poetry.

(Line 12)—*Conchois*, or *Conchylis*—a most beautiful and picturesque curve; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a *Conch* shell. The CONCHOIS is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the animal and mathematical creation; every individual of this species containing within itself a series of *young CONCHOIDS* for several generations, in the same manner as the APHIDES, and other insect tribes, are observed to do.

(Line 15)—*Hydrostatics*—Water has been supposed, by several of our Philosophers, to be capable of the passion of love.—Some later experiments appear to favour this idea—Water, when prest by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to *simper*, or *simmer* (as it is more usually called).—The same does not hold true of any other element.

(Line 17)—*Acoustics*—The doctrine or theory of sound.

(Line 18)—*Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages forming a considerable episode in the Third Canto, are purposely omitted here.

(Line 19)—*Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word *PULL*, signifying to pull or draw.

(Line 23)—*Fair Sylphish forms*—Vide modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

To viewless harpings weave the meanless dance, 25
 Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.
 Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd sight,
 When vernal sabbaths to the Park invite.
 Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crowd along,
 Presses round *Grosvenor* Gate th' impatient throng; 30
 White-muslin'd Misses and Mammals are seen
 Link'd with gay Cockneys, glittering o'er the green :
 The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
 And the tight angle strikes th' astonish'd gaze.
 But chief, thou NURSE of the DIDACTIC MUSE, 35
 Divine NONSENSIA, all thy soul infuse:
 The charms of *Secants* and of *Tangents* tell,
 How Loves and Graces in an *Angle* dwell;
 How slow progressive *Points* protract the *Line*,
 As pendent Spiders spin the filmy twine; 40
 How

(Line 27)—*Such rich confusion*—Imitated from the following *genteil* and sprightly lines in the first canto of the Loves of the Plants :

“ So bright, its folding canopy withdrawn,
 Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
 Of Beaux and Belles displays the glittering throng,
 And soft airs fan them as they glide along.”

(Line 38)—*Angle*—*Gratas Puellæ risus ab ANGULO.* HOR.

(Line 39)—*How slow progressive Points*—The Author has reserved the picturesque imagery, which the *Theory of Fluxions* naturally suggested, for his ALGEBRAIC GARDEN; where the *Fluents* are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of curves of the higher order, over a pebbly channel, inlaid with *Differential Calculi*.

In the following six lines he has confined himself to a strict explanation of the theory according to which LINES are supposed to be generated by the motion of POINTS—PLANES by the lateral motion of LINES, and SOLIDS from PLANES, by a similar process.—*Quære*—Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis, or original formation of SPACE itself, in the same manner in which Dr. DARWIN has traced the whole of the organized creation to his SIX FILAMENTS—Vide ZOONOMIA. We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single POINT—We may conceive this Primeval POINT, or PUNCTUM SALIENS of the universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forwards in a right LINE, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired—After which the right LINE which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an AREA of infinite extent. This AREA, as soon as it became conscious

How lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous sweeping round,
 Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling bound:
 How *Planes*, their substance with their motion grown,
 Form the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the *Cone*.

Lo! where the chimney's footy tube ascends, 45
 The fair *TROCHAI*s from the corner bends!
 Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
 The eddyng smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;
 Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between
 Her much-lov'd *Smoke-jack* glimmers through the scene; 50

scious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with *VACUUM*, and capable of containing the present existing universe.

SPACE being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable *NIDUS*, or receptacle for the generation of *CHAOTIC MATTER*, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated:—after which, the *FILAMENT* of *Fire* being produced in the Chaotic Mass, by an *Idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *Explosion* would take place; *Suns* would be shot from the central chaos—*Planets* from *Suns*, and *Satellites* from *Planets*. In this state of things, the *FILAMENT* of *Organization* would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses, which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *Light* and *Heat*. This *FILAMENT*, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them.—Upon this view of things, it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of *VEGETABLES*, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them, in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence. Other, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become *MEN*. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their tails would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state: they would invent *Language*, and the use of *Fire*, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of *Society*. In the mean while, the *Puci* and *Algae*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *Fish*, and would gradually populate all the sub-marine portion of the globe.

(Line 46)—*Trochais*—The nymph of the wheel, supposed to be in love with *SMOKE-JACK*.

Mark

Mark how his various parts together tend,
 Point to one purpose—in one object end:
 The spiral *grooves* in smooth meanders flow,
 Drags the long *chain*, the polish'd axles glow,
 While slowly circumsolves the piece of beef below : } 55
 The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
 Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.
 So youthful HORNER roll'd the roguish eye,
 Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pye,
 And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy am I." } 60
 So, the sad victim of domestic spite,
 Fair CINDERELLA, past the wintry night,
 In the lone chimney's darksome nook immur'd,
 Her form disfigur'd, and her charms obscur'd.
 Sudden her god-mother appears in sight, } 65
 Lifts the charm'd rod, and chaunts the mystic rite;
 The chaunted rite the maid attentive hears,
 And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears;
 While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
 Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart aigrette; } 70
 Brocaded silks the splendid drefs complete,
 And the Glass Slipper grasps her fairy feet.
 Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,
 And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

Alas!

(Line 56)—*The conscious Fire*—The Sylphs and Genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them: those of FIRE are supposed to divert themselves with writing the name of KUNKEL in phosphorus.—See ECONOMY OF VEGETATION.

"Or mark with shining letters KUNKEL's name

In the slow *Phosphor's* self-consuming flame."

(Line 68)—*Listening ears*—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond ear-rings. See the description of NEBUCHADNEZAR, in his transformed state:

"Nor Flattery's self can pierce his *pendent ears*."

In poetical diction, a person is said to "*breathe the blue air*," and to "*drink the hoarse wave*!" not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the Poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a *double relation*, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

(Line 73)—*Cocktail'd mice*—COCTILIBUS MURIS. *Ovid*.—There is reason to believe, that the *murine* or *mouse* species, were anciently much

Alas! that partial science should approve 75
 The sly RECTANGLE's too licentious love!
 For three bright Nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
 Three bright-ey'd Nymphs requite his flame by turns.
 Strange force of magic skill! combin'd of yore
 With PLATO's science and MENECEMUS' lore. 80
 In *Afric's* schools, amid those sultry sands
 High on its base where POMPEY's pillar stands,
 This learnt THE SEER; and learnt, alas! too well,
 Each scribbled talisman, and smoky spell:

much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that SEMIRAMIS surrounded the city of *Babylon* with a number of these animals:

Dicitur altam

COCILIBUS MURIS *cinxisse Semiramis urbem.*

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or of defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe, that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country.—The ancient laws of *Wales* estimate a CAT at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her if she were suspended, by the tail with her forefeet touching the ground.—See HOWEL DHA.—In Germany it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *Mus* tribe, were employed as the ministers of divine vengeance against a feudal tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own WHITTINGTON might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

(Line 76)—*Rectangle*—"A figure which has one angle, or more, of ninety degrees." JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.—It here means a RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE, which is therefore incapable of having more than one angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our author's *Protopopæia*, be supposed to be in love with THREE, or any greater number of NYMPHS.

(Line 80)—*PLATO's and MENECEMUS' lore*—PROCLUS attributes the discovery of the CONIC SECTIONS to PLATO, but obscurely. ERATOSTHENES seems to adjudge it to MENECEMUS. "*Neque MENECEMEOS necesse erit in cono secare ternarios.*" (Vide *Montucla*). From Greece they were carried to *Alexandria*, where (according to our author's beautiful fiction) RECTANGLE either did, or might, learn magic.

What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts 85
Fell ZATANAI to his fons imparts.

GINS—black and huge! who in DOM-DANIEL's cave
Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's azure wave,
Or shivering yell, amidst eternal snows,
Where cloud-capp'd CAF protrudes his granite toes; 90
(Bound by *his* will, *Judea's* fabled King,
Lord of *Aladdin's* lamp and mystic ring.)

GINS! ye remember, for YOUR toil convey'd
Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid;
Air, earth, and sea ye search'd, and where below 95
Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes glow—
GINS! ye beheld appall'd th' Enchanter's hand
Wave in dark air th' *Hypothensal* wand;

(Line 86)—ZATANAI—Supposed to be the same with SATAN—Vide the NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS, translated by CAZOTTE, author of "*Le Diable Amoureux*."

(Line 87)—GINS—The Eastern name for GENII.—Vide Tales of ditto.

(Line 87)—DOM-DANIEL—A sub-marine palace near *Tunis*, where ZATANAI usually held his court.—Vide NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

(Line 88)—Sulphur—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it *attracts oxygene* (a process usually called *burning*), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expense, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone, *matches*, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an *azure* or blue light.

(Line 90)—CAF—The Indian *Caucasus*—Vide BAILLY's *Lettres sur l'Atlantide*, in which he proves that this was the native country of GOG and MAGOG (now resident in *Guildhall*), as well as of the PERIS, or *Fairies*, of the Asiatic romances.

(Line 91)—JUDÆA's *fabled King*—Mr. HIGGINS does not mean to deny that SOLOMON was really King of JUDÆA. The epithet *fabled*, applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

(Line 96)—*Young volcanoes*—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted, are certainly not viviparous; it is therefore probable, that there exists, in the centre of the earth, a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

Saw

Saw him the mystic *Circle* trace, and wheel
 With head erect, and far-extended heel; 100
 Saw him, with speed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
 Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly :
 Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
 Fair *Venus*' emblem—the *Phœnician* CONE.
 Triumphs THE SEER, and now secure observes 105
 The kindling passions of the *Rival* CURVES.
 And first, the fair PARABOLA behold,
 Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold !
 Though, on one *focus* fix'd, her eyes betray
 A heart that glows with Love's resistless sway; 110
 Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
 Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
 Still ere she reach it, from his polish'd side
 Her trembling hands in devious *tangents* glide.

(Line 100)—*Far-extended heel*—The personification of TRIANGLE, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. HIGGINS's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a CONE was generated by the revolution of a TRIANGLE; but this, as our author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the TRIANGLE that *expansive visus*, discovered by BLUMENBACH, and improved by DARWIN, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or *Hypothemus*) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work), and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the *azote* of the air, which he decomposes by expiration from his lungs—an immense quantity, and which, in our present unimproved and un-economical mode of breathing, is quite thrown away:—by this simple process the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

(Line 104)—*Phœnician Cone*—It was under this shape that *Venus* was worshipped in *Phœnicia*. Mr. HIGGINS thinks it was the *Venus Urania*, or celestial *Venus*; in allusion to which, he supposes that the *Phœnician* grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar-loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper—he also believes that the *conical* form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of MARS and VENUS.

(Line 107)—*Parabola*—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttle-cocks, &c.

Not thus **HYPERBOLA**—with subtlest art 115
 The blue-ey'd wanton plays her changeful part;
 Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
 Through every posture of luxurious love,
 Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;
 Her charms unveil'd, provoke the lover's hand:— 120
 Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray
 Where light *Asymptotes* o'er her bosom play,
 Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day. }
 Yet why, **ELLIPSIS**, at thy fate repine?
 More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine. 125
 Though to each fair his treach'rous wish may stray,
 Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
 'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
 Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with endless chain,
 Thus, happy **FRANCE!** in thy regenerate land, 130
 Where **TASTE** with **RAPINE** saunters hand in hand;
 Where, nurs'd in seats of innocence and bliss,
REFORM greets **TERROR** with fraternal kifs;
 Where mild **PHILOSOPHY** first taught to scan
 The *wrongs* of **PROVIDENCE**, and *rights* of **MAN**; 135
 Where **MEMORY** broods o'er **FREEDOM**'s earlier scene,
 The *Lantern* bright, and brighter *Guillotine*:—
 Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
 And woo the young **REPUBLIC**'s virgin charms;
 And though proud **BARRAS** with the fair succeed, 140
 Though not in vain th' Attorney **REWBELL** plead,
 Oft doth th' impartial Nymph their love forego,
 To clasp thy crooked shoulders, blest **LEPEAUX!**
 So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
 Three **SISTER WITCHES** hail'd th' appall'd **MACBETH.** 145

(Line 115)—*Hyperbola*—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

(Line 122)—*Asymptotes*—"Lines which, though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet, being still produced infinitely, will never meet."—**JOHNSON'S Dictionary.**

(Line 124)—*Ellipsis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an Ellipsoid, or solid resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. *Ellipsis* is the only curve that embraces the Cone.

So,

So, the *Three FATES* beneath grim *Pluto's* roof,
 Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof;
 Till deadly *ATROPOS* with fatal sheers
 Slits the thin promise of th' expected years,
 While 'midst the dungeon's gloom or battle's din, 150
 Ambition's victims perish, as they spin.

Thus, the *Three GRACES* on th' *Idalian* green,
 Bow with deft homage to *Cythera's* Queen;
 Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
 Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck; 155
 Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
 And teach th' unconscious Zephyrs where to blow;
 Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
 The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

So, with his *DAUGHTERS Three*, th' unsceptred *LEAR* 160
 Heav'd the loud sigh, and pour'd the glistering tear;
 His *DAUGHTERS Three*, save one alone, conspire
 (Rich in *his* gifts) to spurn their generous fire;
 Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
 Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retrench; 165
 Mock his mad sorrow, and with alter'd mien
 Renounce the Daughter and assert the Queen.
 A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse,
 Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulse;
 Till kind *CORDELIA* soothes his soul to rest, 170
 And folds the parent-monarch to her breast.

Thus some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,
 Vex'd with dull megrim, or vertigo light;
 Pleas'd round the fair *Three* dawdling Doctors stand,
 Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand, 175
 State the grave doubt—the nauseous draught decree,
 And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

So down thy hill, romantic *Ashbourn*, glides
 The *DERBY Dilly*, carrying *Three INSIDES*.
 One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease 180
 With folded arms, propt back, and outstretch'd knees;
 While the press'd *Bodkin*, punch'd and squeez'd to death,
 Sweats in the midmost place, and pants for breath.

THE frequent solicitations which we have received for a continuation of the *LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES*, have induced us to lay before the public (with Mr. HIGGINS's permission) the concluding lines of the Canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. GINGHAM, and the episode of HIPONA, contained, in our apprehension, several reflections of too free a nature. The conspiracy of PARAMETER and ABSCISSA against the ORDINATE, is written in a strain of poetry so very splendid and dazzling, as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction which our readers admire in Mr. HIGGINS. We have therefore begun our extract with the loves of the Giant ISOSCELES, and the picture of the *Asses' Bridge*, and its several illustrations.

CANTO I.

EXTRACT.

'Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
ISOSCELES! that rebel heart to tame!
In vain coy MATHESIS thy presence flies:
Still turn her fond hallucinating eyes;
Thrills with *Galvanic* fires each tortuous nerve,
Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.

—Yet

"ISOSCELES"—An equi-crural Triangle.—It is represented as a *Giant*, because Mr. HIGGINS says, he has observed that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

"MATHESIS"—The doctrine of Mathematics—POPE calls her *mad Mathefsis*.—Vide JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

"Hallucinating"—The disorder with which MATHESIS is affected, is a disease of increased volition, called *erotomania*, or *sentimental love*. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class; in consequence of which Mr. HACKMAN shot Miss RAY in the lobby of the play-house. Vide *Zoonomia*, vol. ii. pages 363, 365.

"GALVANIC fires"—Dr. GALVANI is a celebrated Philosopher at Turin! He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility; and Mr. HIGGINS is of opinion, that by means
of

—Yet strives the Fair, till in the Giant's breast
 She sees the mutual passion flame confes'd :
 Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace
Internal Angles equal at the Base ;
 Again she doubts him : but *produc'd at will*,
 She sees *th' external Angles equal still*.

Say, blest ISOSCELES ! what favouring pow'r,
 Or Love, or Chance, at night's auspicious hour,
 While to the *Asses' Bridge* entranc'd you stray'd,
 Led to the *Asses' Bridge* th' enamour'd Maid ?
 —The *Asses' Bridge*, for ages doom'd to hear
 The deafening surge assault his wooden ear,
 With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
 The soft susurrant sigh, and gently murmuring kifs.

So thy dark arches, *LONDON Bridge*, bestride
 Indignant THAMES, and part his angry tide :
 There oft,—returning from those green retreats,
 Where fair *Vauxhallia* decks her sylvan seats ;—
 Where each spruce nymph, from city.compters free,
 Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea ;
 While with slic'd ham, scrap'd beef, and burnt champagne,
 Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;—
 —There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry glide along
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng ;

of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be, in future, considerably enlarged. " Since dead frogs (says he) are awakened by this fluid, to such a degree of posthumous sensibility, as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes so much more sensible when alive ? And if so, why not employ this new stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of various old-fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of modern Philosophy, and the example of Count CAGLIOSTRO ? "

" *Internal Angles*," &c.—This is an exact verification of EUCLID's 5th theorem.—Vide EUCLID *in loco*.

" *ASSES' BRIDGE* "—*Pons Asinorum*—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem—though, as Mr. HIGGINS thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion.—But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (vide TOWNSEND's Travels through Spain), the case may possibly be different.

Smells.

Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
 Flaps the loose sail—the filken awnings shine;
 “Shoot we the bridge!”—the vent'rous boatmen cry—
 “Shoot we the bridge!”—th' exulting fare reply.
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
 Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
 —The veering helm the dextrous steerfman stops,
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvass drops;
 Then with clos'd eyes, clench'd hands, and quick-drawn
 breath,
 Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
 —Full 'gainst the pier th' unsteady timbers knock,
 The loose planks starting own th' impetuous shock;
 The snifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,
 With angry surge the closing waters whelm—
 —Laughs the glad THAMES, and clasps each fair-one's
 charms
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.
 —Drench'd each smart garb, and clogg'd each struggling
 limb,
 Far o'er the stream the cocknies sink or swim;
 While each badg'd boatman, clinging to his oar,
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs th' applauding
 shore.
 So, towering ALP! from thy majestic ridge
 Young FREEDOM gaz'd on LODI's blood-stain'd *Bridge*;
 —Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
 Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons crush;
 —Burst in bright radiance through the battle's storm,
 Wav'd her broad hands, display'd her awful form;

“*Fare*”—A person, or a number of persons, conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

“*Badg'd boatman*”—Boatmen sometimes wear a *badge*, to distinguish them: especially those who belong to the WATERMEN'S COMPANY.

“*Alp or Alps*”—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic chronology.

Bada

Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
 And twin'd the wreath round BUONAPARTE's brow.
 —Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd zeal,
 The slaves of despots dropp'd the blunted steel;
 Exulting Victory own'd her favourite child,
 And freed LIGURIA clapp'd her hands and smil'd.

Nor long the time ere BRITAIN's shores shall greet
 The warrior-sage, with gratulation sweet:
 Eager to grasp the wreath of naval fame,
 The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the *Floating Frame*!
 —O'er the huge plane gigantic TERROR stalks,
 And counts with joy the close-compacted balks:
 Of young-ey'd MASSACRES the Cherub crew
 Round their grim Chief the mimic task pursue;
 Turn the stiff screw, apply the strengthening clamp,
 Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,
 Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
 Join the firm dove-tail with adjustment nice,
 Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
 —Or group'd in fairy bands, with playful care,
 Th' unconscious bullet to the furnace bear;—
 Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire;
 Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
 The windmill waves his woven wings in air;
 Swells the proud sail, th' exulting streamers fly,
 Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:

“*Turn the stiff screw,*” &c.—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the Economy of Vegetation:

“Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
 The granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine;
 Grind with strong arm, the circling chertz betwixt,
 Your pure Ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt.”

CANTO 2d. l. 297.

“*The windmill,*” &c.—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense—I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.—EDITOR.

—Ye.

—Ye soft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
 And, fraught with freedom, bear th' expected RAFT !
 —Perch'd on her back, behold the patriot train,
 MUIR, ASHLEY, BARLOW, TONE, O'CONNOR, PAINE ; }
 While TANDY's hand directs the blood-empurpled rein.
 Ye IMPS of MURDER, guard her angel form,
 Check the rude furge, and chase the hovering storm ;
 Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
 And guide the SWEET ENTHUSIAST as she swims !
 —And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
 And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand :
 —The *Communes* spread, the gay *Departments* smile,
 Fair *Freedom's Plant* o'er shades the laughing isle :
 —Fir'd with new hopes, th' exulting peasant sees
 The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze ;
 While, pleas'd to watch its undulating charms,
 The smiling infant spreads his little arms.
 Ye SYLPHS of DEATH, on demon pinions flit
 Where the tall *Guillotine* is rais'd for PITT :
 To the pois'd plank tie fast the monster's back,
 Close the nice slider, ope th' expectant sack ;
 Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
 Down falls th' impatient axe with deaf'ning din ;
 The liberated head rolls off below,
 And simpering FREEDOM hails the happy blow !

"*Sweet Enthusiast*," &c.—A term usually applied in allegoric and technical poetry, to any person or object to which no other qualifications can be assigned.—CHAMBERS'S *Dictionary*.

"*The smiling infant*"—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles.—See the "*Bloody Buoy*"—see also the following description and prediction :

"Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
 And dash proud Superstition from her base ;
 Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
 &c. &c. &c. &c."

While each light moment, as it passes by,
 With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
 Feeds from his baby-hand with many a kiss

"The callow nestlings of domestic bliss." BOTANIC GARDEN.

"*The monster's back*"—LE MONSTRE PITT, l'Ennemi du Genre humain.—See *Debates of the Legislators of the Great Nation passim*.

LOTTERY.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MR. BALDWIN,

THE Lottery being now nearly over, and any information respecting it no longer to be considered as either a puff or a preventative, I hope you will give place to the following list of powerful arguments in favour of success, which I have collected at various times from several maiden ladies of great sagacity. I believe they pretty nearly include the whole ingredients of a system of self-deceit, which must, no doubt, appear highly ornamental to our national character at the conclusion of the eighteenth century!

THIS TICKET MUST BE THE GREAT PRIZE,

BECAUSE, 1. I bought it *before* the drawing, whereas formerly I always purchased after it; or,

2. I bought it *after* the drawing, and used formerly to purchase before it.

3. This is a number which I never had before; or,

4. It is the same number I have often had.

5. I dreamt of this number, and I seldom dream; or,

6. This is a number I did not dream of, and dreams are nonsense.

7. It must be a prize, for I never had a prize before; or,

8. It must be a great prize, for I have always hitherto had small ones.

9. It is the very number of the coach in which I went to the play, and I bought it the same day.

10. I was offered a hundred pounds for my chance, and would not part with it; or,

11. It is a number nobody ever thought of, and it will *surprise* them!

12. This

12. This number has often been a great prize ; or,
13. It never was a capital prize.
14. It is next but one to the thirty thousand last year.
15. There was a lady at the office, and she would not take it, and the clerk said to me, Ma'am, I am sure it will be a prize, and,
16. They always sell capitals at that office.
17. It is a very lucky-looking number.
18. It is the very number of this night's Chronicle.
19. Somebody must get the great prize, and there are as many chances for me as for another.
20. Ever since the first day, I have seen a deal of money in tea-cups, and coffee-grounds.

I am, Sir, yours,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

AVERSHAW,

WHO DIED LAST MONDAY*.

[From the Telegraph.]

THIS amiable and much-lamented man was cut off in the prime of life and usefulness. The severity of the laws may be here justly blamed, or rather the perverted application of them. They were not made to curb the aspiring genius of an Avershaw. They were made to restrain that ambition which plunges nations into war, that *individuals* may become rich, and desolate provinces, that *places* may be kept.

Avershaw's talents were fitted for active life. Formed by nature for the office of statesman, he had from education all that statesmen usually have. He read

* This *jeu d'esprit* appeared two or three days after the execution of Avershaw, a highwayman and murderer ; and was much admired on account of some supposed pointed allusions to a great Minister.

with

with tolerable correctness, he wrote at least intelligibly, and his style would not have disgraced a Treasury paper in the plenitude of its intelligence. What he did not know, he always could assert; and what he could not prove, he could at least swear.

In his conversation he was copious, lively, figurative, and yet solemn. Knowing how readily the human mind tends to infidelity, he enforced belief by the solemnity of his appeals, by oaths which indicate the sincere mind, and by execrations which mark indignant sensibility.

His talents for finance alone might have raised him into consequence. It is not improbable that he had made this his early study, and it is ascertained that he copied the example of the greatest financiers. Where persuasion was ineffectual, as it too frequently is in the present avaricious state of mankind, he employed force. What could not be done directly, he performed by circumvention. He made his subjects believe that they were in danger, and he raised the supplies with facility. It ought, indeed, to be mentioned, that he had one weakness of which financiers in general are destitute. He spared the poor, from a contempt of their ability to satisfy his demands. He never insisted on money from him who had none. The shirtless passenger, and the empty cottage, were objects beneath his great mind. But he never spared the rich, the accumulating, and the tenacious.

Of his sincerity, when sincerity was necessary, there can be no doubt; but he had not the common folly of lavishing virtues upon trivial occasions. In all his schemes he preserved secrecy, and expected confidence. It was difficult to know what he meant merely from what he said. He had all the ambiguity of the first statesman—and from the expression of his countenance, had it been expressive, little was to be gained; for in

the execution of his greatest projects he concealed it beneath a mask.

He was a friend to war, and not averse to necessary depredation ; yet he never shrunk from the principle of his actions, nor attempted to defend that which could admit of no defence. Firm in his purpose, and provident in his means, he never undertook an expedition which failed. If his enemy escaped being defeated, it was because he was not to be found. His courage was rather prudent than rash ; he secured every possible advantage, attacking the enemy when worst prepared to meet him, when unarmed, and no defence could be made, or when asleep, and their arms could be secured. Unlike the majority of war-ministers, he made no blunders. He never attacked a force which was invincible ; nor did he march backwards and forwards, affecting deep deliberation, while in the mean time the enemy were making their escape.

His abilities were of the solid rather than the splendid kind. Although, as already observed, he was eminently qualified to be a statesman or a courtier, yet he never was guilty of servility or submission to his superiors. He pretended not to any uncommon degree of virtue, and conscience was a word he seldom bandied with his colleagues. His manners were so simple, that you could at once discern the whole of his character. It was on great emergencies only that he wore a disguise, which at once preserved his modesty, and eluded observation.

His disposition was naturally convivial : he loved a cheerful glass, but his patriotism led him to encourage the manufactures of his own country. It is reported with certainty, that he never drank foreign wines, nor encouraged foreign articles, unless for the purposes of sale. In his commercial transactions he acted with an uncommon degree of moderation. When inclined

to

to dispose of any thing, he never received above one-third of its value; and that the feelings of the purchaser might not be hurt, he took an oath that "it was more than it cost him." It may be also mentioned to his honour, that he was a friend to the cultivation of the waste lands. It is supposed, indeed, that he formed this plan early in life, as his favourite perambulations were over heaths and commons, and he was often sensible that much could be made of them.

As to his political sentiments, it is generally thought he had no partiality to any faction. He did not scruple to say, that the best laws ought to be *suspended*, when the interests of a few individuals require it; and he thought the ambition of one man, whatever folly or wickedness might belong to his character, was always to be considered as paramount to the welfare of a nation. His notions certainly leaned towards aristocracy, although he never avowed an attachment to the great men of that party, nor regarded them as superior to himself. His ideas of property, it must be confessed, were rather confused. Perhaps he had not sufficiently attended to the subject, or perhaps it was beneath his attention. He was known to prefer the monied interest, and frequently would address men of that description in a manner which gained upon them. That he would have done honour to an official situation cannot, therefore, be doubted. His ambition was boundless, and his avarice tenacious. But how transitory is all human greatness! He was a *rose* untimely nipped in the bud.

Of his religious opinions little can be collected. That he was an infidel, it would be wrong to assert. His belief both in heaven and hell may be deemed sincere. He frequently talked of the latter, and it is certain he had heard of the former. It may be affirmed, with great truth, that he deceived no man in these respects. He never anticipated success from *fasting*,

and it is not known that either before or after an engagement, he ever composed a *form of prayer*. His effusions were extemporaneous, and as they were uttered with fervour, they were heard with fear.

Such was AVERSHAW, whose character, thus perhaps imperfectly delineated, we may conclude in the words of an excellent author: "He fell by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath alone been wanting to complete the character of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that whenever fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

"Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it."

SABBATOPHOBIA.

A DISEASE HITHERTO NOT DESCRIBED.

[From the Morning Herald.]

SOME account of this disease cannot be unacceptable to our readers, as it prevails very much in the metropolis, and indeed over the whole kingdom, though, perhaps,

perhaps, not in so violent a degree. It has as yet escaped the notice of our most eminent physicians. We are favoured with the following account of it by the very learned and erudite

GOTHOFREDUS STULTOMASTIKOFF,

M. D. F. R. S. and F. A. S. R.

Parif. Londin. Edin. Cantab. Ac. Imp. Petrop. Holm. Taurin. Aurel. Med. Parif. Harlem. Americ. et Philad. Socius, nec non in rebus mundanis peritiffimus.

The *Sabbatophobia* has escaped the notice of that minute and accurate nosologist Monsieur SAUVAGES; VAGEL has not classified it; and even Dr. CULLEN, whose nosological system is generally adopted at the *Coll. Med. Edin.* and who must have seen many cases of it, has given but a few symptoms under the head *Phrenitis*.

Quamobrem oportet, &c. wherefore it behoves us, says Dr. STULTOMASTIKOFF, to attend the more particularly to the *symptomatology*, or symptomatology of the disease.

Season. It prevails mostly in summer; and although not *peculiar* to any climate, yet it is considerably affected by *our* climate. Rain almost immediately disperses it; and even the appearance of rain checks its violence; but sunshine and a clear sky, whether in winter or summer, produce it in its most inveterate shape.

Objects. Although it is common to both sexes, the males only are affected with the greater part of the symptoms we are about to detail.

Age. Persons of all ages, from twelve to seventy, are subject to it.

SYMPTOMS.

Classed as a *fever*, it corresponds with the *Septimana*, or *Seventh-day fever* of nosologists, returning only once

in seven days, and on that day commonly called Sunday, the *Sabbaton* of the Greeks; *unde nomen derivatur*.

It begins in the morning; the patient jumps out of bed very early, fancies a particular gay dress, which he puts on, looks at himself much in a *speculum*, or mirror; seems much pleased with himself; mutters something loud enough to be heard, such as, "Youth's the season made for joy"—"What have we with day to do? Sons of Care, 'twas made for you"—"Which is the properest day to drink?" &c. and other such incoherent expressions. He has likewise an odd fancy to covering his hair with a finely pulverized starch, which makes it appear white, and he rubs in the *ung. pomat.* of the *Dispens. Lond. et Edin.* Next, if there be not any person present to detain him (which at this period of the disorder would not be quite safe, or indeed possible), he runs into the street, taking the nearest way to get into the fields. Some patients get upon horseback; and others have a way of riding in gigs, buggies, whiskies, and other implements of curricular motion. HORACE observes this last symptom, "*Sunt quos curricula,*" &c. Their nearest relations cannot prevent their going out in this manner; sometimes a wife has interposed, but is always repulsed; in other cases, and among the vulgar very generally, the wife and children accompany them, to take care of them.

About two, sometimes three o'clock, *post merid.* the chief symptom appears, the *appetitus caninus*, or canine, or, as some term it, the voracious appetite; they devour every thing that comes in their way; fish, flesh, fowl, beef, veal, ham, geese, turkeys, puddings, and pies. At this period of the fit, their eyes glisten with apparent pleasure. Two hours thereafter, the pulse, if felt, is quick, and becomes more so, until, in some patients, it has been known to beat 150 strokes in a minute; the eyes become red, the countenance
flushed,

flushed, the *fauces* swell, and a particular defect is discoverable in their speech; of which my learned and ingenious friend, Dr. HICCIUS, has treated with profound erudition in his *Tractatus brevis de Inebrietat.* vol. v. p. 724, *ad finem*.

The *singultus* or *lugmos* of HIPPOCRATES (*Aph. xiii. lib. 6.*) comes on now; and from the cause assigned by the learned HEURNIUS, in English, this symptom has been called *hiccup*, or *hiccough*; for it has been differently spelt by different authors. The voice becomes more and more altered; but it is very remarkable, that it is to be heard loudest when most inarticulate.

This state of the disease continues for a shorter or longer period, according to the constitution of the patient. Some have all the symptoms enumerated in the space of two hours; in others they come on more gradually. However this may be, the *appetitus domicilii*, or "anxiety to get home," generally takes place when all the symptoms are at the height; and this enables the physician to remark another set of symptoms; the *duplex visio*, or "double sight;" the utter incapacity of walking in a straight line, accompanied by frequent *lapsus in terram*, which that learned physician Dr. STAGGERFROID ably doth denominate *tumbles*. At length the patient, unable to proceed by his own powers, is carried, though not always. The *stupor* increases, and every symptom of oppression on the brain appears.—Sleep comes on, and continues for hours, but is observed not to be sound. When the patient awakes, every symptom of the *Sabbatophobia* is gone; the violence of the disorder, however, leaves the *dolor capitis*, which with weakness, want of appetite, and listlessness, continue all next day, and form a distinct disease, among the vulgar at least, to which the name *Sanctus Dies Lunæ* has been given. This name has been translated into the vernacular tongue by the foreign secretary

to the academy, and means *Saint Monday*. On this disorder, however, Dr. STULTOMASTIKOFF has not entered; he has merely mentioned it, and referred us for further particulars to the ingenious and learned RAMMAZZINI, *On the Diseases of Tradesmen*.

Symptomatibus descriptis, necesse est, &c. Our learned author now proceeds to mention, that having described the symptoms of the *Sabbatophobia*, it is necessary for him to give the causes of it. On dissection, he says, he has found the cause to be partly a defect, or irregularity in the head, sometimes in the heart, and sometimes in both; but that he has not gained so much experience as to be able to ascertain this, as the disorder generally leaves the patient entirely *before death*. The *occasional causes*, he thinks, are to be found in the *mineral, animal, and vegetable* substances which this country produces. Of the minerals, he enumerates *silver and gold*; of the animal, he mentions *horses*; and of the vegetable, dwells mostly on *green fields*.

In treating of the cure, he advances an opinion well worthy of the attention of the Antiquary Society. He says that those numerous buildings, which are called *ecclesiæ*, or churches, were originally hospitals, intended for the cure of patients labouring under this disorder; that proper physicians were appointed for this purpose; and that such was their skill, that they generally sent away their patients completely cured in two hours. But as a knowledge of the disorder began to decay, the medicines administered were adulterated. An opinion so singular as this, we thought it our duty to translate from Dr. STULTOMASTIKOFF's learned work, but do not pretend to discuss it one way or other. He concludes with paying a handsome compliment to a Dr. RAIKES, of *Gloucester*, who lately established a plan for the cure of this disorder, which, it has been found, may be best accomplished in *YOUNG* patients; but in grown-up people it is too obstinate to yield to
any

any remedy, while the *occasional causes* are present. To extirpate the disorder altogether, may be impossible; but with care and attention, it certainly may (like the small-pox) be rendered more gentle, and less fatal.

THE POLISHED GRISETTE.

A SATIRE.

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS.

[Original.]

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

POPE.

I'M sick of apish pride, and know full well
The false refinement of the school-bred belle.
Shall tradesmen's wives indulge romantic schemes,
And daughters suffer for their parents' dreams?
Shall *chits* at boarding-schools to corners creep,
With books they know their guides secreted keep,
Till many a novel baneful influence spreads,
And florid nonsense turns their little heads?
Slipp'd from their governess, a whispering train
Are huddled oft in Cloacina's fane;
Whom soon the future Messalina joins,
To lisp the *crim. con.* trial she purloins;
At twelve, in love's delights instructed more
Than her chaste grandam was at twenty-four.
And will not aged wisdom means devise
To strengthen feeble breasts, ere passion rise;
Ere thoughts impure in infant minds prevail,
And beauty prove as impudent as frail?
Must premature desires the sex disgrace,
And thin the numbers of the human race?

Mothers, however trade improve your store,
Make your girls housewives, and they need no more;
Their best accomplishments are household arts;
Novels and tricks at school make vicious hearts.
As oft a spark unheeded, cities fires,
So horrors rise from youth's uncheck'd desires:

The

The greatest monster frighted France survey'd,
In her seventh summer ceas'd to be a maid *.
Teach them, that no domestic work degrades
Neat, careful, civil, unpresuming maids.
A spice of taste makes trade-born Miss a fool;
How better far had Miss ne'er seen at school!
But staid at home to bustle in the shop,
To wield the broom, and e'en, by chance, the mop;
Except on Sundays never bear the fan,
Then prove a frugal wife to some plain man.

O star of Albion †! radiant nymph, appear,
Distinguish'd shine in fashion's highest sphere;
Thou wert by birth for splendid life design'd;
Add thou to grace of person grace of mind:
By sages tutor'd, and by artists taught,
Life's little cares thou deem'st beneath thy thought;
Unlike to those whom shallow beaux carefs,
Belles, whose sole study is the change of drefs.
Thou dread'st the poison of an artful tale;
Thou art no wanton with a modest veil;
The man whose book thou wert forbid to see,
Thou said'st, and wisely, was no mate for thee:
Thy prudent mother made thee what thou art,
A British beauty with a Sabine heart ‡.
While thus above thy sex exalted far,
Bid Envy view, and censure if she dare.

* Madame la Marquise de Brinvillier lost her virginity in her seventh year. She wantonly set houses on fire; turned nun, in order to try her poisons on the sick, in the *Hôtel Dieu* in Paris, and after destroying great numbers of them, poisoned her father and brother, and died by the hands of the executioner—a striking instance, showing to what horrors an early initiation into vice may lead unhappy females. The story is related in Backman's *History of Inventions*.

† This alludes to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and of high rank, who being solicited in marriage, answered her lover, "Can I think of marrying a gentleman who has written a book that my mamma has forbidden me to read?"

‡ The rape of the Sabines is a remarkable trait in the history of Rome; which, in the opinion of the writer of this satire, laid the foundation of the Roman glory. The Sabine women were grave, sober, chaste, and of incorrupt manners.

Who

THE POLISHED GRISETTE.

Who knows but heaven some perfect man may send,
Thy love, thy comfort, and thy bosom-friend?

To thee too, Celia, nice reserve is taught,
By arts ingenuous to perfection brought;
For music, painting, poetry combine
To tame wild passions, and the thoughts refine.
How are our bosoms soften'd, when with ease
Thy skilful fingers sweep the vocal keys;
And when thy sweet, thy fascinating tongue
Recites with energy what Pope has sung!
If music's charms our tempers can control,
Can melt the heart, and elevate the soul,
If poetry can rouse to thoughts sublime,
May ev'ry lady study notes and rhyme!
By arts like these, which Nature's gifts improve,
Good-humour ripens into social love.

Thus Marcia learns affliction's wounds to heal,
Teaches the proud to stoop, the harsh to feel;
Shows them to know themselves, and pity those
Who want the tinsel fame that wealth bestows;
Shows them with justice human worth to scan,
And own a wretch in rags is still a man.

For him the haughty Chloe never grieves;
"An idle vagabond, that sots and thieves:
Such filthy miscreants are the nation's curse;
The vulgar ev'ry hour grow worse and worse."
"Whom must we blame for that?" fair Marcia cries,
"They will not imitate while *we* despise.

Though poor, yet proud, they, through revenge, contemn
The class refin'd, who show contempt of them;
Birth, place, and riches, with derision treat,
And grow indelicate, to vex the great;
As vain of churlish manners, as my Lord
Of studying grace in every act and word."

Thus the true lady: but a tradesman's wife,
Who calls the housewife's duties vulgar life,
And fancies girls at school accomplish'd grow,
Unfits her child for high life or for low.
Then, since we know good precepts often fail,
To caution mothers, we shall tell a tale.

In

In that fam'd mart *, where crowds of cits remain,
 In spite of noise and dirt, from thirst of gain,
 Where he, who crouches beneath her steeple dwells,
 Scarce hears the sound of Bow's tremendous bells,
 There liv'd a man of trade, with prudence blest,
 Among an honest few perhaps the best;
 But from an error in his younger life,
 Curst with that plague—a low-bred lady-wife.
 One child she lately brought him, and but one;
 A girl, in beauty overmatch'd by none:
 This pretty lass her father would have bred
 To mix a pudding, and to make a bed;
 To lend her service in the way of trade,
 And, when occasion call'd, to help the maid:
 But Madam pouted, and refus'd to yield;
 —And pouting Madam always won the field.
 “Why with such rising merit to conceal?
 The girl, you see, by nature is genteel;
 All thriving people should have decent pride;
 Sir Somebody may take her for his bride.
 Sukey, turn out your toes, you'll learn to dance
 From a fine gentleman that comes from France:
 At Miss Cadeau's, among your betters plac'd,
 The west end of the town will give you taste.”
 “Ay, ay,” the father cried, and shook his head,
 “I've seen her scholars, and they're *finely* bred;
 Array'd like lilies wash'd with morning dew,
 Through streets and squares they amble two and two.
 As broods of chickens trip before the hen,
 So this fair troop, that archly leer at men,
 Precede their Ma'emoiselle, short, brown, and plump,
 Who like a duck in water wags her rump:
 It seems to me mere mum'm'ry, pomp, and pride;
 A show of discipline, defects to hide.”
 Thus spake the fire: the dame, with brow severe,
 From all he keenly utter'd turn'd her ear.

* “Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully lifts the head, and lies.” POPE.

"O fie! my child," Mamma would often say,
 And chide her daughter in a gentle way,
 "No *he's* and *she's*; those names are vile and low:
 But thus—the gentleman said so and so.
 Hey day! what lady e'er of *bitches* heard?
 E'en *breeches*, Sukey, is an odious word:
She-dogs and *small-clothes* more polite appear;
Breeches and *bitches* suit a barb'rous ear."

She next taught Miss to soften vocal sound,
 And squeeze her English through a narrow round—
 A butter-mouth—a hole a pea would fill,
 An op'ning like the chirping sparrow's bill:
 When Miss affirm'd she faintly silence broke,
Mps was the semi-word, half humm'd, half spoke.
 Whene'er she rais'd the goblet to her lip,
 Like scalding tea would Miss cold liquor sip.
 Large lumps of meat the wide-mouth'd vulgar suit:
 Miss nipt her mutton into parts minute.
 Her knife and fork she could but ill command,
 Held by the tips, and trembling in her hand;
 As though their iv'ry hafts might blisters bring
 On palms too tender for so hard a thing.
 'Twas sport to see this ape, by primness school'd,
 Nibble her muffin, while her coffee cool'd;
 Stiff as a statue, on her sofa sit,
 And cock her little finger when she bit;
 A vain, ridiculous, affected fool,
 By nature trifling, and absurd by rule;
 Starch'd and precise; a child, and yet a prude;
 By o'er-strain'd breeding almost worse than rude.
 Now to the school drove Madam in her airs;
 A long, loud rap resounded up the stairs:
 Swift as o'er mountains' sides the shadows pass,
 The mother-abbess hurried to her glass:
 Her wig was matted, but her looks she drest,
 Made a fine *curtsy-bow*, and hail'd her guest;
 Whose deaf'ning clack but ceas'd from want of breath,
 A talking nymph was almost talk'd to death.
 What charge was giv'n, what wondrous things were said,
 How Miss was to be drest, and lodg'd, and fed!
 What cavils rais'd, the pliant maid to tease!
 (Upstart gentility 'tis hard to please:)

But all was promis'd that the dame requir'd,
 And, gracious smiles exchang'd, Mamma retir'd.
 First, for her darling she provided shoes,
 As thin as paper, and of various hues;
 A feather'd helmet was her second gift;
 The third, a petticoat that seem'd a shift *;
 The fourth, a veil, her beauty to conceal;
 The fifth, a parasol—to look genteel:
 So off she flew, to learn the sharp and flat,
 To jabber school-French, and the Lord knows what.

But the first night, among the gymnastic fair,
 She lost the little shame she carried there.
 As soon as Betty with the light withdrew,
 Up from their pillows leap'd the frolic crew,
 And while the moon-beams on their beauties shone,
 Danc'd, not stark-naked, for their shifts were on:
 Till quite exhausted with their wanton play,
 Back to the place of rest they slunk away.
 There novels were the theme, and, ere they slept,
 They told sad tales of love, and sigh'd and wept.
 Some too had poets read, but chiefly dwelt
 On those soft lines where am'rous flames are felt;
 As where fair Helen, without shame or dread,
 In day's broad glare ascended Paris' bed:
 And one, a knowing one, explain'd with ease
 What Abelard endur'd for Eloise.
 This knowing one and Betty often met,
 (The knowing one had long been Betty's pet,)
 And learnt strange things, that had been better hid,
 For Betty told her all that ladies did:
 That vulgar women gain'd by vulgar ways
 A child's affection, or a husband's praise;
 But ladies were not born for such rewards;
 'Twas theirs to dress, and dance, and play at cards;
 To hear the flatt'ring things adorers say;
 To laugh, intrigue, and frolic life away.

* It may, perhaps, not be unnecessary to inform the female country reader, that the extreme of fashion at present is to wear no petticoat, but to have the lower part of the shift made in the form of that heretofore-considered-necessary garment.

All Betty's tales the knowing one retain'd,
 And with shrewd comments to the school explain'd :
 Whatever seem'd obscure was render'd clear ;
 The novice Sukey lent a willing ear ;
 Of love's long list of rakes she dreamt each night,
 And Helen's Paris was her soul's delight.

Beau Puff, a man of prey, who Betty brib'd,
 At church seem'd all that Betty had describ'd ;
 Whose tongue on Puff's fine looks incessant ran,
 Call'd her dubb'd 'squire—a most bewitching man,
 For ever complaisant, for ever gay,
 And *sweetly blooming*, as the rose in May.
 In Sukey's hearing this she slyly said,
 Which put strange notions into Sukey's head ;
 In Puff she imag'd Paris' gallant air,
 And Puff match'd Paris in his curling hair ;
 Puff in a spotted vest, display'd with pride,
 Was Paris in his panther's speckled hide.
 In short, Beau Puff with ev'ry charm was grac'd ;
 —Helen and Sukey were alike in taste.

Copied from books now *billets-doux* were sent,
 And to and fro the trusty Betty went ;
 Nor ceas'd her ardour, till this finish'd fool,
 Impres'd with nonsense both at home and school,
 To Gretna's Blacksmith in a love-fit ran,
 While Bow-street laugh'd at her accomplish'd man ;
 Bow-street with scorn, but Sukey laugh'd with joy :
 'Twas Helen flying with her Phrygian boy.

Delusion all, and love's ideal show !
 Short was the joy, and lasting was the woe.
 Sukey, like Helen, was by figure caught ;
 Each had her beau, but, oh, how dearly bought !
 Yet wanton Helen lov'd a kindred rake ;
 Poor Susan chose a villain by mistake :
 In person form'd the softer sex to please,
 Figure gave power, and impudence gave ease.
 But Charity herself no worth could find
 To veil those vices that deform'd his mind :
 A base adventurer, by shifts maintain'd,
 Who spent in riot what by fraud he gain'd ;
 A half-bred gallant, with a sharper's wit,
 Fit for a spy, and for that only fit.

Ill-fated maid ! what comfort couldst thou find,
 Link'd to a knave, and of the meanest kind ?
 Was it for that thy parent, full of care,
 Scarce suffer'd thee to breathe the winter's air ;
 Call'd her sweet child the pattern of the town,
 And laid her darling on a bed of down ;
 Till, by her doating zeal and ill-judg'd plan,
 Thy school-mates finish'd what Mamma began ?
 As the raw soldier, rushing to the field,
 In fancy sees opposing armies yield ;
 Beholds in thought his old companions run
 To greet him, grac'd with laurels bravely won ;
 And though his hopes are blasted by defeat,
 Though with quick throbs no more his pulses beat,
 Retains his martial air, and seems to boast,
 To hide his anguish for the battle lost :
 So our young nymph, in Hymen's chariot driv'n,
 Imagin'd Greina was the road to heav'n.
 But soon the scene was chang'd ; the fair descried
 Her beau's ill morals, when the knot was tied ;
 Yet, anxious to disguise the dire disgrace,
 Hid a sad heart beneath a smiling face.
 All Susan's friends bewail'd a friend undone ;
 A knave could gain the countenance of none.
 Her parents strove to mitigate her doom ;
 They saw her sad, and with'ring in her bloom :
 'To make her happy was beyond their pow'r :
 A husband's vice embitter'd ev'ry hour.
 At length our Beau a new adventure tried ;
 He forg'd a bill, and by the halter died.
 Shock'd at the felon's ignominious doom,
 The mother soon descended to her tomb.
 The widow'd daughter with her fire withdrew
 From the hard many, and the pitying few,
 To live contented on the wealth acquir'd,
 From noise and care to peace and ease retir'd.
 Unhappy mother ! thy ambition gave
 The grievous wound that sunk thee to the grave.
 Fine manners suit not those of low degree ;
 To ape thy betters was a vice in thee :
 From polish'd life they take the taste refin'd,
 But school-tuition rarely mends the mind.

May tradesmen's wives deplore thy hapless fate,
And train their daughters to an humbler state;
From school to school for useless arts they roam;
The worthiest girls are housewives bred at home.

LETTER OF A BACHELOR.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AMONG the various causes assigned for the difference of opinion that unhappily subsists among us, none have perfectly satisfied me. Many have attributed it to the high price of provisions, forgetting that "where eggs are cheap groats are scarce." Others again see the evil in the weight of taxes; not considering the increase of our commerce, and the consequent ability in all ranks of people to meet the exigencies of the State, without sinking under their pressure. In short, men have looked far and wide for a solution of this difficult question, when they should have only looked *at home*.

I am a bachelor, and of course am driven abroad for that amusement which others, whose lots have been more fortunately cast in life, endeavour to find at home. I wish I could say, *do* find at home; but such is the perverseness of mankind, and of womankind also—so whimsical are our schemes of happiness, and so capricious are we in the enjoyment of it, that the most common blessings are converted into their contraries.

As I am neither very poor nor very talkative, I find ready access to most houses, for he is ofteneft admitted who can be received on the easiest terms; and I seldom find my presence call forth any extraordinary exertions of civility, or interrupt the enjoyment of domestic dispute. It is in this course of life that I have, I think,

found the causes of the discontent among that order of people calling themselves Patriots, of whom I can truly affirm, they are, for the most part, a harmless, grumbling set of subjects; who would pursue their several callings with cheerfulness and alacrity, if their wives, their bakers, butchers, taylor, and their own manifold imprudences, would permit them.

My friend Mr. OVERDONE, when he married, was remarkable for his attachment to Government, and the House of Hanover; and, during the golden period of the honey-moon, there was not a more loyal, nor, I am confident, a more loving subject in his Majesty's dominions. On a visit I made him, after an absence of three months, I found him greatly altered; for, from a simple, light-hearted man, he had become gloomy, suspicious, and a profound politician. He expressed himself with great indignation at the imperious tone of the Minister—asserted, that from a free people, we had become a nation of slaves—that a man could no longer give an honest opinion, even in his own house; and that, for his part, he saw no difference between this government and that of Turkey. I had acquired sufficient skill in physiognomy to discover that my friend had married a shrew, and that he now vented the ill-humour she had engendered on the Minister, which he might with less safety have discharged on the wife.

My next visit was to an acquaintance who had married “to please his eye,” as the phrase is, “though he plagued his heart;” a consequence that was in a fair way of being verified. After the customary salutations, the lady asked me if I had observed the improvements in her house, and gave me to understand it had undergone a thorough repair, or rather had been rebuilt. The furniture was costly, and in the very height of the fashion; “for,” said she, “*one would not make a worse appearance than one's neighbours; and, for*
my”

my part, I always think the best of every thing is the cheapest." Knowing my friend's circumstances pretty well, I had some suspicions of his having over-built and over-furnished himself; and was soon confirmed in my opinions, by his observing that the country was ruined—"The Minister says we are not scratched by the war—not scratched!—I doubt much whether he will be able to raise the next supplies. I am sure,"—continued he, dropping his under-jaw, and thrusting his hand into his breeches-pockets—"I am sure I know not where he is to get them!"

By pretty long habit of observation, I have at length arrived at the skill of collecting from a man's politics the nature of his domestic troubles. One little friend of mine, married to a pretty widow, and who used to declaim much on the infamy of the times, and the great evil of a standing army, I found, secretly feared in a certain weak quarter—the tender advances of an Irish cornet of horse. I have frequently known a tailor's rapacity levelled at through the medium of the EMPEROR; and the dread of *lettres de cachet* has always ended in an attorney's letter, and a visit to the King's Bench or the Fleet. The WIFE is usually typified in the PREMIER; and the baker, butcher, tallow-chandler, cheesemonger, &c. &c. compose the body called the Ministry. In short, a PATRIOT is, generally speaking, a man who has either been a DUPE, a SPEND-THRIFT, or a CUCKOLD, and, not unfrequently, ALL TOGETHER.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A BACHELOR.

Finsbury Square, Dec. 20, 1797.

HOW

HOW TO WRITE ONE'S OWN LIFE*.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

I LEARN, from the advertisements in the papers, that the public are again to be amused by most impartial and wonderful pieces of biography, in which the *author* and his *subject* are to be *one flesh*. I cannot help thinking, Sir, that this is a better plan than some grave critics are disposed to allow. When a man writes his own life, he has these advantages: he, I may suppose, has some tolerable acquaintance with his subject, a thing which was formerly thought necessary in writing; and, Sir, he will prevent an improper use of his remains, such a use, for instance, as has been made of my old friend Dr. Johnson, who, like a whale cast upon one of our coasts, is first shown to the public at a shilling a head, and then the blubber is sold for what it will fetch. But not to expatiate on the various uses of *self-life-writing*, I am to inform you, that for sundry weighty reasons I am determined to write my own life; and I send you this letter, that you may, by inserting it, announce to the public what they are to expect.

My plan was to be in one respect different from the common. The usual practice is to say every thing that is good of one's self: now I mean to say nothing but what is bad—very bad indeed; and I had no sooner formed this resolution, than I sat down to my labours; but judge my surprise, when, on reviewing my past life, I could not discover any one thing that was worth committing to paper, not an action that would even form a casualty-paragraph in a newspaper. What

* This article appeared about the time that a somewhat curious piece of biography was published, intitled, *My Life*, by Charles Eke, Clerk.

was to be done in such a dilemma?—I looked for precedents, and found what I wanted—I found—O glorious discovery!—that when a man writes his own life, he is to put as little of his own life into it as possible, and to cram his pages with every thing else that old magazines, old newspapers, old songs, and Old-Bailey trials, can furnish him with. Spirit of modern biography, I thank thee!

The memoirs, therefore, of “ME, written by MYSELF,” shall embrace such a fund, such a bundle, such a heap, such a cart-load of variegated variety, as no work of the kind ever contained. Contemporaries, tremble! for ye shall add to my store.—Private friends, beware! for I will drag you from your obscurity.—Pope Pius and Tippoo Saib, come forth! for ye must add to my life.—Old Kate of the North, even you shall swell my sheets.

I propose, after giving a decent account of my parents (if I can recollect them), to pass to the school in which I was educated, and give a biography of all my fellow-scholars, from the earliest accounts to the present time. This cannot fail to fill up, at least, one volume—some I shall place in reputable shops, whence they rose to high city honours, and died suddenly after eating a hearty dinner. Some I shall raise to be secretaries to great men, and state all the tricks they played, *under the Rose*. Some I shall send to foreign parts, to acquire riches, honours, liver-complaints, and the curses of their country. Some are to pass into the church, and, without as much religion as will lie in the corner of their eye, shall rise to great preferment. Some will be drowned in an evil hour—some fall from their horses; and a few will, no doubt, be hanged.

Coming into public life, my travels will form a very interesting article—Topographical anecdotes of inns—distant views of larders—dissertations on damp sheets—handsome chambermaids and broken-kneed horses—
surprising

surprising accounts of stage-coachmen—footpads—justices of peace and turnpike-collectors—All these will give an importance to my life. The critics will say, “Bless me! what a deal he has met with”—“Ay,” cry the ladies, “and how he could get through it all”—Yet, Lord help them! I am, like my brother biographers, no more than the packthread which ties these articles together.

If I am at a stand-still, for *non-nunquam bonus dormitat*, &c. I will pop into a certain great assembly, and do the speakers all round. Here I shall have an opportunity for the blazing brilliance of descriptive decoration. But my great object must be the *tavern*. I shall give an account of every dinner I eat—what it consisted of—whether under or over-done, and the conversation that passed. Genius of Boswell! I adore thee.—But here I am tempted to copy a leaf of my life, and I hope, Mr. Editor, you will raise your price on the day you print this letter.

April 1. Dined at the Shakspeare.

A. “The wine is good.”

B. “Fill your glasses.”

C. “Yes, Sir.”

D. “They are all filled.”

E. “Your toast, Sir?”

F. “The single married, and the married happy.”

G. “That is an excellent toast.”

H. “So it is.”

I. “Gentlemen, have you all drank it?”

K. “All on my side.”

L. “And mine.”

Conversation like this gives one a good idea of the party; but I shall assist the reader by a few biographical notices of each. Tom and Dick, and Jack and Bill, shall not be forgot; they shall all contribute to my life.

Volumes VI. and VII. I propose to devote to the theatres.

theatres. If I don't find biography there, I know not where to find it. I have already indeed such a fund—but I must tell you of a pleasant affair which happened to me in the beginning of this season.

Stepping up to an actress of some note, I whispered in her ear:—

“ Ma'am, I want to *do* you.”

“ Do me, Sir! what do you mean?”

“ Oh! Ma'am, only a few hints—”

“ Hints, Sir!”

“ Yes, Ma'am—as, What is your right name?—was you ever married?—who keeps you now?—who kept you last year?—had you ever any children by Mr. A.?—or any by Mr. B.?—or Mr. C. D. E. F. G. or H.?—Your *Life*, Ma'am, your *Life*?”

Here she screamed out “ Murder!” and in five minutes I found myself at the Brown Bear.—One swore I had attempted murder—another deponent accused me of a rape.—But on protesting my innocence, the mob rescued me, from a false conception of their own. “ Damn me,” said one of them, “ I honour you for standing up for a *one shilling gallery*.”

To return to my life.—I think I have already given you such an idea of the copiousness of my materials, that you cannot doubt my being able to raise a tolerable subscription. In conducting the latter, I shall not proceed as my predecessors have done, by publishing a long list of names that are to be found in my life, but I shall give a promissory note to each of my subscribers, binding myself to introduce them in some shape or another in the body of my work. The public will thence see the necessity of subscribing early, as the sooner they subscribe, and the more subscriptions there are, the more full, entertaining, and interesting will my life be.

To the practice of writing one's own life there is indeed one more objection, and that of a very serious nature.

nature. It is said, and perhaps my subscribers may say it, "Your life, Mr. Editor, is a very pleasant and charming one, but it is imperfect, you have not yet *finished* it."—Now of all things I hate an imperfect book. I was once taken in this way myself.—"Sir," said I to the bookseller, "this book is imperfect; it has neither beginning nor ending."—"Then, Sir," answered the fellow, "it is a great bargain, for it is *infinite*."—But to return to the objection;—how is it to be obviated? What avails it to write one's own life, if one cannot finish it? if another man must complete the work?—Nay, I have known where *twelve men* have been employed in finishing an admirable piece of biography, nor could they do it without *agreeing among themselves*. I profess I am puzzled how to get over this objection; but I promise the public that I will consider it very deliberately. In the mean time I have to observe, that if some of those ladies and gentlemen who have "written their own *lives*" had attended more to the *finishing* of them, or if they had been *finished* by others, the world would have had no great reason to complain.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient servant,

EGO IPSE MEI;

P. S. I had forgot to mention one thing. The work is to be printed on extra-superfine wire-wove paper, hot-pressed; and is to be embellished with full length, full breadth, and circular engravings of men and things immortalized in my life.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

WHEN one of the *Suarii* told us, "That we have nothing to do with laws but to obey them," he must have forgot, unless he meant to be like Caligula, who (according to Dio Cassius) wrote his laws in a very small character, and hung them up upon high pillars, the more effectually to ensnare the people*, that something else is necessary besides obedience, and that is, a previous knowledge of what we are to obey.

With the best intentions, and to acquire that information of the existing laws, which is requisite for conducting myself with propriety, as *one of the multitude*, I purchased from Messrs. Eyre and Strahan, at the expence of ninepence (not of very good, though it might be reckoned lawful money of Great Britain), "An Act for granting to his Majesty a Duty on Certificates issued with respect to Armorial Bearings or Ensigns." The front page of the act is decorated with the armorial bearings of his Majesty, which, of course, I contemplated with the enthusiasm which must glow in the breast of every Englishman.

Having finished my meditations, which were, perhaps, much prolonged by the chain of thought arising from the subject before me, I proceeded to read the act, and I read the first clauses of it without the least disquietude; for, being perfectly ignorant of my ancestry, or of any achievements they may have performed, excepting that vulgar one, which occasioned a blot in the escutcheon of our forefather Adam, I, of course, have nothing belonging to myself that resembles an armorial bearing; and though my va-

* Blackstone's Com. vol. i. p. 46. 8vo.

nity might be a little mortified, I was pleased that I should save my money, and that I should not be called upon to pay two guineas, one guinea, or even half a guinea.

Thus, Sir, did I pursue my reading until I arrived at the 14th clause, when, judge what must have been my surprise, indeed my indignation, after having contemplated with so much warmth of imagination the armorial bearings in the front page, I read in this 14th clause, " And be it further enacted, that, from and after the expiration of two calendar months after the 24th day of June 1798, if any person shall use or wear any armorial bearing or ensign, by whatever name the same shall be called, or shall *be possessed of, or use*, any carriage or seal, or plate, or other article on which any armorial bearing or ensign shall be painted, marked, engraved, or affixed, without having obtained a certificate from the proper officer of stamps in the county, riding, division, shire, stewardry, or place where such person shall reside, in pursuance and according to the directions of this act, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of twenty pounds."

To purchase a certificate, or to destroy in less than two months the front page of the act now before me, are the only alternatives to avoid the payment of this penalty, or the persecution of a horde of infamous informers who infest the country, and whose employers might assert, with as much modesty as belongs to them, in what they frequently tell us, that if your chaise be stopped by a highwayman, and you hide your purse under the seat of it, you have *defrauded* the robber.—But the destruction of the front page of this act is not all; Mr. Kearsley's Peerage, the History of the Aristocracy, and many other *valuable* books, must be banished from my house; I have therefore resolved to purchase a certificate, indeed I don't see how any one can escape.

escape.—The servant who sits on the hall chair, on which a crest is engraved, is liable; the person who eats with a spoon which is ornamented with the armorial bearings of his friend, is liable; and even the person is liable who goes in a hackney coach upon the pannels of which the arms of some ancient English family are painted, and who, like their carriage, by the repeated extortions of an infamously venal administration, are impoverished, and reduced to a degraded state.

However, when I pay my guinea for a certificate, no doubt I shall hear that it will be applied to the purpose of carrying on this just and *necessary* war. But, when I hear so much of *necessity*, Mr. Editor, it reminds me of the quotation from Milton, made by Sir William Blackstone in his Commentaries upon the Laws of England, page 74, vol. iii. 8vo.

“ So spake the Fiend; and with *necessity*
(The tyrant's plea) excus'd his dév'lish deeds.”

MILT. PAR. LOST, B. iv. l. 393.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

[From the True Briton.]

PORTRAIT I.

BY GREY.

Perjurus pater hic magis, an puer improbus ille?

Scene—Kingsgate, Isle of Thanet.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H—LL—D form'd the pious resolution,
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice—

Earl GODWIN trembled for his neighb'ring sand :

Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,

And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reigns the biting North, and sullen East ;

No breeze is heard to whisper—birds to sing :

But Nature cannot furnish out the feast ;

Art he invites new horrors still to bring.

Here mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,

Arches, and turrets nodding to their fall—

Unpeopled palaces delude our eyes,

And mimic desolation covers all.

" Ah ! " said the fighting Péer, " had ** been true,

Nor **'s, **'s, nor **'s friendship vain,

Far other scenes than these had crown'd our view,

And realiz'd those horrors which we feign.

" Purg'd by the sword, and beautified by fire,

Then had we seen proud London's hated walls ;

Owls might have hooted in St. Stephen's choir,

And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's ! "

POTRAIT II.

BY A MODERN MASTER.

Improbis ille puer—

Scene—St. Anne's Hill, Surrey.

Fat, ragged, lazy, and too old to mend,

Here CARLO form'd the prudent resolution,

To live dependent on his well-worn friend,

By scandal charg'd with former prostitution.

Amidst these shades he fix'd his dear abode—

Sir JOSEPH (1) swears 'tis consecrated ground ;

Then celebrates his neighbour in an ode,

While all his pigs, in transport, grunt around.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(1) Among the *agréments* of St. Anne's Hill, we must not forget its vicinity to Botleys—the residence of a celebrated Baronet, alike successful at cards, in politics, and in poetry.

There,

There, black *Othello's* occupation gone,
 He liv'd, an exile from the great and good—
 But A——'s purse, alas! is empty grown— (2)
 KATE smiles no more. (3) "Old ravens must have food."
 Now mendicant committees must be fram'd,
 (Each night a steady patriot in the chair;)
 A——M (4), who once the missile vengeance aim'd,
Indelicate, (5) or *delicate* A——R.
 "Ah!" CARLO cries, "had **'s hopes (6) been true,
 Had ADDINGTON or WILLIS been deceiv'd,
 What scenes had been presented to our view!
 What gold amass'd! what victories achiev'd!
 "Then HE who now my better (7) genius awes,
 Had cring'd, obsequious, to each purse-proud Cit—
 Fate had to me transferr'd the world's applause,
 And *faction's indigence* alone to PITT!" (8).

(2) We are happy to contradict a malevolent report, that a certain bust is removed from a very distinguished station to "a small closet in the garden." The Autocratrix knows better how to estimate the services of her friends.

(3) Deficit alter aureus.—(VIRG. ÆN. VI.)

(4) This modern Scævola, by way of *amende honorable* for one rash act, has written several hundred letters in behalf of his friend's petition. The hero of antiquity consumed his whole hand in the flames. —Mr. A—— contents himself with *burning his fingers*!

(5) We mean no reflection on the learned Ex-Recorder, who, no doubt, knows how to reconcile his conduct to his feelings. The appropriate term of *delicate* being engaged by his namesake, we were obliged to look elsewhere for some specific title of distinction.

(6) The word *hopes* is here put NEGATIVELY, for *fears*, *apprehensions*. HOMER often has ελπίς ελπομαι, in the same sense; and modern Greeks address a rich aunt or grandmother with "I HOPE you're pretty well to-day, M's'am!"

(7) A curse upon the tongue that tells me so;
 For it hath cow'd my *better part* of man. MACBETH.

(8) Here we unfortunately differ from the Right Honourable Speaker. The *unfolioted*, *unmanaged* tribute of respect designed for Mr. PITT, had a certain melancholy arrangement been made, was every way *honourable*, and a true expression of the feelings of a grateful country.

VERSES BY GRAY.

GRAY the poet had a turn for satire not generally known. His friend Maſon drew a ſketch of a gentleman admitted into orders, under which he wrote the following lines :—

Such Tophat was—ſo grinn'd the bawling fiend,
 Whilſt frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend.
 Our mother-church, with half-averted fight,
Bluff'd as ſhe *bleſs'd* her griſly profelyte ;
 Hoſannahs rang through Hell's tremendous borders,
 And Satan's ſelf had thoughts of taking orders.

ACCOUNT OF PITTFALL AND COMPANY'S
 EXTRAORDINARY MANUFACTORY.

IN A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN TOWN TO
 HIS CORRESPONDENT AT MANCHESTER.

[From the Telegraph.]

DEAR SIR,

ONE of the moſt curious things that can be ſhown to a ſtranger here, is the manufactory carried on by PITTFALL and COMPANY, and ſome account of it I am confident will not be unacceptable to a man of your mechanical genius. I had not much difficulty in being admitted to ſee it ; and any parts of it that a ſtranger would not readily underſtand, are amply explained in *certain papers*, printed under the immediate inſpection of ſome of the *clerks*, who give them away very liberally, where they think they may raiſe the manufactory in the opinion of the public.

This concern is a wonderful proof of the induſtrious talents of our manufacturers. Formerly the only articles in eſtimation in this country were *Britiſh*, but ſince the French gave up the making of the *Ariſtoes*, the ingenious conductor of this manufacture, to be beforehand with them,

them, at the same time that he would *seem* to be *acting against them*, immediately set up a manufactory of *Demoes* and *Repubs*, which he has already brought to a considerable degree of perfection; and if nothing happens to interrupt him, it is generally thought that his goods will be far more lasting and durable than the French, or at least than any thing of the kind ever known in this country, since the memorable failure of JAMES KING, somewhat more than a century ago.

The principal machine is called a *House*, the meaning of which is not easily to be traced, and is probably, like many names of machines, merely *arbitrary*. This *House* is of a very remarkable construction, more intricate than any thing I have ever seen, yet at the same time far more easy in its operation. It exceeds the famous *spinning jennies* in this respect, that they save the labour of ten or twenty men, whereas every movement of this *does the business* of as many thousands. It consists of a variety of greater and lesser wheels, and wheels within wheels, acted upon by springs, pullies, and other contrivances, yet so happily put together, that the *chief workman* has the command of at least *five-sixths* of the whole; the remaining sixth act *independently*, as *resistances* to the principal wheels, which, but for them, would often be set on fire by their own velocity. Notwithstanding this obvious utility, the present proprietor is of opinion, that these *resistances* are wholly unnecessary, and he assured me that he removed a great many of them last year, without any apparent inconvenience. It was not my business to make objections to a man of his ingenuity; but as I observed, that he had only *changed the places* of some of them, by means of screws of a *heavy metal*, which will often want *renewing*, they appeared to me to act more as *clogs* than before; and certainly, in the operation, made a noise more offensive than all the rest of the apparatus put together.

You

You will observe, my dear friend, that these are only my own private sentiments. Some gentlemen with whom I have conversed on this subject, think that these very eminently contribute to the manufactory of *Demoes* and *Repubs*.

By means of this machine, Messrs. PITTFALL have made more *Demoes* than ever were known in the country before. This he has been enabled to do, not only by the ordinary operation of the machine itself, which is *capable of any thing*, but also by a number of ingenious contrivances of his own, which are in all respects new. By means of some of these contrivances, he *locks up* his *Demoes* a certain time, during which they acquire an extraordinary *durability* and *consistency*; others he sends to *foreign parts* to be *worked*, and when they are brought back, it is supposed the *texture* will be highly improved. One machine called by the workmen a *Habbas Coppus*, or some such name (for many of them pronounce so that one hardly knows what they mean), has been extremely useful. He invented it about a year ago, and as it happened to *go wrong*, had it lately repaired, and it may last a good while, if *suspended*, so as not to hurt the men who *work under it*. The necessity of applying *various* machines to effect the *same purpose*, may seem problematical; but as the materials he has to work upon are of various sorts, they cannot be all *ground down* by the same operation.

Considering, indeed, the attachment of the people of this country to *British goods*, it was a very difficult matter to reconcile them to *Demoes*, which are of French origin; and nothing, I am convinced, would have made even one man adopt the *Demoes*, if a succession of experiments had not been tried, and multitudes literally *starved* into compliance. It is well known what perseverance, in all *arts*, will do; and it is certain that the manufactory of *Demoes* has been persevered

persevered in with a degree of firmness, which, to ignorant persons, appears wholly inexplicable—the proprietors have just now contrived two other machines for *Irish goods* and *Prince's stuff*, than which, probably, nothing was ever invented that could answer the purpose better. That which was mere crockery before, will now acquire the firmness of hardware.

This manufactory, although the principal machine is confined to the metropolis for six or seven months of the year, is extended over all the country, by means of *riders*, who take orders, and do the proprietors' business quite as well as if they were present. Large *warehouses* have lately been built all over the country for *scarlet* goods, and proper *officers* are appointed to *exhibit* them in such quantities as may recommend the manufactory. Machines, likewise, upon a small scale, but very well adapted to the purpose of country business, have been set up at sundry places, particularly Birmingham, where there is a machine of a peculiar construction, that acts by *fire*. There is one also at Edinburgh, of a considerable size, which furnishes Scotland with *Demoes*, in the opinion of JUDGES, of equal quality with those which are *town-made*. Some specimens of them have been sent here, which were intended for *exportation*; and it is pretty generally allowed, that the Edinburgh machines turn out better goods than even PITTFALL himself; that is, they work more directly, are capable of any thing, and never leave the business half done. This, however, if an objection, will not be an objection long, as PITTFALL is determined to take every method to render his work perfect.

Indeed, I must do him the justice to say, that I think this jealousy of other manufacturers is very proper. There is no productive emulation without a spice of jealousy. With this view, therefore, he offers

offers *greater wages* and *perquisites* than any other man can possibly offer to give; and, by means of these, he has lately got over some clever hands from the *Old British manufactory*. To some of these he has given high wages; others he has admitted into a *small share* of the business. One *Bentinck* he employs to *draw up his advertisements*; another manages the *shipping* concerns; a third *seals* all his letters, and is allowed a *per centage* upon *bad debts*, which, it is said, amounts to a vast sum *per annum*. And thus he contrives to employ them in such a manner, as that they shall have no inclination to go back to their old trade, until he has brought it to so low an ebb; that it will not be worth their attention. It has been said, indeed, that he has not dealt equally fair with all these *new workmen*; some whom he caused to forfeit their *engagements*, in a way not the most creditable, he has afterwards employed in such drudgery as a skilful mechanic would disdain. But this, I am apt to think, is a calumny. I have frequently seen them all at work, and I really don't think they earn their wages fairly. One man, for instance, whom he has made a *Secretary*, with a very large salary, was amusing himself with *conundrums* and *riddles*, to make his companions laugh; and another, whom I know to be very rich, was begging charity for his *boy at school*! So that the proprietor does not appear to be so much to blame, for they really get a great deal more than they deserve.

While speaking of PITTFALL's jealousy, I must not forget to inform you, that some time ago he prosecuted a set of fellows for copying his machine, and making *Demoes* contrary to the patent. This made a great noise, and, as it was a question which affected manufacturers in general, excited a good deal of attention. The issue of the trial, however, was quite unexpected. The defendants, it appeared, had only
prepared

prepared a few materials, which they wished to submit to PITTFALL, as an *improvement* on his *great machine*, by rendering its *powers* more *equal*, and making the *wheels* so *independent*, that the going wrong of *one* needed not affect all the rest. It was also proved, that the *goods* they purposed to make could not be completed, nor even exposed to view, before the expiration of PITTFALL's patent, which had then *two years to run*.

They were accordingly dismissed, with a *reprimand*; but the affair had like to have ruined the poor fellows, who had to contend against one of the heaviest purses in the kingdom. To the firm of PITTFALL and Co. however, it has been of great service, as they have now the whole business of *Demoe-making*, and are carrying it on with vast rapidity.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

ARKWRIGHTIUS SECUNDUS.

March 18, 1795.

PICTURE OF A ROUT.

TAKEN FROM THE LIFE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

A ROUT is an assemblage of people of fashion at the private house of one of them. The manner of making a rout is this:—

Lady A, or Lady B, or Lady C, or any other *capital* in the alphabet of fashion, chooses a distant night, which may not interfere with any other rout, but which, if possible, may clash with some public amusement, and make a noise in the world. She issues cards, intimating that, on the night specified, “she sees company.” These cards are sent to several hundred people, not because they are relations, or friends,

OR

or acquaintance, but because she has *seen* them, or because their presence will give an *eclat* to the thing.

Before eleven o'clock at night, which is *high tide*, the house is crowded with a company of both sexes, and all ranks. Card-tables are placed in every room in the house, and as many in each room as barely leave *interstices* for the players to sit or move about. Coffee, tea, and lemonade are handed round.

Confusion is the very essence of a *route*, and every lady who gives a *route*, takes measurement of the fashion, and not of her house; many more persons are invited than the place can hold, and she enjoys the inconvenience, the fatigue, the heat, and other circumstances peculiar to a *route*, with as much heart-felt pleasure, as a player who hears the screams and noise of an immense crowd flocking to his benefit. The blunders of servants, the missing of articles of dress, or the tearing them, the repeated exclamations of Good G—! how hot it is! Bless me! Lady Betty, I am ready to faint! Dear me! O la! Good me! &c. &c. These afford exquisite satisfaction to the lady of the house; whose happiness may be deemed perfect if she hear that the street has been in an uproar, that some of the nobility's servants have been fighting, some of the carriages broken, or some of the company robbed by the pickpockets at the door.

Pharo-tables are indispensable at routes; and these, as well as the cards and other implements of gaming, are provided by a set of *gentlemen* in the other end of the town, who make a comfortable livelihood by lending out their furniture *per night*.

At a *route*, it is not necessary to take much notice of the lady of the house, either at entrance or exit—but you must provide a seat at some table, *win*, if you can, but, at all events, *lose* something. Very considerable losses exalt a *route* much, and if you have the credit of a young heir being *done over* at your *route*, it establishes the credit of your house for ever.

MILITARY MANIA.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE the present military mania has seized the inhabitants of this once peaceable kingdom, I have not had one minute's happiness: you must know the infection very soon spread itself into my family; my husband, who was what is called a *good sort of a man*, and would do *whatever I bid him*, is now become a very tyrant. If I ask him for a few guineas for a new gown (you know, Mr. Editor, a tradesman's wife ought to go *decent*), he makes me no other reply but, *quick march!* If he wants his dinner, he bids me *order arms*; and his supper must be got ready in *ordinary time*. We had a few friends to dine with us last Sunday, and, instead of saying grace as he used to do, he called out *attention—handle arms*; and his grace after dinner is now *shut pans!* Yet if I offer to expostulate with him on account of his extravagance, he tells me he'll give me such a *volley as shall bring my rear rank to close order*.—But this is nothing to the confusion it makes in the house; not a *mop*, *broom*, or *spit*, in short, any thing that has a handle to it, but goes to rack; he mistakes every thing of the kind for a *musket*, and the servants are all as mad as himself. It was but yesterday I caught him in the back warehouse teaching them what he calls the *manual*. The cook was furnished with a spit, the house-maid had shouldered my best hair-broom, and John, the porter, was *presenting arms* with the shop scraper; my son Jackey formed the *light infantry* at a distance *trailing arms* with the poker, while my good man gave the word of command; indeed, they had secreted themselves so effectually, that I should never have found them but for the noise they made in *marching* and *counter-marching*; however, as I surprised them before they could *recover*

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U

arms,

arms, or *prime and load*, I very soon *broke the line*, and put the whole *regiment to flight*. But this, Mr. Editor, is not the worst misfortune that I expect from this rage for *manœuvring*; for, between you and I, I am afraid we shall *manœuvre away* all our customers. —My husband has laid aside all his former modesty, and talks in the true *military style of importance*. I heard him call the other day to a great man at the upper end of the street, whom he scarce before dared to look at, *how is it, comrade?* And when Squire Gawkey called to let us know *he had not forgot the bill he owed us of about two years standing*, instead of thanking the gentleman, as *tradesmen*, you know, ought to do, he shut to the door, and bid the coachman *to the right wheel*. This very morning I was obliged to send Justice M——'s *housekeeper (a very pretty sort of a woman)* away, because nobody could be found to serve her; my husband was gone to *drill* in the town-hall, my son was *wheeling to the right by divisions and forming platoons* in the riding-school, the shopman was *exercising* with a party in Spring-gardens, and the porter was *priming and loading* in the pantry. The only comfort I feel is, that my husband is not the only one who is thus altered.—I happened to ask Mr. Squeeze, an old neighbour of ours, in a brown George, what news there was? and he answered, *blue, with a red collar*; and another, on my asking the price of a piece of dimity, assured me *nothing became a soldier so much as white pantaloons*.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if you are yourself occasionally employed in *priming* and in handling the *pike*, as well as in distributing the *primer* and *pica*, I expect you will order me to *right about face and retreat*. I shall therefore only add, that I shall, like my husband, but in a different sense, *support arms*, in the hope that this will be a short inconvenience; that our enemies will be convinced by this UNIVERSAL display of patriotic

triotic spirit, that Englishmen have but ONE HAND and ONE HEART in repelling from their coasts invaders of every description!

BARBARA BLUNDERBUSS.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN*,

A DIDACTIC POEM,

In forty Cantos: with Notes critical and explanatory, chiefly of a philosophical Tendency.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

CANTO FIRST.

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THE subject proposed.—Doubts and waverings.—Queries not to be answered.—Formation of the stupendous Whole.—Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World:—The Devil—Man—Various classes of Beings:—ANIMATED BEINGS—Birds—Fish—Beasts—The influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimp—on Oysters.—Various stations assigned to different Animals:—Birds—Bears—Mackarel.—Bears remarkable for their fur—Mackarel cried on a Sunday—Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the water.—PLANTS equally contented with their lot:—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers.—MAN only discontented—born a savage; not choosing to continue so, becomes polished—reigns his liberty—Priest-craft—King-craft—Tyranny of laws and institutions.—Savage life—Description thereof:—The Savage free—roaming woods—feeds on hips and haws—Animal food—first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his prey—wonders if it be good—resolves to try—makes a bow and arrow—kills a pig—resolves to roast a part of it—lights a fire—APOSTROPHE to fires—spits and jacks not yet invented.—Digression.—CORINTH—SHEP-FIELD.—Love the most natural desire after food.—Savage

* In ridicule of Mr. Knight's Progress of Civil Society.

courtship.—*Concubinage recommended.*—*Satirical reflections on Parents and Children—Husbands and Wives—against collateral consanguinity.*—*FREEDOM the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.*

CANTO I.

WHETHER some great, supreme, o'er-ruling Pow'r
 Stretch'd forth its arm at Nature's natal hour,
 Compos'd this mighty Whole (1) with plastic skill,
 Wielding the jarring elements at will?
 Or whether, sprung from CHAOS' mingling storm, 5
 The mass of matter started into form?
 Or CHANCE o'er Earth's green lap spontaneous fling
 The fruits of Autumn and the flow'rs of Spring?
 Whether MATERIAL SUBSTANCE unrefin'd,
 Owns the strong impulse of instinctive MIND, 10
 Which to one centre points diverging lines,
 Confounds, refracts, invig'rates and combines? (2)
 Whether the joys of *Earth*, the hopes of *Heav'n*,
 By MAN to GOD, or GOD to MAN (3) were giv'n?
 If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe? } 15
 Who rules above? or who reside below? (4)
 Vain questions all—shall Man presume to know?

(1.—Line 3.) A modern author of great penetration and judgment, observes very shrewdly, that "the Cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? *SANCONIATON, MANETHO, BEROSUS, and OCELLUS LUCANUS*, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words—*Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*—which imply, that 'all things have neither beginning nor end'."—See *GOLDSMITH's Vicar of Wakefield*.—See also *MR. KNIGHT's Poem on the Progress of Civil Society*.

(2.—Line 12.) The influence of mind upon matter—comprehending the whole question of the existence of mind as independent of matter, or as co-existent with it, and of matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent essence—will make the subject of a larger poem, in 127 books, now preparing under the *same AUSPICES*.

(3.—Line 14.) See *GODWIN's Enquirer*—*DARWIN's Zoonomia*—*PAINE—PRIESTLEY, &c. &c. &c.* Also all the French encyclopedists.

(4.—Line 16.) *Quæstio spinosa et cantortula.*

On

On all these points, and points obscure as these,
 Think they who will,—and think whate'er they please!
 Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue— 20
 Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe!—
 Mark the dark rook, on pendent branches hung,
 With anxious fondness feed her cawing young;—
 Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,
 Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl. 25
 How Libyan tigers' chawdrons (5) love affairs,
 And warms, 'midst seas of ice, the melting whales;—(6)
 Cools the crimplt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
 Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;—(7)
 Then say, how all these things together tend 30
 To one great truth, prime object, and good end?
 First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
 Some lot, some part, some station, is assign'd.
 The feather'd race with pinions skim the air—(8)
 No so the mackarel, and still less the bear: (9) 35
 This (10) roams the wood, carniv'rous, for his prey;
 That (11) with soft roe, pursues his wat'ry way:—
 This (12) slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide;
 That, caught by fishers, is on *Sundays* cried.—(13)
 But each, contented with his humble sphere, 40
 Moves unambitious through the circling year;
 Nor e'er forgets the fortunes of his race,
 Nor pines to quit, nor strives to change, his place.

(5.—Line 26.) “Add thereto a tiger's chawdron.”—MACBETH.

(6.—L. 26, 27.) “In softer notes bids Libyan lions roar,
 And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore.”

Progress of Civil Society, book i. line 98.

(7.—Line 29.) “An oyster may be cross'd in love.”—MR. SHZ-
 RIDAN'S CRITIC.

(8.—Line 34.) Birds fly.

(9.—Line 35.) But neither fish, nor beasts—particularly as here
 exemplified.

(10.—Line 36.) The bear.

(11.—Line 37.) The mackarel—There are also *hard-roed* mackarel.
Sed de his alio loco.

(12.—Line 38.) Bear's *grease*, or *fat*, is also in great request; being
 supposed to have a *criniparous*, or hair-producing quality.

(13.—Line 39.) There is a special Act of Parliament which per-
 mits mackarel to be cried on Sundays.

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
 Clap his broad wings, and soaring claim the skies? 45
 When did the owl, descending from her bow'r, (14)
 Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flow'r;
 Or the young heifer plunge with pliant limb
 In the salt wave, (15) and fish-like strive to swim?
 The same of plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed; (16) } 50
 Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage-feed;
 Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed;
 Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers perfume
 To flower like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
 —MAN, only,—rash, refin'd, presumptuous MAN, 55
 Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.
 Born the free heir of Nature's wide domain,
 To art's strict limits bounds his narrow'd reign;
 Refrains his native rights for meaner things,
 For Faith and Fetters—LAWS, and PRIESTS, and KINGS. 60

EXTRACT THE SECOND.

THE specimen of the poem on the "PROGRESS OF
 MAN," with which we favoured our readers in our
 last number, has procured us a variety of letters, which
 we confess have not a little surprised us, from the un-
 founded and even contradictory charges they contain.—
 In one, we are accused of malevolence, in bringing

(14.—Line 45 to 49.) Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man—who is always discontented.

(15.—Line 49.) *Salt wave*—wave of the sea—"briny wave."—
 POETÆ PASSIM.

(16.—Line 50.) A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants:—they are contented—he restless and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.*

(16.) *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply that the root degenerates.—Not so with man—

Mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosiore.

back

back to notice a work that had been quietly consigned to oblivion;—in another, of plagiarism, in copying its most beautiful passages;—in a third, of vanity, in striving to imitate what was in itself inimitable, &c. &c.—But why this alarm? Has the author of the “*Progress of Civil Society*” an exclusive patent for fabricating *didactic* poems? Or can we not write against order and government, without incurring the guilt of imitation?—We trust we were not so ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (so called from *didaskein*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; because it *teaches nothing*, and is *not poetical*), even before the “*Progress of Civil Society*” appeared, but that we were capable of such an undertaking.

We shall only say farther, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but, having the remaining thirty-nine cantos by us, shall content ourselves with giving, from time to time, such extracts as may happen to suit our purpose.

The following passage, which, as the reader will see by turning to the CONTENTS prefixed to the head of the poem, is part of the first canto, contains so happy a deduction of MAN’s present state of depravity, from the first slips and failings of his original state, and inculcates so forcibly the mischievous consequences of *social* or *civilized*, as opposed to *natural* society, that no dread of imputed imitation can prevent us from giving it to our readers.

LO! the rude savage, free from civil strife,
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life;
Refrain’d by none, save Nature’s lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily sports behold him rise!
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.

65

(V. 61 to 66)—Simple state of savage life—previous to the pastoral, or even the hunter state.

Bloodless

Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray Through the lone wood—and close beside the way Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey; Beneath whose gory fangs a lev'ret bleeds, Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.	}	70
Struck with the sight, the wond'ring savage stands, Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands; Then restless roams—and loaths his wonted food; Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood.		75
By thought matur'd, and quicken'd by desire, New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require. From the tough yew a slender branch he tears, With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares; Th' unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends		80
In circling form, and joins th' unwilling ends. Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edg'd stone Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone. Then forth he fares.—Around in careless play, Kids, pigs, and lambkins, unsuspecting stray.		85
With grim delight he views the sportive band, Intent on blood, and lifts his murd'rous hand. Twangs the bent bow—refounds the fateful dart Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.		90
Ah! hapless porker! what can now avail Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail? Ah! what avail those eyes so small and round, Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground?		

(V. 66)—First savage disciples of Pythagoras.

(V. 67, &c.)—Desire of animal food natural only to beasts, or to man in a state of civilized society. First suggested by the circumstances here related.

(V. 71)—Pigs of the *Chinese* breed most in request.

(V. 76)—First formation of a bow. Introduction of the science of archery.

(V. 79)—Grass twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

(V. 83)—Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, shark's teeth, &c. &c.

(V. 90)—Ah! what avails, &c.—See POPE's Description of the Death of a Pheasant.

(V. 93)—“With leaden eye that loves the ground.”

Not

Not unreveng'd thou diest—in after times
 From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crimes. 95
 Soon shall the slaughterous arms that wrought my woe,
 Improv'd by malice, deal a deadlier blow;
 When *social* man shall pant for nobler game,
 And 'gainst his fellow-man the vengeful weapon aim.
 As love, as gold, as jealousy, inspires, 100
 As wrathful hate, or wild ambition, fires,
 Urg'd by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
 Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
 Vast seas of blood the ravag'd fields shall stain,
 And millions perish—that a KING may reign! 105
 For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise;
 Each rising want invention quick supplies.
 To roast his victuals is MAN's next desire,
 So, two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire.
 Hail fire! &c. &c.

EXTRACT THE THIRD.

We premised in our sixteenth number, that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the didactic poem, the PROGRESS of MAN—a work which, indeed, both from its bulk, and from the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a weekly paper—we should, nevertheless, give from time to time such extracts from it, as we thought were likely to be useful to our readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

(V. 94)—The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind.

(V. 97)—*Social* man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

(V. 100 and 101)—Different causes of war among men.

(V. 106)—Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.

The

The following extract is from the 23d canto of this admirable and instructive poem—in which the author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space, nor indeed the liberty, to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. HIGGINS, of St. Mary Axe) describes the vicious refinement of what is called civilized society, in respect to marriage, contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of that institution, and paints in glowing colours the happiness and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the author alludes to a popular production of the German drama, the title of which is the REFORM'D HOUSE-KEEPER, which he expresses a hope of seeing transfused into the language of this country.—As we are not much conversant with German literature, and still less (such is the course of our occupations) with the British stage, we are not informed how far Mr. HIGGINS's hopes may have any chance of being realized. The recommendation of so judicious an author cannot fail to have its weight; and for our part, were we to have any voice in the matter, we have too great a respect for the order of females from among whom the heroine of the piece in question is selected (having ourselves great obligations to the lady who lives with Mr. WRIGHT, our publisher, in that capacity, for her decision in respect to the PRIZE of DULNESS), not to feel very much interested in the events of a drama, any way affecting the reputation of the sisterhood.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE being indissoluble, the cause of its being so often unhappy.—Nature's laws not consulted in this point.—Civilized nations mistaken.—**OTAHEITE**—Happiness of the natives thereof—Visited by Captain COOK, in his Majesty's ship Endeavour—Character of Captain COOK.—Address to **CIRCUMNAVIGATION**.—Description of his Majesty's ship Endeavour—Mast, Rigging, Sea-sickness, Prow, Poop, Mess-room, Surgeon's Mate—History of one.—Episode concerning Naval surgery.—Catching a Thunny-fish.—Arrival at Otaheite.—Cast Anchor.—Land.—Natives astonished.—Love—Liberty—Moral—Natural—Religious—Contrasted with **EUROPEAN** manners—Strictness—Licence—**DOCTORS' COMMONS**—Dissolubility of **MARRIAGE** recommended—Illustrated by a game at cards—**WHIST**—**CRIBBAGE**—Partners changed—Why not the same in Marriage?—Illustrated by a River.—Love free.—Priests, Kings.—German Drama.—**KOTZEBUE**'s "Housekeeper Reformed."—**MORAL** employments of Housekeeping described.—**HOTTENTOTS** sit and stare at each other—Query WHY?—Address to the **HOTTENTOTS**.—History of the Cape of Good Hope.—Resumé of the arguments against Marriage.—Conclusion.

EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands (1) that crown the southern seas;
 Dear happy seats of liberty and ease!
Hail! whose green coasts the **PEACEFUL OCEAN** laves,
 Incessant washing with his wat'ry waves!

(1)—The ceremony of invocation (in didactic poems especially) is in some measure analogous to the custom of drinking toasts: the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

Delicious islands! to whose envied shore

Thee, gallant COOK! the ship ENDEAVOUR (2) bore.

There laughs the sky, there Zephyr's frolic train,
And light-wing'd Loves, and blameless Pleasures reign:
There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
No hireling *Bonzes* chaunt the mystic rite;
Free ev'ry thought, each action unconfin'd,
And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
And flow'rs and shrubs and odorous herbs among,
Each shepherd (3) clasp'd, with undisguis'd delight,
His yielding fair-one, in the Captain's fight;
Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
Preferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
Europe's cold laws (4), and colder customs (5) bind—
O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What OTAKEITE (6) is, let BRITAIN be!

* * * *

Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game—
The PARTNERS *changing*, but the SPORT the SAME.
Elfe would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull ev'ry deal, and stagnant ev'ry pool (7).

(2)—His Majesty's ship *Endeavour*.

(3)—In justice to our author, we must observe, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our author's principles), or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otakeite, where the place of shepherd is a perfect sinecure (there being no sheep on the island), the mind of the reader is not offended by any disagreeable allusion.

(4)—Laws made by parliaments, or kings.

(5)—Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to.

(6)—M. BAILLY and other astronomers have observed, that in consequence of the varying obliquity of the ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical regions may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse—the similarity here proposed, relates to manners, not to local situation.

(7)—“*Multam accepit rimosa paludem*.”—VIRGIL.

Yet must *one* (8) Man, with one *unceasing* WIFE,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.

Yes! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
The gen'rous passion straighten and confine;
And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So, passion, (9) narrow'd to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
For LOVE *then* only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontrol'd by PRIESTCRAFT or by KINGS.

Such the strict rules that in these barb'rous climes
Choak youth's fair flow'rs, and feelings turn to crimes;
And people ev'ry walk of polish'd life (10)
With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE.

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe,
Which from the gen'ral practice seem to swerve;
Such as, presented to Germania's (11) view,
A KOTZBUE's bold emphatic pencil drew;
Such as, translated in some future age,
Shall add new glories to the British stage;
While the mov'd audience sit in dumb despair,
"Like HOTTENTOTS, (12) and at each other stare."

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
In matron weeds a HOUSEKEEPER appears.
The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her apron *check*.
Can that be ADELAIDE, that "soul of whim,"
REFORM'D in practice, and in manner prim?

(8)—The word *one* here, means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal.

(9)—As a stream—simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

(10)—Walks of polished life: see "Kensington Gardens," a poem.

(11)—Germania—Germany; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani; alluded to in Cæsar's Commentaries, page 1, vol. ii. edit. prin.—See also several DIDACTIC POEMS.

(12)—A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why.

On household cares intent (13),¹ with many a sigh
 She turns the pancake and she moulds the pie;
 Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham;
 From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam;
 Bids brandied cherries (14), by infusion flow,
 Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
 Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe!
 While still responsive to each mournful moan,
 The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

ANTI-BURIAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the —.

[This letter, though intended for one of the public prints, was never published.]

Il coûte bien cher mourir à Paris
 Et les enterremens sont hors de prix. LES ETOURDIS.

SIR,

I HAVE often lamented that all bodies are by law obliged to be buried "in woollen," a circumstance which deprives their surviving relatives of the opportunity of displaying their taste in the dresses of the deceased. The reason assigned by the legislature for this *sumptuary* law, namely, to encourage the woollen manufacture, shows that they have considered the matter in a contracted point of view. Does not one birth-day suit employ ten times as many manufacturers and tradesmen as the most expensive shroud? and would not burial robes in like manner give work to many branches, if a barbarous act of parliament did not forbid the display of elegant fancy and ornament? Would a disconsolate husband, whom experience had taught that his

(13)—This delightful and instructive picture of domestic life is recommended to all keepers of boarding-schools, and other seminaries of the same nature.

(14)—It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed. See KNIGHT'S "*Progress of Civil Society*."

wife's

wife's predominant passion was dress, refuse to purchase the most costly suit for her, when he was sure it would be her last? Besides, death is in itself so hideous, that it is cruel to give it additional horrors. The mourners who come to take a last look of their departed friend ought not to have the shock of seeing one who had shone in the drawing-room in all the brilliancy of fashion, wrapped in a shapeless woollen surtout:

"And, Betty, give this cheek a little red;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead."

In the other *sepulturalia*, where there is no such restriction, in the coffin, in the funeral procession, in the monument, every magnificence is shown, and no expense spared to give splendour to the ceremony of consigning the lifeless corse to its kindred earth. Are the relations of the deceased rich? they will bestow upon the dead what they denied to the living—are they poor? they will deny themselves the necessaries of life to do honour to a piece of inanimate clay. How miserably soever people may have lived, it is necessary to busy them with pomp.

It is no wonder then, that after we have taken so much pains, and been at so much expense to bury our friends, after we have inscribed the solemn injunction of *requiescat in pace* upon their tombs, we feel the most poignant distress, should their bodies be sacrilegiously stolen, to be cut up and mangled by an unfeeling anatomist. I am convinced that the late alarming discovery of these practices in the church-yard in Tottenham-court-road, caused, in many cases, more sincere grief to pious and worthy persons, than they had before suffered upon the death of their friends—nay, that there were instances both of men and women, who would not have been much more distressed had their lamented wives and husbands been dug out alive.

I shall not enter into a discussion respecting the philosophy of these sentiments, far less attempt to ridicule

them as improper prejudices; but as the dissection of dead bodies is essential to the study and improvement of the useful science of anatomy; as there are too few murders in this country to furnish a sufficient number of subjects in a legal way; and as the professors and students have been hence induced to enter into sacrilegious combinations with sextons, grave-diggers, watchmen, and hackney-coachmen, to plunder church-yards, I think I shall render a material service to the world, and particularly gratify my brethren of the faculty, if I bring forward an easy and effectual plan for furnishing at all times an ample supply of anatomical subjects.

There are many who, if they live comfortably, care little what becomes of their dead bodies, and who enjoy no delight in the anticipation of a pompous funeral. To such individuals I would propose to form themselves into *anti-burial* societies, upon this simple principle, that calculations be made, according to the rank and wealth of the members, of the probable expenses of their funerals, and an average sum be struck to be subscribed by each member, either at once, or, as is the rule in burial societies, by monthly or quarterly payments, for the benefit of the club. Hence a fund would be raised, to be expended in convivial meetings, and upon any death the club should be empowered to dispose of the carcase, the purchase-money to go to the box, or rather, in order to give every one an opportunity of profiting by his own death, a general contract might be entered into with an anatomist by the year.

I consider this my proposal to be altogether unexceptionable. No person will then be anatomised but by his own consent; no one be buried alive; no family be ruined by an extravagant funeral; no temptation be open for sacrilege. Men's bodies will be cherished, and their clay moistened when alive, while at the same time

time every club-night will be a *memento mori*. Lastly, many persons whose life has been of no benefit to mankind, will have the pleasing satisfaction to anticipate the service they will be of after their death : the most ignorant may thus be the means of promoting science.

I am well aware, that every opposition may be expected, not only from prejudiced but interested people, such as undertakers, patent coffin-makers, parish clerks, sextons, grave-diggers, and the like, to whom "Death is great gain ;" but every one will see their motives.

I shall only add, that in order to give my scheme a beginning, I mean immediately to establish an anti-burial club at the *Saw and Hatchet*, in *Butcher Row*, where a book is now opened for subscriptions. Unlike to other benefit societies, age or sickness will be no objection, nor will the ceasing to subscribe deprive a member of the privilege of having his body duly disposed of after his decease. As to myself, I shall willingly contract for the deaths either by the body or by the year, upon the most liberal terms; and I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will not only become a member yourself, but as much as possible promote this laudable undertaking among your readers.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

CHIRURGUS.

A RHAPSODY ON NEWSPAPERS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
DURING the parliamentary debates of last winter, relative to imposing an additional tax upon newspapers, it was disputed by some of our state-orators, whether

whether a newspaper was an article of *luxury* or *necessity*; but the Minister, who was more desirous to obtain an addition to the revenue, than to wait for the discussion of so intricate a question, hurried the business forwards, without allowing time to determine it. Perhaps, indeed, he might think that much was to be said on both sides; and that it was a matter of very little consequence to a mere financier whether it was determined one way or other. When, however, I look around me in this vast metropolis, and mix in the varied societies that are formed in it, I am clearly of opinion, that a newspaper ranks among the *necessaries* of life, and ranks so high, that, if we except the mere mechanical operations of eating and drinking, I scarcely know any thing that is so indispensable to the happiness of my fellow-citizens; as a question, "What news?" is second only to "How do you do?" and I am much mistaken if, on many occasions, it does not precede even now, and hereafter, in all probability, it will issue at the first opening of the lips.

It is, perhaps, impossible to prove the misery that would overshadow such a place as London, were there no newspapers published in it; but my imagination has sometimes suggested to me the horrid thought of a suspension of newspapers for only *one week*! Dreadful idea! Intellectual famine! What crowds of distressed human beings, hurrying from place to place, asking and beseeching one another, "for the love of mercy," to supply one little bit of intelligence, to cool the parched tongue of communication—one little accident, to supply the repetition of diurnal morality—one anecdote, ever so meagre and barren, just to keep the life and soul of conversation together—or one *crim. con.* or even the least suspicion, hint, conjecture, or surmise, to employ the magnifying powers of imagination, and prevent the dreadful necessity of seeking for what we know we cannot find—resources within ourselves.

Such have sometimes been the horrid images which my imagination, probably disordered at the time, has suggested to me: but how faint is this expression of the workings of fancy! for sure I am, it hath not yet entered into the heart of man to form words capable of displaying the wretched state of our metropolis, were it to be afflicted with a cessation of news. Wisely, therefore, did our ancestors contrive, that, on our first entrance into daily life, we should have it in our power to devour the newspaper and the breakfast at the same time; that in an hour when sleep has left a blank in our thoughts, and the memory of past events hath perished, a new world, or a world of news, should start up to sight, and set every spring of the mind in fresh motion. This I call winding up our curiosity for the day; by means of which operation, the machine goes regularly for the accustomed time. The invention of morning papers was of infinite importance; for morning was not the original time of publication; most of the old papers were published at noon, or in the evening, when they could be of use only to those persons who make a trade of politics. At that time they were not deemed of much use in families; but when tea was introduced, morning papers naturally followed, and the contents of many of them are now happily contrived to give a particular zest to the Indian luxury. The connexion, indeed, betwixt a breakfast and a newspaper is indissoluble. We may hear news at any other time of the day; but how lame, how imperfect, how unsatisfactory, how deficient in all those little circumstances of detail and description, for which we are indebted to the abilities of editors and collectors of paragraphs! Insensible and ungrateful persons can only count the value of a blessing from the loss of it; but if ever the time comes that the propagation of news is suspended, they will learn to prize the abilities of those geniuses who furnish the news of the day with

with appropriate imagery ; give a brilliancy to an accidental fire ; break the neck of a bricklayer with grace ; and even clothe the gallows in heroics ;—men, whose mere reports transcend even facts in point of entertainment, and whose hints and surmises are to the thirsty reader

——“ Confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.”

By means of morning papers, the inhabitants of the metropolis are put upon a footing of equality in point of information, which is not to be looked for in provincial towns, far less in villages, where perhaps the great 'squire only receives a paper, the contents of which he doles out to his especial favourites. Yet it may be said, that this equality of information which prevails in the metropolis, can tend only to perfect silence, because no man possesses an overplus of news which he may communicate ; and at first sight this would appear to be the case, but in fact it is quite otherwise ; for although one may not know more than another, he certainly may *conceive* more than another. It is a mistake to suppose that the intelligence in newspapers is to be understood in a literal sense, or that we are to be contented with what the editor pleases to tell us. For example ; we read that “ Yesterday was married at St. Dunstan's church, Mr. Joshua Tape, an eminent mercer, to Miss Polly Languish, of Mile-end.” Were we to stop here, I question whether all the papers in London would furnish half an hour's conversation. But this is no barren text ; it includes doctrines and inferences, which may branch out into as many heads as a sermon of the last century. Is it not necessary to ascertain what Mr. Tape's property is ? How far he may be called an eminent mercer ? when it is *well known* that he failed ten years ago, and paid only ten shillings in the pound ; and how far he may
be

be called a genteel man, when it is *well known* he stoops in the shoulders? It may be also necessary to determine whether he deserves the character of a polite shop-keeper, who, it is *well known*, refused to take back an article which a lady had kept only six months: and, above all, whether the man was not an arrant fool to marry Polly Languish, who, it is *well known*, had not a sixpence? Then, Sir, with respect to the lady, many important questions arise; as, first, how it can be possible any person can think her handsome, when it is *well known* she has no complexion, very bad staring eyes, appears to be crooked, and moreover, it is *strongly suspected*, is thirty-three, or thirty-two at least. Thus you see that the above paragraph is a full and rich fountain, sending forth waters sweet and bitter, and quenching the talkative thirst of the whole parish of St. Dunstan's, and, probably, the hamlet of Mile-end.

Let us take another example:—"Yesterday Lady — was detected in an amour with Colonel —. His Lordship has sent her to her mother's for the present, and is immediately to sue for a divorce."—Now, Sir, will any lover of news stop here? Will this satisfy him? No. It is necessary to divide and subdivide this into an infinite series of lesser intelligences, all greatly contributing to a right understanding of the matter. On the one hand, his Lordship, it is *well known*, was old enough to be her father, and what could he expect? On the other hand, Lady —, it is *well known*, was young enough to be his daughter, and wherein was the disappointed? Then it is highly probable that he was the most indulgent husband in the world, and that she was the most unreasonable and disobedient wife. Or, should this not be the case, the reverse will exactly serve the same purpose; that is, gratify that insatiable desire for *news*, which is become

come as necessary as the food we eat, or the raiment we put on.

We constantly pray to be delivered "from battle, murder, and from sudden death;" (this, by the by, seems an anti-climax, battle being the greatest calamity of the three; but let that pass;) and yet, Mr. Editor, I know no three ingredients more necessary, nor, of late years, more frequent than these. Battles, indeed, from long habit, we read over with frigid indifference, and I must say, they are very dull and unentertaining. The other two, however, afford many comments, which greatly tend to promote conversation, because they come home to "men's business and bosoms." The death of one man in the streets, who thought himself a match for half a dozen armed robbers, is a topic of conversation for a month; but the prostration of ten thousand bodies on a field, to gratify the inexplicable schemes of contending courts, is the ephemera which cannot outlive the day.

Thus much for the *facts* recorded in our newspapers. Now, Sir, only consider what the case must be, if, ~~after~~ dwelling so long upon any important event handed to us at our breakfast-tables, and carried from thence about with us wherever we go throughout the day, as ammunition ready to shoot the monster, *silence*, and supply the deficiency, *thought*—if, I say, after all this, it should be next day contradicted by the same authority. This may appear somewhat embarrassing; but habit has reconciled us to this also. "We *always thought* there was something improbable in the story;" or, "we had *our suspicions*, yet did not choose to communicate them; or, "we were *very cautious* in giving full credit to the report, although, to be sure, it appeared to be *very well founded*, and every body must acknowledge it was remarkably *well told*." With this *ex post facto* sagacity, some continue to get out of the scrape pretty decently, while others, determined to support

support the dignity of first impressions, and studious to avoid the weather-cock variations of common changelings, are still firmly of opinion that there was *something in it*, and vote *nem. con.* "that there is no scandalous story without some foundation."

I might now proceed to consider the *necessity* of newspapers, as supplying fund for political conversation; but as that subject would lead me to be more prolix than in duty bound, I shall adjourn the question *sine die*, and conclude with an humble hope, that I have suggested enough to prove that the newspapers are articles of absolute necessity, and of the "first requisition." I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RHAPSODICUS.

A REVERIE.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

—When nature rests,
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
 To imitate her: but misjoining shapes
 Wild work produces. MILTON.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

CASSEM Aga, formerly an ambaffador from Barbary to the court of Britain, gives an account of a petrified city, which is situated at the distance of two days journey to the south of Ongula, and seventeen days journey, by caravan, to the south-east of Tripoli. He relates, from what he calls credible authority, that it was a spacious city of a round form, upon entering which, the person from whose narrative the story is taken, saw not only inanimate objects, but men in the posture of exercising their different employments, some holding in their hands stuffs, others commodities of various kinds, every one with the appearance of doing something, and the whole in a state of petrification.

As

As I was reading this account some evenings ago, and considering the extraordinary appearance which the *quondam* inhabitants of this place must have exhibited, not without an ardent wish to have been the spectator of a phenomenon at once so gratifying to the antiquary and the naturalist, I found myself transported to a narrow and confined street I never remembered to have seen in London, without being sensible of the power which had placed me there. At my side stood a venerable old man, to whom, as soon as I had recovered from my surprise, I addressed myself for an explanation. "I am come," said the old man, "to indulge your curiosity with a view of a petrification not less extraordinary than that which is contained in the narrative of Cassim Aga. You are now in Paris, formerly the metropolis of France; a country of which you may have perhaps heard, though it has long since undergone the common fate of all European countries. The inhabitants were petrified about the latter end of the eighteenth century; but though two thousand years have elapsed, they are precisely in the same condition they were in at the first instant of their change."

I followed my guide through several streets, and saw that variety of occupations which is to be seen in every city, and which did not consequently attract any particular attention from me. We were at length impeded in our progress by groups of figures armed with pikes, which blocked up the access to one of the largest streets. These figures appeared to be of both sexes, and both sexes were armed alike. I applied to my guide to solve my amazement at such a mixed company of heroes and Amazons. "Some unusual event," said I, "must, I apprehend, have driven the inhabitants to defend themselves from attack, and every one, without regard to sex, has, in the public calamity, had recourse to arms."—"No unusual event, I assure

I assure you," replied the old man ; " the majesty of the people, '*le peuple souverain*,' as they termed themselves, was about to execute a law of their own against a butcher, who had displeased the citizens in not selling at their own prices. This is rather a violent way of *marketing*, and would be considered in these days as a breach of the peace ; but the rulers of that country determined, that this exercise of authority was necessary in the state to curb disorder."

We passed through the street opposite to that in which we were, and found ourselves in a large square, surrounded by some hundreds of people. At the end of it, on a scaffold, stood a horrid figure, and near it the appearance of a criminal kneeling as in the act of prayer. " We are fortunate," I observed to my conductor, " in this city having met its ruin at a moment when a public execution, which appears to have been upon the point of taking place, affords us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mode of punishing criminals."—" If you consider yourself fortunate in this particular," said he, " you are mistaken. There is no time, during the last preceding years, at which the hand of Fate could have fallen on France, when the same scene would not have been acting on this spot. That instrument which you see, and which was called a guillotine, was an invention to expedite the deaths of those who were offensive to the men in power. The present victim had been guilty of the high offence of doubting whether the armies of his country would be the conquerors of an army of thrice its number of soldiers. He was tried, condemned, and executed, within twelve hours after the commission of the crime ; for justice, whatever may have been its delay in other countries, did not in this proceed *claudio pede*."—" You should rather say injustice," I replied ; " as, from your expression, I should understand that the most trifling fault, nay,

even mere caprice, subjected men to the highest punishment."—"True," said my conductor; "and so universal were those faults, that this machine would have continued in motion to the present day, if it had not been arrested in its operation by the catastrophe of which you are a witness."

Upon my expressing a desire to see the sovereign of this country, my guide led me to a large hall, where a number of persons, apparently of the lowest order, were seated. I supposed they were assembled for the purpose of receiving alms, from the misery that was displayed in their dress and their appearance in general. But my conductor soon undeceived me. "Behold," said he, "the sovereignty of France, which resided in this body of men, who very properly styled themselves *Sans Culottes*. Their object was perfect equality, in which, however, as is reasonable to suppose, they failed. Observe," continued he, "that little man, whose countenance in its present inanimate state is terrible, like that of Catiline, of whom his historian has told us, that when found in the field of battle, he was distinguished from the multitude by that ferocity of countenance, which he retained even in death. His name was Robespierre, and his manners, when living, were such as to justify the impression which I see his savage looks have made upon you. By professing an enthusiastic attachment to a republican form of government, he deluded the people into confidence, and he availed himself of that confidence to attain to a power which he had before declared destructive of the happiness of France. In short, if we are not disposed to be captious about names, Robespierre was *King* of this country. It would have been, perhaps, his lot, in the course of time, to have undergone the fate of its last monarch; but his vigilant cruelty procrastinated a death, which the benignity of Louis only served to hasten." He

was

was proceeding to relate the history of Louis XVI. ; but the stern and piercing eye of the demagogue, by alarming, aroused me from my meditation ; and I was happy to perceive that I was secure in my arm-chair, though vexed and disappointed at finding that the petrification of our enemies was but a vilion.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

June 19, 1794.

SOMNICULOSUS.

MR. HASTINGS'S VERSES TO JOHN SHORE, Esq.

(NOW LORD TEIGNMOUTH.)

Imitated from HORACE, Book II. Ode xvi.

OTIUM DIVOS ROGAT, &c.

[From the European Magazine.]

FOR ease the haras'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial * tempests raise
The Cape's * surrounding waves ;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast, and sees or fears
Beneath his wat'ry grave.

For ease the starv'd Maratta † spoils,
And hardier Seik † erratic toils,
And both their ease forego :
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither wealth, nor titles join'd,
Can heal the soul, or suff'ring mind.
Lo ! where their owner lies !
Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
And Care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

* It was written at sea near the Cape of Good Hope, about the
21st of March 1785.

† Barbarous tribes of the East.

He who enjoys (nor covets more)
 The lands his father own'd before,
 Is of true blifs possess'd :
 Let but his mind unfetter'd tread
 Far as the paths of knowledge lead ;
 And wife as well as blest :

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
 Left pointed lies his fame destroy,
 Which labour'd years have won ;
 Nor pack'd committees break his rest,
 Nor av'rice send him forth in quest
 Of lands beneath the sun.

Short is our span ; then why engage
 In schemes for which man's transient age
 Was ne'er by Fate design'd ?
 Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand ?
 What wand'rer from his native land
 E'er left himself behind ?

The restless thought and wayward will,
 And discontent, attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives.
 At sea Care follows in the wind ;
 At land it mounts the pad behind,
 Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
 Should laugh the present ills away,
 Nor think of woes to come :
 For come they wil, or soon or late,
 Since mix'd at best is man's estate
 By Heav'n's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
 With lacks enrich'd, with honour crown'd,
 His valour's well-earn'd meed ;—
 Too long, alas ! he liv'd to hate
 His envied lot, and died too late,
 From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliot's * doom—
 I saw his op'ning virtues bloom,
 And manly sense unfold,
 Too soon to fade! I bade the stone
 Record his name 'mid hordes unknown,
 Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the Fates may give
 (I wish they may) in wealth to live,
 Flocks, herds, and fruitful fields:
 Thy vacant hours with mirth to shine;
 With these the Muse, already thine,
 Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore! I only claim,
 To merit, not to seek for fame,
 The good and just to please;
 A state above the fear of want,
 Domestic love, Heav'n's choicest grant,
 Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

LITERATURE.

[From the Telegraph.]

ALTHOUGH the professed intention of a newspaper is to convey information on subjects of a political tendency, yet, perhaps, the full purpose of a paper is not answered, unless it occasionally advert to the state of the arts, sciences, public amusements, and general literature. With a view to this object, which we are confident will not be disagreeable to our readers, we shall occasionally take notice of such literary publications of merit as come from the press, and offer an opinion, such as we trust will be consistent with the candid principles of the TELEGRAPH.

* Brother to the present Lord Minto.

The following are very recent works, and seem to require our first notice :

The Conquest of France. A Dream. By WILLIAM PITT, Esq. Crown Octavo.

This is a very singular publication, and leaves the reviewer at a loss to know whether the author be most rogue or fool. Certain it is, that the design and the execution are equally lame, absurd, and impotent. The author, we should suppose, is some young man, whose vanity has led him to an undertaking which would be impossible if it were attempted, and would be foolish if it were possible. There is an evident blunder in the title-page ; *A Dream!* Surely no man, but our sagacious author, would ever dream of the Conquest of France.

The Demolition of Dunkirk, humbly attempted and illustrated. By ALEXANDER WEATHERBEATEN, Engineer to the Court of Chancery.

This author has well entitled his work an *humble attempt*. It required, indeed, no small degree of humility to usher into the world so crude and indigested a performance. The *illustrations*, however, unfortunately leave us quite in the *dark* ; and, upon the whole, we are of opinion, that the author has mistaken his trade. The style is neat, but not very well calculated to produce many converts.

Hanging made Easy: in Three Cantos. To which is added, *An Ode to Sleep.* By an EMINENT SOLICITOR.

Tedious and disgusting encomiums on a very disagreeable subject. If the author has found hanging so *easy*, he might have kept the secret to himself without any injury to the public. We have not so high an opinion of his talents as to wish him to obtain a patent,

patent, although he seems to insinuate, that he was encouraged by some persons of very high rank: The *Ode to Sleep*, if he meant it to be read, should have been placed first.

An Epitome of Logic, adapted to National Purposes.
By WILLIAM WINDHUM, of QUIBERON, Esq.

This is principally a republication of the quibbles and conundrums in children's books, and which have appeared often in the Magazines, under the form of rebuses, enigmas, &c. &c. It may be suited to the capacity of children, but in persons farther advanced can only excite contempt; and whatever amusement children may derive from it, it is not very wise to teach them the arts of deceit and prevarication.

The Way to be Rich and Respectable. By G. ROSE.
Volume First.

This work must not be confounded with one of a similar title, published some years ago, and attributed to the pen of Dr. FRANKLIN. The present work is upon a very different plan. The rules our author lays down are, first, to get money *how* you can; and secondly, to get money *when* you can. He advises the usual arts of servility, boring, cringing, lying, prevaricating, bribery at elections, and doing every kind of dirty work; and asserts, that in his own experience he has never known these to fail. So much for the *Way to be Rich*, which takes up the whole of this First Volume. He promises a Second, on the way to be *respectable*; but if we may form a judgment from the work before us, the public will wait in vain for it, as his genius lies entirely in the art of getting riches, without the smallest consideration of the means.

The near View of an Eternal World — A SERMON,
preached by the REV. Mr. STORMONT, of HAMP-
STEAD.

Although the feebleness of the author's powers be in unison with a subject which is generally chosen at the close of life, yet what he calls a view of eternity is very distant indeed; the whole discourse turning upon the duty of old men in amassing riches to the last, that they may not leave their families destitute.

An Essay on the Utility of Paper Currency in the Support of the Constitution. By ABRAHAM NEWLAND, Esq.
With NOTES.

An excellent defence of our present glorious constitution, as vested in *Pitt, Secretaries, and Common Clerks*. The influence of paper currency is admirably illustrated, and the *notes*; we have little doubt, will be found peculiarly useful, as affording the best and indeed the only *sterling* arguments in favour of the present just and necessary war.

Travels in France by Mr. FREDERICK, accompanied by several Gentlemen of Rank.

It does not appear that our author went far into France, and therefore much information cannot be derived from the work. We learn, however, that the French were every where in full force, although he never remained long enough in any one place to acquire a perfect knowledge of their resources. Those, however, to whom *expedition* is necessary, will find this a pleasant *post-haste* sketch.

The ROBBERS; or a Biographical Account of the SOVEREIGNS OF POLAND. No Author's Name.

This, we are told by the anonymous author, is intended as a continuation of Johnson's *Lives of the High-*

Highwaymen, published some years ago. A curious account is given of a religious ceremony in Russia, where the performers sang *Te Deum* with their hands reeking with innocent blood. This may be a fiction, but it is admirably drawn up, and powerfully illustrates the blessings of religion when defended by courts. An edition of this work is printed in octavo, to bind up with the *Life of Avershaw*, or the *Annals of Newgate*.

Seasonable Hints on the Impolicy of keeping bad Company; with a melancholy Instance. By Mr. MACWILLIAM, lately of Ireland.

The miseries which flow from the source mentioned in the title of this work have been often exposed by divines and moralists; nor will the present case, we trust, lose its effect. The object was a man of good reputation, who, despising the advice of his best friends, joined a set of public depredators, who, after they thought themselves secure of him, turned him adrift to shift for himself. The reader will not, however, feel that pity for his case which he perhaps may expect; for this man evidently knew the characters of those he was to join, and had for many years treated them with the contempt they deserved. It is with a very bad grace, therefore, that a man comes to complain of misfortunes as *unexpected*, which common sense must have shown him were unavoidable in such a connexion.

A Treatise on Mental Imbecility. By WILLIAM SAMPSON, M.D.

This consists simply of a case that lately occurred in the *House of Incurables*, Westminster. A man sacrificing the reputation of a long line of ancestry, and his own character, for a place under a man whom he despised, and by whom he is so much despised, as not to be trusted with any other duty than to sign the advertisement—

vertisements which are stuck upon the walls. The case is very well drawn up, but the author is obliged to confess that he is totally ignorant of the cure; and indeed it would be difficult to find a cure while the original cause of the disorder remains.

A DEPLORABLE CASE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

The deplorable Case of an unhappy Patient, humbly submitted to the Consideration and Care of the Septennial Physicians in this Kingdom.

IN the youthful days of this unfortunate sufferer she possessed a glorious and excellent constitution, was healthful, strong, and vigorous, a perfect stranger to all diseases and distempers, full of blood and spirits, was lively and active, and enjoyed so robust a frame, that she fancied herself proof against the infirmities of age and the injuries of time. But her prospects have been gradually darkened; her constitution, once the admiration and envy of all mankind, has become disordered; her head has been stupified, her heart vitiated, and her blood corrupted; and add to this, that alarms have lately so shattered her nerves, that she labours under an almost universal palsy: her disorders have been increasing on her for years, and though she has from time to time had recourse to every able physician she has heard of, all of whom pretended to understand her case, and promised a speedy cure, yet to her great disappointment and sorrow, she finds they only gave her fallacious hopes, in order to secure their fees, and either could not or would not restore her to health; and dear-bought experience has convinced her, that too many of them were ignorant quacks; she even dreads her desperate situation will oblige her to have

have recourse to the "*Vulnus immedicabile ense recidendum.*" She has for some time been attacked by the St. Anthony's, otherwise St. George's, fire, which has spread over her whole body; and which, added to her other diseases, threatens to complete her dissolution, unless the new physicians, who are soon to assemble in Westminster to consult on her case, shall compassionate her situation, and disinterestedly prescribe some remedy for the unfortunate

BRITANNIA.

THE LONDON MARKETS.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE price of pews in St. Stephen's Chapel has fallen considerably, since the House of Commons has supported Mr. PITT through thick and thin; and it is even dreaded that there will soon be no other purchasers than school-boys, briefless barristers, and bankrupts.

FINE SHAPES among the ladies have had a monstrous rise in value, since *short waists*, *short petticoats*, and *bare necks*, have been run upon. Lady CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL was the first *speculator* in these articles, and she has already accumulated an immense deal of admiration. Mrs. JORDAN has also been very successful, particularly in the *short petticoat*; for no one has been able to bring a better *article* to market. It must however be remarked, that the run upon these articles has ruined many an honest dealer. Such a general stock of *hip* and *shoulder pads*, *bosom friends*, *punchy waists*, and *gummy heels*, &c. &c. has been laid in, that many cannot now appear upon *Shape Exchange*, since *Nature* has been demanded as a *sample*.

POLITICAL HONESTY has fallen very much, since it has been found *political knavery* is better relished by the

the public. Mess. PITT, DUNDAS, and GRENVILLE, have made enormous fortunes by their speculations in this way; but Mess. FOX, SHERIDAN, GREY, LAUDERDALE, &c. have almost ruined themselves by a foolish notion, that POLITICAL HONESTY must be the staple commodity in the nation.

LIBERTY has increased in value all over Europe. There was a great scarcity of this article in France about two years ago, though ~~that~~ was the market at which it was chiefly expected to abound. PLENTY has since returned in France; but in England the stock has diminished, particularly since two great consumers appeared in the market, called *Treason* and *Sedition Bills*.

NATURAL COMPLEXIONS have been gradually on the decline among the ladies since the introduction of *Rouge* and *White Lead*; there was, however, a tolerable supply of them last Sunday in Hyde Park, brought in by a *sharp breeze*.

ORDER, RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, CIVIL SOCIETY, ANARCHY, CONFUSION, &c. &c. have become *Dead Stock* on hand: they were very saleable articles in the beginning of the war, but the public have found themselves much deceived respecting them.

The OIL of INFLUENCE increases in price daily; it is one of the most staple commodities brought to market: there is at present a very great demand for it, as many gentlemen are laying in a stock with which to *grease* the *Consciences* of the voters at the ensuing *General Election*.

ODE*.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

WHITHER, O BACCHUS, in thy train, (1)
Dost thou transport thy votary's brain

With sudden inspiration?

Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine,

And toast new measures to combine

The *Great and Little Nation*?

Say, in what tavern I shall raise (2)

My nightly voice in CHARLEY's praise,

And dream of future glories,

When F—x, with salutary fway

(TERROR the *Order of the Day*),

Shall reign o'er K—ng and Tories?

My mighty feelings must have way! (3)

A toast I'll give—a thing I'll say

As yet unsaid by any,—

"OUR SOVEREIGN LORD!"—let those who doubt

My honest meaning, hear me out—

"HIS MAJESTY—THE MANY!"

Plain folks may be surpris'd, and stare, (4)

As much surpris'd—as B—B AD—R

At Ruffia's wooden houses;

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. 25.

DITHYRAMBUS.

(1)—Quo me Bacche rapis, tui
Plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus,
Velox mente nova?

(2)—Quibus
Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar
Eternum meditans decus
Stellis inferere, et consilio Jovis?

(3)—Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio.

(4)—Non secus in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias,
Hebrum prospiciens.

* This Ode appeared in the Anti-Jacobin shortly after the Duke of Norfolk had given "The Sovereignty of the People," as a toast at the Whig Club.

And Russian snows, that lie so thick; (5)
 And Russian boors * that daily kick,
 With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight's hour, (6)
 To stroll through Covent Garden's bow'r,
 Its various charms exploring;
 And, 'midst its shrubs and vacant stalls,
 And proud *Piazza's* crumbling walls,
 Her trulls and watchmen snoring!

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer, (7)
 The nymphs of Billingsgate you cheer;
Naiads robust and hearty;
 As *Brooks's* chairmen fit to wield
 Their stout oak bludgeons in the field,
 To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals! no common voice you hear! (8)
 MILITIA COLONEL, PREMIER PEER,
 LIEUTENANT OF A COUNTY!
 I speak high things! yet, God of Wine,
 For thee I fear not to resign
 These marks of royal bounty.

(5)—Et nive candidam
 Thracen, ac *pede barbare*
Lustratam Rhodopen.

(6)—Ut mihi devio
 Rupes, et vacuum nemus
 Mirari libet!

(7)—O Naiadum potens
 Baccharumque valentium
 Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos.

(8)—Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
 Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
 O Lenæe, sequi deum
 Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

* There appears to have been some little mistake in the translator here. *Rhodope* is not, as he seems to imagine, the name of a woman, but of a mountain, and not in *Russia*. Possibly, however, the translator may have been misled by the inaccuracy of the traveller here alluded to.

NOVEL-WRITING.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

Get you gone, raw-head and bloody-bones;
Here's a child don't fear you. NURSE'S SONG.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

A DOGGED sort of industry which defies all obstacles, and obtrudes itself into every kind of labour, is a chief ingredient in the composition of a critic. I have already been indulged with the insertion of two letters in the *St. James's Chronicle*, but I should think myself unworthy of jurisdiction in literature if I should conclude my correspondence from any regard to the fatigue of yourself, or your readers. Of the attention of the female part of them I consider myself secure when they shall be told that I am soliciting it for a hint on Novel-writing.

The prerogative of poets, in being exempted from the dominion of truth, was formerly confined within certain limits, and no one presumed to invent who did not bring forth his fiction in verse; to show that his intention was to amuse, and not to deceive by imitating history. The first man who hazarded the creature of his fancy in plain prose, far from obtaining the praise which we bestow on works of imagination, was probably regarded in no other light than a retailer of falsehood. This class of writers had, however, the grace to try to expiate, by the moral of their book, the deviation from morality of which they had themselves been guilty; nor is there to be found a romance which does not give repose to virtue after all its oppressions. Thus the end was considered as sufficiently good to sanction the means; and when Romances grew superannuated, their offspring, Novels, were tolerated for the merit of their parents.

What a Novel ought to be, both with respect to its conduct, and to its object, has been shown by Johnson. The difficulties inseparable from an attempt to delineate characters, the originals of which the reader has every day an opportunity of observing, are set out so strongly, that the effect produced by his representation has been very great, though not, I am inclined to think, such as he desired.—The claims of hunger are too imperious to be silenced by criticism, nor has the fear of miscarriage diminished the number of authors; it has, however, altered their style, and what was formerly a portrait is now become a landscape. The avarice of the father, desirous of associating beauty with old age, the mixed virtues and follies of the youth who endeavours to counteract his efforts, and whose successes, and miscarriages, constitute the fable, have given place to gloomy caverns and impenetrable forests. From the exordium of a modern Novel an inexperienced reader is led to conclude, that the history before him is that of birds, or beasts, when he finds the scene laid so remote from the haunts of men. He is, however, soon undeceived, conducted through the pathless wild to a ruined castle, and entertained with objects calculated to “harrow up the soul.” Here *terror is the order of the day*; swords, axes, poniards, daggers, knives, sabres, all the instruments of offensive cutlery, the poisoned bowl, and the ignominious halter, are scattered with a profusion at which even Borgia would shudder. Blood and mangled limbs, whole skeletons, assist the plot, and lead to the catastrophe, which is either a murder, or an execution, and a wedding; for even these creatures dare to love, nor does the author blush at transferring in a moment the attention of him whom he has fatigued with these barbarous spectacles to soft and gentle amours; and, like Medea, he mingles the tender passions with homicide and cruelty.

Though this style of Novel-writing is not ancient,
yet

yet it has already made a considerable progress, and its evils are by no means trifling. It is said of the sharks of Angola, that until they have eaten human flesh the sailor may bathe in the seas there with security; but that once having tasted blood, they set no bounds to their appetite for it. I should be sorry to apply this to my fair country-women in their literary taste; but the increasing demand for the *terrible* at the circulating libraries gives me great uneasiness. A friend of mine, whose life has been supported by attending to the follies of mankind, is so sensible of the general inclination to be frightened, that he is preparing a work in which the *guillotine*, by a general sweep, is to supersede the labour of individual assassination. He has read in Bracton, our old law writer, that to constitute fear it is necessary that it should be founded upon circumstances at which even a brave man might tremble. He has consulted me, and I agree with him in thinking, that nothing is so well calculated to spread general terror as that from which, when imminent, neither valour nor prudence can rescue us. He has, therefore, bound in the silken ties of affection, twenty heroes in the prime of their lives, to twenty blooming virgins, all of whom, male and female, after having escaped the puny attack of the sword and the javelin, undergo the common fate of the good and the bad in France. He means to present this book to the world with the speech of Tomyris, Queen of Scythia, to Cyrus, for a motto—“*Satia te sanguine quem sitisti.*”

But the terrorist does not confine himself to the evils incident to frail mortality. The elements are rendered tributary to him, and he employs them to spread alarm; as our great adversary formerly is represented to have done, by Milton. As there is more stage trick than horror in this, I am willing to concede to him storms, tempests, hail, wind, lightning, and thunder; and that he may not complain that his materials are

few, I shall refer him to the eighth book of the *Æneid* for a specification of the items necessary to a thunder-bolt. The passage has been translated by a great genius, and is in plain prose as follows: "Three rays of a twisted shower, three of a watery cloud, three of red fire, and three of the winged south wind; then mixed they with their work terrible lightnings, and sound, and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames."

MOMUS CRITICORUM.

PICTURE OF HIGH LIFE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

ADVANTAGES OF AN EQUIVOCAL CHARACTER.

"**H**ANG your fixed principles," said Lady RANDANN: "what are they good for but to narrow the opportunities of life? An accommodating spirit, that bends cheerfully to every overture, is surely more likely to profit from the *chances* than the fastidious temper that seeks to reconcile its pursuits to consistency.—Look forth into the wide theatre of life, and tell me ingenuously if you do not find the most thriving statesmen, divines, and lawyers to be those who, in the gradation from *imposing humility*, to its object, *exaltation*, were not restrained by any embarrassing regards to character from courteously embracing the expedient in preference to the right.

"You see, my Lords and Ladies," continued her Ladyship, with that frankness which fashion sanctifies in the successful; "you see I make no secret of the doctrine of which my history is an illustration. You know that my hopeful husband, Sir ROVER RANDANN, furnished me with the evidence of some youthful infidelities that enabled me to profit from the *confederate* laws of that wise people, who, in their provident kindness to
the

the miserable, cut the hymeneal knot as easily as they tie it; and I fairly *divorced* him.

"Thus a new field was opened to us both. He carried a showy figure and an ancient title to the city market; and I became, in the eyes of your half-formed bucks, the most attractive of all objects—a *widow bewitched*. I *out-chattered* the lawyers at Edinburgh—I *out-scandalled* the tabbies at Bath—I outshone even opulence and beauty in that hemisphere where competition is a foe to pretence, the west end of the town in London—and, by the formidable weapon of *railery*, I fickedened those whom I could not subdue:—the women left me the field; and even wits gave me credit for talents!

"Thus, by a pretended disdain or disguise, I was completely *en masque*. I have had at my levee, in the same morning, a respectful lover—and a forward gallant; I have had on my toilette an offer of marriage—and an offer of a settlement; I have been honourably courted by a Peer of the realm—and by a Jew broker; I have had in my train of admirers the most polished Prince of Europe—and the most *mauvais sujet*, and I have given them both equal encouragement; I have practised levities for the sake of disrepute—and have written lampoons to be involved in the scandal. Wherever I came, I disordered the senses—I defied scrutiny—I put every passion into tumult—and, waging hostilities with decorum, I triumphed by the sacrifice of manners!

"Here," continued Lady RANDANN, "you see the efficacy of my system; for you see me, at length, splendidly settled—in full possession of the best circles—married again—and again unmarried! with two husbands alive, neither of whom is my husband—courtied by both, though they are both married to others; flattered by both—controlled by neither; with every thing that
matri-

matrimony confers but its restraints—and every thing that fortune can enjoy but its inconstancy.”

Such are the advantages of an equivocal character !

THE PLACEMAN'S CREED.

[From the Morning Post.]

I BELIEVE in King George the Third, and in William Pitt, his chief minister, who was neither born nor begotten, but came directly from Heaven, sent for the express purpose of saving this drooping state, and of exalting it to the highest pitch of human grandeur; instantly upon his descent he ascended into the Administration, and sitteth at the head of the Treasury; from whence he shall pay all those that vote as they are bid. I believe in the purity of Lord Loughborough's political attachment; the sanctity of the Bishops; the independency of the Lords; the integrity of the Commons; the certainty of annihilating the French Republic; and in the discharge of the public debts.

AMEN.

BOTANY-BAY ECLOGUE.

[From the Monthly Magazine].

EDWARD AND SUSAN.

Time—Evening.

SUSAN.

WHY, Edward, hangs thy head in silent grief,
 Why will thy stern repentance shun relief?
 Still heaves thy restless bosom with the sigh?
 Still dwells on vacancy thy rigid eye?
 Lov'd of my soul, from fruitless sorrow cease,
 And let thy Susan sooth thy soul to peace.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh fly me, fly me! leave me to my fate,
 Reproach me with my crimes, and learn to hate!
 Leave me each woe so well deserv'd to prove,
 But do not, Susan, wound me with thy love.—
 Why, heavenly justice! must this angel share
 The anguish I alone deserve to bear?
 Why was the doom'd to tempt the dang'rous sea,
 Or why united to a fiend like me?
 Ye blasting tempests, rush around my head!
 Ye heav'n-wing'd lightnings, strike this monster dead!
 Spirits of hell! come end this life of woe,
 Come drag your victim to the fires below!

SUSAN.

Nay, Edward, sink not thus in vain distress,
 Tort'ring my heart with needless wretchedness;
 Hadst thou been doom'd, an outcast wretch, to go
 Where endless winter piles the plain with snow,
 I would have lull'd thee even there to rest,
 Pillowing thy sorrows on thy Susan's breast.
 Or were we left to sojourn on some shore,
 Where the woods echo to the lion's roar,
 Though danger scream'd in ev'ry passing wind,
 Still I were blest if Edward were but kind.
 Here we are safe; on this pacific shore
 No tigers prowl, no mighty lions roar,
 No howling wolf is heard, nor secret brake
 Conceals the venom of the coiling snake;
 Indulgent Heav'n a milder brood bestows,
 A milder clime to sooth the exile's woes.
 Soft as in England, smile the summers here,
 As gentle-winters close the dying year;
 Nor here is heard th' autumnal whirlwind's breath,
 Nor vernal tempests breathe the blast of death.
 Could I one smile on Edward's face but see,
 This humble dwelling were the world to me.

EDWARD.

Ah, Susan! humble is indeed this cot,
 And well it suits the outcast's wretched lot;
 Well suits the horror of this barren scene,
 A mind as drear as comfortless within.

Th

'Tis just that I should tread the joyless shore,
 Lift to the wintry tempest's fullen roar,
 Plough up the stubborn and ungrateful soil,
 Earn the scant pittance of a felon's toil,
 And sleep scarce shelter'd from the nightly dew,
 Where howls around the dismal kangaroo.
 This I have merited, but then to know
 Susan partakes her barb'rous husband's woe,
 Unchang'd by insult, cruelty, and hate,
 Partakes an outcast's bed, a felon's fate,
 To see her fondly strive to give relief,
 Forget his crimes, and only share his grief—
 And then on all my actions past to dwell,
 My crimes, my cruelties—'tis worse than hell.

SUSAN.

Oh spare me, spare me! cease to wound my breast;
 Be thou content, and we shall both be blest.
 What are to me the idle's gay resorts,
 The buz of cities and the pomp of courts?
 Without one vain regret to call a tear,
 To wake one wish, I feel contented here;
 And we shall yet be happy: yonder ray,
 The mild effulgence of departing day,
 As gayly gilds this humble dwelling o'er,
 As the proud domes on England's distant shore;
 As brightly beams in morning's op'ning light,
 As faintly fading sinks in shadowy night.

EDWARD.

Sink, glorious sun! and never may I see
 Thy blessed radiance rise again on me!
 There was a time, when cheerfully thy light
 Wak'd me at morn, and peace was mine at night,
 Till I had lavish'd all! till mad with play,
 I turn'd a villain, from the villain's prey;
 Till known and branded—Oh that heaven would hear
 My heart's deep wish, my last and only prayer!
 Soon would I change existence with delight,
 For the long sleep of one eternal night.

SUSAN.

Ungrateful man! for ever wilt thou be
 The cause of all thy Susan's misery?

For

For thee, yon waste of waves I travers'd o'er,
 For thee forsook my friends, my native shore,
 And I could here be happy—

EDWARD.

—Oh forgive

Th' impatient guilty wretch that loathes to live!
 Forgive me, Susan, if my tortur'd mind
 Will dwell on happier scenes long left behind:
 The lenient hand of time perchance may heal
 The guilty pangs, the deep remorse I feel.
 And though thy husband in his happier state
 Thy virtues knew, and would not imitate,
 This humbled heart at length may learn of thee
 To bow resign'd beneath calamity.

Oxford.

W. T.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLOSET.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE wonderful effect which the Cave of Trophœ-
 nius wrought upon the temper and character of
 those who were admitted into it, so humorously described
 by Addison in one of his Spectators, will hardly ap-
 pear fabulous to any one who considers the astonishing
 metamorphoses produced by the celebrated political
 Closet, or Cabinet, in ——— Street. As the Cave was
 endued with the power of changing the utmost gaiety
 of disposition into the most profound gravity, the Mys-
 terious Closet has the quality of completely curing that
 impertinent and ridiculous disorder called Patriotism,
 with which many persons in this country have at dif-
 ferent times been afflicted, but which, by the virtues
 of this place, has been almost entirely extirpated. It
 has the power of eradicating all the former principles
 of the mind, and substituting the very contraries in
 their room; so that the most flaming patriot will be
 converted into the humblest tool of authority, and a
 man of the most independent spirit made to flatter like
 a courtier, and cringe like a spaniel. The Closet,
 however,

however, is open in general only for the admission of Peers and Members of Parliament; but when they are once impregnated with the virtue, it can be retained for any length of time, and communicated, like an electric shock, to any number of persons, merely by the touch. The keeper of this curiosity (or rather the under-keepers) sometimes chooses a select number of that troublesome race called Patriots, and introducing them into the Closet by the operation of some invisible influence, they immediately become his humble servants for every kind of work, and render themselves contemptible to all the world. By this means he either renders them useful, or deprives them of the power of giving him any farther molestation. Surprising cures have, from time to time, been effected by simple admission into the Closet, and so decisive were the instances, that it was shrewdly suspected nobody denied the effect but who *themselves wished to make the experiment*. Some years ago a very promising young gentleman was, by an odd concurrence of whimsical accidents, let into the Closet, and the effects were quickly seen upon him. His whole system of conduct was inverted, and he was moreover totally deprived of his memory. Some likewise assert, that his *heart*, which before was *sound and good*, as if by devilish sorcery and incantation, was suddenly *shrunk and shrivelled*, like the arm of Richard the Third; but those who affect to know him better, affirm that it was *so from his birth*. Be this as it may, the virtues of the Closet, for the cure of this malady of the mind, have been established by some recent examples beyond the power of contradiction. A set of men called Whigs, were thought to be so inveterately afflicted, that all applications would be ineffectual. They had been accustomed to talk of public interest, liberty, the Revolution, Bill of Rights, virtuous Ministers, and such-like nonsensical jargon. These are the ordinary symptoms of the distemper in every

every stage ; but on its *first* appearance the most simple remedies have seldom failed of success—two or three visits from the *King's physician*—who after once or twice *feeling the pulse of the patient*, pronounces him completely cured. The most alarming circumstance, however, in the case of these gentlemen was, that the symptoms had for a long period been uniform and unremitting ; and it is generally imagined that, like every other species of madness, the longer it continues the more difficult it is to remove. They happened to quarrel with some of their best friends about a strange event that has since made a great noise, so that it is unnecessary to say any thing of it. On this occasion they parted from their old friends in very bad humour, after having given them abundance of ill names. This difference seemed so extraordinary among old acquaintances, that some believed they had visited the *Closet by a back door*, or, which often had the same effect, had been promised a ticket of admission ; a conjecture indeed that accounted for all their vapouring, and, from what followed, appears not altogether improbable. However this matter may stand, they one day in a body went publicly to try the effects of the Closet: All the world was on tiptoe to behold if the event would support the reputation which the Closet had acquired. But the change was so violent, that nobody could help remarking it, and extolling the virtues of the Closet. They had sometimes ceased to frequent their old parties and friendly meetings, but they now openly reviled them, and spoke worse and worse of their old acquaintances. Their old manners were completely altered. It was whispered, that in order to qualify themselves to make a figure at court balls, they had received private lessons from a number of rascally French dancing-masters lately come over, who taught them a step that was very fashionable at the old court of France, and still prevails in many European courts, but which

had been totally disused for many years in this country. Their frequenting such places was the more extraordinary, as they had been little in the habit of attending them, because they disliked the company who generally resorted thither, and only went to show their respect to the master of the ceremonies, for whose person and office the whole party entertained a great regard. Yet the company was precisely the same that they had formerly avoided, and it was observed that the good qualities they now perceived had been discovered only by means of the virtues of the Closet. They now formed the strictest intimacy with a set of men whom they themselves once, and all honest people besides, held to be no very creditable acquaintances. Their opinions, principles, language, and actions were assimilated to those of their new associates, or were, if possible, worse. They now spoke much of the honour and safety of the Crown, but flew in a passion if the rights of the people were mentioned. They talked of the Revolution as little as possible, and never with approbation. They thought the Bill of Rights a system of licentiousness, and required amendment. In conjunction with their confederates, they went so far as to publish a new edition of an old book called the British Constitution, in which they used great freedom with the text, and even blotted out some of the best passages. It was very ill received, however, and the first impression only had a little sale, because every one of their numerous retainers and dependants was forced to take a copy. The old editions were most read and admired, and it was hoped that the new one would quickly be out of print, and some honest people thought that the editor deserved to lose his ears. These gentlemen were now very eager to engross pensions, though they had formerly clamoured for economy, and were promoted to places which they had abolished as superfluous. In short, they became whatever was most opposite

posite to what they were before, and the only thing wanting was to make other people forget, as they themselves had forgotten, what they had formerly been. *All loyal and honest* persons, such as placemen and pensioners, applauded the change, while the majority, chiefly people who neither wished nor needed place or promise, entertained of them a thorough contempt. This, however, they had the magnanimity to despise, as it is one of the effects of the Closet to render the mind callous to all puerile impressions of shame. Henceforth it is thought that no one will be so sceptical as to doubt the virtues of the wonderful Closet. The only difficulty that remains is to account for the phenomenon by natural causes. Some think that the change is produced by a vapour which arises in the room similar to that by which the priestesses of Delphos was inspired with prophecy, and to which the Oracle *owed the success of its impostures*. Many incline to think that the patient is cured by a copious draught of *aurum portabile*, administered upon his entrance into the Closet. Others affirm that a *blue riband* is bound round the eyes, which has the effect totally to derange the mental optics. The majority agree that places, pensions, promises, titles, and baubles, are the whole *materia medica*, by a just composition of which, and a due attention to the constitution of the patient, these wonderful cures are performed. But it is thought that this important physical or metaphysical question can only be solved by the kindly assistance of the gentlemen of *the Royal Society*.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A MINISTER OF STATE AND A BOURGHO-
MONGER.

[From the Telegraph.]

THE following curious Dialogue, showing the manner of obtaining a *Place*, will afford a true picture of that power which, in corrupt times, attaches to parlia-

parliamentary interests ; and, if such a subject were admissible upon the stage, might be worked up into a very laughable scene. It took place as follows :

Upon a vacancy of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard by death, the late Lord Falmouth applied to Mr. Henry Pelham, the then Minister, to be appointed to it ; and something very like the following singular conversation is said to have taken place upon the occasion.

Lord F. Upon the information I have just received of the death of —, I am come, Mr. P. to ask for the place of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Mr. P. Indeed, my Lord, it gives me the greatest concern that I should be obliged to deny you any thing ; but, upon my word, it is already promised to Lord A—. In any thing else your Lordship may command my very best services.

Lord F. To be candid with you, Mr. P. and to come to the point at once, I must acquaint you that I have long set my heart upon this post, and you very well know that in my family, and by my influence, you have seven good parliamentary friends. There are seven of us, Mr. P.

Mr. P. I am truly sensible, my Lord, of your powerful and numerous connexions : I am also equally sensible how much Government is indebted to you, for a very firm, continued, and most respectable support. Yet what can be done ? A promise is gone forth, and cannot be recalled.

Lord F. There are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. If an absolute promise had not been given, matters might have been accommodated to your Lordship's wish ; and nothing, I am sure, could equal the satisfaction I should have had in showing a most ready compliance with your Lordship's request.

Lord F. There are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. It is really a most unfortunate business. If you had done me the favour to have written to me

as soon as you had notice of the vacancy, I might have been prepared to put aside the proposal which my brother, the Duke of Newcastle, made to me in favour of Lord A——, when the vacant place was absolutely given to him.

Lord F. There are *seven* of us, Mr. P.

Mr. P. I trust your Lordship, who is known to have so just and so nice a sense of honour, would never urge me to violate a sacred engagement, which must not only injure me as a Minister, but as a man, and throw an equal disgrace upon my political and moral character.

Lord F. There are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. Permit me, my Lord, seriously to point out to your Lordship, in what an unrespectable light, to say no worse, I must appear to the noble Lord to whom this post has been promised, should I forfeit my word to him in your favour. I hope, nay, I am sure, that Lord F. is more my friend than to be instrumental in placing me in so distressing a predicament.

Lord F. Mr. P. there are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. Indeed, my Lord, I cannot express my concern upon this occasion. Is there no possibility of obliging you in some other shape? Only do me the favour to name any other object of your Lordship's wishes, and the whole power of Administration shall be united to obtain it for you. Surely there are posts at court equally worthy your Lordship's ambition with that which is the object of your present solicitation. Perhaps, my Lord, the profits of the place would be equally satisfactory, if it was disburdened of the trouble of attendance. If this should be the case, an equivalent to the income of it is at your Lordship's command. I will venture to pronounce that such a desire of Lord F——'s will be immediately gratified.

Lord F. Mr. P. I came to solicit for the place of
A A 3
 Captain

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and not for a pension. I again repeat that there are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. I hope you will reflect a moment upon the disgrace which is thrown upon his Majesty's servants, and the general proceedings of Government, by the manner in which your Lordship has thought proper to urge your request. If such a conversation as this should get abroad into the world, the dignity of the chief officers of the state would be lowered in the opinion of the whole kingdom, and they themselves would never be able to appease, without being insulted by the cry and hooting of the mob. Besides, my Lord, if I were to comply with your request at this time, and the manner in which my consent was forced from me should be known, the enemies of Administration would have every reason for exultation, and it would be reasonably supposed that the Minister was so weak, as to be really alarmed at the revolt of half a dozen votes in the House of Commons.

Lord F. I have but one argument, *Mr. P.*—there are *seven* of us.

Mr. P. My Lord, you came here to ask a kindness of me; do permit me, on the contrary, to beg and supplicate you to withdraw your present request, and receive the faithful promise of my best service on any and every future occasion. At present it is impossible to comply with your Lordship's wishes: with real concern I declare it to be impossible; and I am disposed to flatter myself, that when your Lordship has reflected coolly upon the matter, you will not blame me for adhering to my engagement to Lord A. which I should most assuredly have kept inviolable, if it had been made to your Lordship.

Lord F. Well, *Mr. P.* since there appears to be an impossibility of obtaining my request, I must acquiesce; but remember, Sir, I again repeat to you, that, by G—d! there are SEVEN of us.

Here the conversation ended: but in spite of promises, disgrace, and impossibilities, his Lordship's arguments prevailed. He was appointed to the post, and enjoyed it to the hour of his death. Who would not be a borough-monger? and where can be the reason for a parliamentary reform, while *such things are?*

PIOUS ADVICE

TO SUNDRY VERY WORTHY GENTLEMEN WHEN UPON
THE EVE OF DISSOLUTION.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MAKE up your affairs, and calculate how much you are worth; but it is not necessary you should examine how much good you have done.

Visit your friends in the country—ask the *men* to dine with you twice or thrice—give the *ladies* a ball—and visit the *women* in their hovels. Kifs and flatter their children—don't mind your clothes—they will say, “*Zouns!* what a *woundy koind* gentleman is our parliament-man!”

Promise all that is asked—and more if you can think of any thing—offer to build a bridge, or a church, or a play-house, or any thing they like—deny nobody—and frank as many letters as you can.

In town—get yourself upon all the stewardships of public charities, and down with your ten pounds—ten in capital letters.

Get up frequently, and make speeches—rail against taxes of all kinds, excise, customs, turnpikes, and bad harvest weather.

If any charity be going forwards, be at the top of it; provided it is to be advertised publicly—if not, it is not worth your while. None but a fool would hide his talent in a napkin on such an occasion.

These

These few directions, properly attended to, will make you meet the awful moment of *dissolution* with bravery and spirit—and when you *come to life again*, why, a fig for the snotty children, the promises, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the charities, and the subscriptions.

PROBATUM EST.

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN ODE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

EMMA, fetch ink, and pen, and paper:
And mend that fire, and light this taper:

Then shut the door, I pray!

Muse macaronic, deign to bring
Thy wonted aid!—I mean to sing
A very pretty lay.

By Jove, I'll emulate, in rhyme,
The song sonorous and sublime

Of the great Theban bard:

I'll try, moreover, to infuse
The sweetness of the Sapphic muse:—
Which will be mighty hard!

For whom, O Goddess, shall we tune
The soft Jew's-harp, or rough bassoon—
Or Irish bag-pipe shrill?

And of what flow'rs shall we compose
A wreath to deck our hero's brows:—
Goddess, I wait thy will.

Begin:—Of liquids, 'tis confess'd
That water——water is the best!

At least, so PINDAR says;
And glitt'ring gold unrivall'd shines,
'Midst other metals in the mines—
Like a nocturnal blaze.

But, Oh! dear heart! as, in the sky,
No star, however bright, can vie

With

With Sol's superior rays:
 So, never hope, or wish to hit
 On a KING'S MINISTER like PITT—
 In these degen'rate days.

With what rare talent shall we start?
 His modest, pure, and virgin heart—
 If virgin hearts there be!
 VENUS, avaunt!—not Hecla's snow,
 Which fire itself can never thaw,
 Is half so cold as HE!

Yet, strange to tell! DUNDAS maintains
 That BILLY, monk-like, ne'er abstains
 From viands, or from wines:
 But daily pays devotion due
 To CERES, and to BACCHUS too,
 At their respective shrines.

Say, shall we, Goddess, rather sing
 His *memory*—so rare a thing
 In Ministers of State?
 He can remember what ne'er was,
 And yet forget what came to pass
 Before him, in debate!

His flux of words, replete with sense—
 And that bewitching *eloquence*,
 Which fascinates our senate,
 Claim next our macaronic lays,
 Although they be above our praise;
 For, sure, there's magic in it!

See fifteen score of wise compeers,
 With gaping mouths and prickt-up ears,
 By his almighty nod
 Move ev'ry way that he requires,
 Squeak *aye* or *no*, as he desires—
 As puppets do, by G-D!

He can, with ease, turn black to white,
 Turn night to day, and day to night—
 Make falsehood seem a truth:
 Not JONAS' self, the famous Jew,
 So many wondrous tricks could do—
 As can our matchless YOUTH!

How

How shall the Muse her task fulfil,
 When she attempts to sing his skill
 In planning wars and battles?
 Our foes themselves his praise proclaim;
 And nations tremble at PITT's name—
 As wh—s at watchmen's rattles.
 He, with a single blast of air,
 Made Russia's tyrant stamp and stare—
 Yet cede her high pretension!
 With one small frowning of his face
 He forc'd the proud Iberian race
 To make a quick convention!
 The French, a bold, but atheist crew,
 He, doubtless, would have vanquish'd too—
 And to the Devil have sent 'em,
 If for the plans that he had given,
 To execute, propitious Heaven
 Had better gen'als lent him.
 But, tremble yet, ye godless race,
 Who, void of sense, or shame, or grace,
 An impious warfare wage
 On sacred Kings, the Sons of God—
 Dread BILLY PITT's uplifted rod,
 And Heav'n's avenging rage.
 We've seen, in war how great the BOY:
 Next let us, Muse, our strains employ,
 To tell in peace how great!—
 During the peace, we all well know,
 He made the royal chest o'erflow—
 And paid the nation's debt!
 And yet, how small the tax we paid!
 Which on the poor was chiefly laid—
 That vile, ignoble body!
 What loyal tongue will not agree
 To say, with HORACE, BURKE, and me—
Profanum Vulgus odi?*

* That is, I hate the Swinish Multitude.

A PITT in war, in peace a SULLY,
Is, certainly, our Heav'n-born BILLY—
That cannot be denied:

But that's not all—hear greater wonders!
Our BILLY is, of law-expounders,
The very pink and pride!

Of crimes the faintest shades he sees,
In all their aspects and degrees;

No guilt forever slim,
As to escape the scrutiny
Of his Cycæan, poring eye:—
COKE was a mole to him!

Those latent treasons he detected,
With which the nation was infected,
Against our Sov'reign Lord:
By means of his informing crew,
He dragg'd the traitors forth to view—
And loyalty restor'd.

Nor should it ever be forgot,
That HE defcried the pop-gun plot—
(No plot was ever stranger!)
O GEORGE, how kind has Fortune been,
To give thee such a MAN, to screen
Thy royal head from danger!

Yet must not PITT alone engross
Our praise—as if the rest were dross,
Of all the royal minions:

One star another may exceed
In light; yet ev'ry star, indeed,
Is part of light's dominions.

DUNDAS, like Ursa Major, leads
The way; Boötes him succeeds—

The sleek and slow-pac'd ROSE;
And then that sly and *pawky loon*,
The senior sophist of the *Goon*—

Whom ev'ry body knows,

'Tis true he once abus'd his wit,
To counteract the deeds of PITT—

And

And wish'd him in a halter:
 And may PITT's foe become again,
 If lust of pow'r or lust of gain
 His supple soul should alter.

These Northern streamers past, we look
 For Southern stars—behold a Duke,

The glory of the nation!
 While RICHMOND wields the nation's thunder,
 'Twould be, indeed, a mighty wonder,
 To see a French invasion.

The watchful CHATHAM next appears,
 In wisdom old, though young in years,

The pole-star of the main:
 While by his light our navies steer;
 No wicked Frenchmen dare come near,
 Our commerce to restrain*.

What, though in LEEDS we lost a star,
 We still can carry on the war,

Without its scintillation:
 See greater names our phalanx join,
 And leave the phalanx Jacobine,
 With royal approbation!

See princely PORTLAND, born and bred
 A flaming Whig, of Whigs the head,
 By BILLY's pretty story,
 Of private plots, and public speeches,
 To force our Peers to wear no breeches,
 Become a flaming Tory!

See MANSFIELD, like a school divine,
 With *mickle* art and labour twine

A rope of yard-long words:
 With which he's ever on the watch,
 To fetter—if he can but catch—
 Our democratic Lords!

See WINDHAM, Prince of those who vend
 Rare logomachies, without end,

* Written before the appointment of the present First Lord of the Admiralty.

Though

CURIOUS STORY.

Though erst the people's friend;
Is now, converted to the steeple,
A brave despiser of the people,
And their most fiery fiend!
Why need I, in a tedious lay,
The rest of loyal names display
Who serve their King and PITT?
For, though they're wits, and great, and good—
I wish to have it understood—
They *ciphers* are—God wit!
Merlinian Muse, suspend thy strain;
Emma, take to their place again
This paper, pen, and ink.
Boy, bring, to cheer my drooping soul,
Of royal punch a spacious bowl—
For I must largely drink.

CURIOUS STORY.

[From the True Briton.]

A YOUNG Parisian, travelling to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman, in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with, "Pray, Sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "*Ik kan niet verstaan* (I do not understand you)." The Parisian not doubting but what he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "Oh, oh!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstane. Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that I ever saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river Choise; but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most
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KNOCKING.

beautiful woman on the quay, walking arm in arm with a gentleman ; he asked a person who passed him, who that charming lady was ? But the man not understanding French, replied, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*."—"What, Sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kaniferstane's wife, whose house is near the canal ? Indeed this gentleman's lot is enviable ; to possess such a noble house, and so lovely a companion."

The next day, when he was walking out, he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, it was still answered, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*."—"Oh !" said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune ! Mr. Kaniferstane proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery ! It must be allowed that there are some fortunate men in the world."

About a week after this, our traveller walking about, saw a very superb burying. He asked whose it was ? "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," replied the person of whom he inquired. "Oh, my God !" exclaimed he, "poor Mr. Kaniferstane, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery. He must have quitted this world with great regret ; but I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability of human affairs.

KNOCKING.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave to address you on a subject in which myself and my *fraternity* are very much interested. You cannot, Sir, have failed to observe, among the many

many *persons of distinction* whom you visit, that the principal part of a *footman's* duty is to be able to *knock* well at a door. So much depends upon this, that since distinctions in *dress* have been given up, and the *man* is better dressed than the *master*, a proper style of *knocking* is now the only difference between the *great* and the *vulgar*. Now, Sir, as I have turned my hand to this subject for many years, I wish to be of some use to my brethren, and purpose to give *lessons* on *knocking* according to the strict principles of *rank* and *quality*. I shall hereafter send you an advertisement for my course of lectures; and I have no doubt I shall be able to make some *noise* in the world. In the mean time, that you may be able to give me a good word, I shall mention a few particulars relative to the *science* of *knocking*, which I hope will show that I am not, like many pretenders, unacquainted with the subject I have taken in hand.

In *knocking*, the great business is to give a suitable idea of your master's consequence; the *knock*, therefore, must not be *single*, but a *series* of *knocks*, arising one above another in loudness; sufficient not only to give notice to the porter (for if that were all, one *tap* would be sufficient), but to shake the nerves of the company, and prepare them for something grand.

I have often thought of a *scale* of *knocks* that shall distinguish the different ranks of the *peerage*, from the *Baron* up to the *Blood Royal*—but it won't do; for, independent of the stupidity of my brethren, (a lamentable thing!) I never could find a *Baron* who was willing to *knock under* to any *Duke* in the land; nay, Sir, what is worse, the merchants of the city, and the bankers, ever since they forsook Lombard-street for Bedford-square, have reduced *knocking* to such a state of anarchy, that I know not whether I shall ever be able to arrange the number of *taps* in a proper series.

It is necessary, however, to keep off the mob;—I
 therefore

therefore restrict all persons who come to deliver messages, ask favours, or visit the servants, to one single *tap*, and no more. Nor will I permit *two taps* to any *curate, half-pay officer, author* (you'll excuse me, Sir, this is a matter of *science*), or other *needy person*. I wished to have kept *led-captains* to the same standard; but I don't know how it is, that these fellows have as much impudence (almost) as ourselves.

There are a sort of genteel visitors, distant relations, and sixteenth cousins, whom my Lord asks now and then to take a bit of dinner, when he is sure nobody else will be there;—they may be allowed two or three taps, because it may be useful to them in the way of their business; but they must not go so far as to alarm the neighbourhood.

My own proficiency in *knocking* is now so well established, that my Lady will never venture abroad without me; and, as she pays a great number of visits, at all which I do her *knocks*, she very generously considers it in my wages. When we have company, and one of the clumsy new-caught Yorkshire footmen (fellows that belong to country gentlemen) attempt to *knock*, she exclaims, "Lord! only hear such a horrid *style* of *knocking*—I'd die before I would enter a house after such a *knock*!"

I am so tenacious of my *knocker*, that I never fail to be very angry if any visitor presumes to use it improperly. It was but the other day, a poor devil of a parson's wife, some distant relation, gave *three* knocks at our door; I told her pretty sharply, that that was not the way we did things in London, and warned her in future to content herself with one knock. Indeed, my heart relented a little when she mentioned her being a widow, with six helpless children; but you know, Sir, if we were to give up this point, there would be an end of all rank and quality, and it would
be

be impossible to know who were at the door—before we opened it.

I have taken the liberty to send you these few remarks, merely as preliminaries to my *Course of Lectures*, the terms of which will be advertised in all due time; and I have no doubt that before next winter, when the town fills, I shall have reduced *knocking* to a perfect and regular system, in spite of that levelling principle which seems to threaten *knockers*: for if “all men are equal,” all *knockers* must be *equal* too; and I leave you to judge what fine work that would make among people of rank.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

Servants' Hall,
St. James's Square.

JOHN:

P. S. I have some fault to find with the *postman*, and shall address a letter to the *Comptroller-general* on the subject. These fellows sometimes knock *twice*, but our porter knows them so well, that he always bids the maids open to them.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

[From the Telegraph.]

TO THE MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will probably smile at my proposing a *case of conscience* to you, and say, “Why do not you apply to your pastor?” The truth is, I have applied to my pastor, and can get no satisfaction.

The case is this; we are at war for *religion* (among other things), and we have repeatedly prayed and fasted, but the *success* has been on the side of our enemies, who neither pray nor fast. This is bad enough, to be

sure. But what is worse, Gentlemen, our allies are for the most part *Papists*, and pray to saints, which we hold to be downright popery, and a "mark of the beast."—Now, Gentlemen, if our prayers are heard, it is all very well; but if *theirs* should be heard, if, for instance, St. Januarius should really drive the French from Naples, what a fine situation we fighting Protestants might be in! How is all this to be settled?

Many circumstances have occurred to prevent the allies from success; and even the supporters of the war allow that there was a want of concert among them. Of this I do not pretend to be a judge; nor can I conceive why three or four nations, who aim at the same object, may not *fight together* very successfully; but, I must say, I cannot see how it is possible that they can *pray together*; and, unless you inform me better, I must persist in my opinion, that want of concert in our *military devotions* has been very prejudicial.

I am, Gentlemen, yours,

OLD ORTHODOX.

TO OLD ORTHODOX.

SCRUPULOUS SIR,

THE *case of conscience* you have proposed is not so new as you seem to consider it, and it has been satisfactorily answered before, although you probably may not think it any satisfaction to be referred to *old practices*, and the *urgency of existing circumstances*.

I should suppose, with you, that the want of concert in the *prayers* of our allies may have been of some detriment, if I could get over another difficulty, namely, that their *objects* were, at least professedly, so extremely different, that I do not see how they could *pray together* without putting one another out. But I will

will tell you a short story, and allow you to make the application, if you think it can apply to the case in hand.

Some years ago—I should suppose a *great many* years ago, for the people of this country are now so much *enlightened*, that the only danger is, lest the glare of illumination should totally blind them, as is the case with people who are suddenly brought out of a dark room into the light of the sun:—but, Sir, I say, some years ago, a candidate for a Welsh borough told his constituents, that if they would elect him, he should take care that they should have any kind of *weather* they liked best. This was a tempting offer, and they could not resist choosing a man, who, to use their language, was “more of a *Cot Almighty* than *Sir Watkins himself*.”—Soon after the election, one of his constituents waited upon him, and requested *some rain*. “Well, my good friend, and what do you want with rain? Won’t it spoil your hay?”—He answered, it would be very serviceable to the wheat, &c. and as to his hay, he had just got it in. “But has your neighbour yonder got his in? I should suppose rain would do him some mischief.”—“Why, aye,” replied the votary, “rain *would* do him harm indeed.”—“Aye, now you see how it is, my dear friend; I have promised to get you any kind of weather you like; but if I give you rain, I must disoblige him: so your best way, I think, will be to meet together, all of you, and agree in the weather that will be best for you all, and you may depend upon having it. But my business is not to set you together by the ears, by giving a preference to one over the other.”

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

YOUNG HETERODOX.

A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO HIS GUN-BOATS.

BY CITIZEN MUSKEIN.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

Imitated from the 14th Ode of the 1st Book of Horace.

O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus.

O GENTLE GUN-BOATS, whom the *Seine*
 Discharg'd from *Havre* to the main;
 Now leaky, creaking, blood-bespatter'd,
 With rudders broken, canvass shatter'd—
 O tempt the treach'rous sea no more,
 But gallantly regain the shore.

Scarce could our guardian Goddeſs, REASON,
 Enſure your timbers through the ſeaſon.
 Though built of wood from fam'd *Marſailles*,
 Well mann'd from galleys, and from jails,
 Though with LEFEAUX's and REUBELL's aid,
 By PLEVILLE's ſkill your keel was laid;
 Though lovely STAEL, and lovelier STONE*,
 Have work'd their fingers to the bone,
 And cut their petticoats to rags
 To make you bright three-colour'd flags;
 Yet ſacrilegious grape and ball
 Deform the works of STONE and STAEL.

O navis referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus—O quid agis?—fortiter occupa
 Portum: Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum gemigio latus,
 Et malus celeri faucius Africo,
 Antennæque gemant? Ac ſine funibus
 Vix durare carinæ
 Poſſint imperioſius
 Æquor? Non tibi ſunt integra lintea;
 Non Dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo;
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis,

* STONE—better known by the name of WILLIAMS.

And trembling without food or breeches,
 Our sailors curse the *painted* ———†.
 Children of MUSKBEIN's anxious care,
 Source of my hope and my despair,
 GUN-BOATS—unless you mean hereafter
 To furnish food for *British* laughter—
 Sweet GUN-BOATS, with your gallant crew,
 Tempt not the rocks of SAINT MARÇOU;
 Beware the BADGER's bloody pennant,
 And that d—d *invalid* LIEUTENANT!

Iactes & genus & nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE following translation of a beautiful Greek epigram, supposed to be written by Archias, may furnish a hint to the painter, as much as the original speaks to the feelings of every classical reader.

—————Close to the dizzy edge
 Of Crissa's cliff, that overhangs its base,
 On hands and knees the giddy babe had crept:
 Lysippe saw—with agony too great
 To speak—feeling as mothers feel, she stood
 All motionless with grief—what could she dare?
 To stir was death, and not to stir—Great God!

† We decline printing this rhyme at length, from obvious reasons of delicacy; at the same time that it is so accurate a translation of *pictis puppibus*, that we know not how to suppress it, without doing the utmost injustice to the general spirit of the poem.

Sure 'twas thyself who didst into her soul
 Inspire the sudden thought—she bar'd her breast,
 Still motionless with hope—the well-known teat
 Caught the child's eye—Lysippe softly stepp'd,
 And seiz'd her boy.—Still, Nature's softest food,
 Thou art a mother's bribe to save her babe.

H. S. J. B.

REASONS WHY THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

BECAUSE they have directed the operations of Government with the most enlightened policy, and rendered the British nation happy at home, and respected abroad.

Because they have not wrung enormous revenues from the labours of the poor, to support unjust and unnecessary wars.

Because the commerce and finances of the country are flourishing beyond all former example.

Because they are conjurers, and their resources are inexhaustible : they can turn even *paper* into *money* !

Because it must be of the greatest advantage to a country to have a Minister who can talk a great deal to a House of Commons without being understood, and render what he has said still more unintelligible by explanations.

Because, by the aid of their best agents, INFLUENCE and CONFIDENCE, they have reduced the proceedings of the Legislature to that *order* and *regularity* which suit the interests and the dignity of a free country.

Because the *fans-culottish* example of a *crop administration* would ruin all the hair-dressers in the three kingdoms.

Because they have not yet provided for all their relations,

tions, friends, and dependants, to the third and fourth generation.

Lastly, but chiefly, because *they choose* to keep their places.

TAX ON WINE.

[From the Telegraph.]

TO THE MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I PERFECTLY agree with a correspondent of yours, in (I think) your paper of Monday, who objected to the new tax upon wine, as *impolitic*. Were I in the situation of the Right Honourable Gentleman, who, to use a most felicitous word, *imposes* taxes upon the people of this country, had I his schemes to pursue, and his general system to follow, whatever freedom I might take with the dress, and the furniture, and even the eatables of my subjects, I would certainly leave their *drink* untouched.

It will not require many arguments to evince the propriety of this, under the circumstances in which I suppose myself placed. The natural and physical effects of wine will sufficiently answer. Its natural effect is, to make people do foolish actions; and its physical effect is, to *kill them off* before they have time to repent. Now, to increase the duties on liquors to such a degree as to compel the people to keep sober, is, to say the least, absolutely unfitting them for all the purposes of a just, necessary, and successful war: whereas, if they can get drunk cheaply and completely, they will see things in their proper light—what I please shall be just and necessary, and all my successes will appear *double*.

In 1792, wine and spirits were at a moderate price,

price, and we went *ding-dong* into a war of which we could see neither the end nor the means.—This could never have happened if wine had been at three and sixpence a bottle. No man, *soberly*, would have *stumbled* into the road to Paris. No man that was not more than *half seas over* would have projected the capture of Dunkirk; and I humbly think that the man who would not negotiate, when negotiation was practicable, must have lost his speech. To what have the *successes* of the present war been owing?—to what are all our brilliant victories, all our beneficent contracts, our immense loans, and our benevolent subsidies owing, if not to the single circumstance, that we were *too far gone* to be able to *stand*? and it is well known, that those who cannot *stand* will be easily persuaded to *lie*.

You perceive, Gentlemen, that I object to this tax merely upon the score of *prudence*. I have nothing to do with any other objections, such as the chance of diminishing its consumption, and upon that account not bringing so much to the *revenue*. In any other case *that* might be a valid argument, but in the present it is of no consequence, because, according to the principles of some men, in proportion to its *truth* it will be disregarded. It is the *diminution* that I think, upon another ground, the worst part of the business; for what will be the consequence if those, who have been for the last four years intoxicated with the successes of a just and necessary war, should at length come to *their senses*? I have heard it said, that getting drunk is very easy; all the difficulty is in getting sober. And difficulties innumerable we shall have, if the effect of our sobriety shall be to conclude a war of so much *success* with a *regicide peace*, and enter into terms of amity with jacobins, republicans, levellers, atheists, cut-throats, &c. &c.

No,

No, Gentlemen: if we had been disposed towards a sober system, these things might have been prevented, but then we should have lost the reputation we have so justly gained for wisdom in conducting the war, success in protecting our allies, fortitude in battering the walls of Paris, and humanity in projecting expeditions; for, *soberly*, none of those glorious *traits* of character would have been visible. But I hope better things. I hope we will not hastily depart from the system of prudence we have hitherto pursued, and that the projected tax will be laid on a commodity less necessary to the support of our religion and property. If not, and it be still persisted in, I think the consequences will be very unpleasant. We may affect to go about a peace-treaty soberly, but, depend upon it, the question will be

HOW CAME YOU SO?

Thursday, THIRD BOTTLE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS-DAY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER complaints your citizens may make of the *dulness* of a modern Christmas, I can assure you that I have spent mine in mirth and festivity. I was invited to the country residence of a worthy Baronet, not a little distinguished for his *piety* and *wit*—yet still more for his practice of old *English hospitality*.

As he was determined upon having *good cheer* displayed at this dreary season, the *Cook's Armoury* was accordingly brightened up;—the *spits* looked as terrible as the *lances* with which the ancient Britons fought. The *brew-house* had been well employed; and every tenant, labourer, and servant, had it in con-

temptation for several weeks before, to get drunk with the *Baronet* !

At length the important day arrived:—the crew was mustered, *horse* and *foot*,—that is, *postillions*, *stable-boys*, and *plough-boys* ; *chamber-maids*, and *dairy-maids*—and a jolly crew they were ! The coachmen assumed the office of Lord SALISBURY on the occasion, and headed the corps to church ;—and some *fun*, it is true, they had on the way, but it was intended for a merry day. They however returned the same road quicker than they went.—The sermon proved a *long* one—but it was interesting—something about the *sexes*, and was well delivered by the Baronet's brother.

On their return, one of *Wesley's* hymns was sung ;—this was followed by

“ Young Roger threw Margery down on the floor :”

which was encored by the two brothers with much glee;—but before it was finished, notice was given that the *pigs* and *geese* were all unspitted, and ready to face the company whenever they pleased.

Every body devoured as if they thought that being voracious was the only way to show politeness. Toasts and sentiments went round with spirit, and now and then a *proverb* from Solomon by the Baronet, was opposed by “ *Miller's Music*,” or something equally good, by the Priest.

A song was now called for—but *Roger Gubbins*, the threshier, insisted on singing a new hymn that he had just learnt from a field-preacher.—*Will Josle*, the groom, was next knocked down for

“ I sing of a damsel just turn'd of fifteen.”

A *song* and a *hymn* was alternately chaunted ; and thus from the *spiritual choristers*, and the *Frisky Songster*, reciprocally contributing to the recreation of the day, the guests seemed in a sort of Romish purgatory,
or

or in a situation *midway* between heaven and hell. And now the humming brown beer going round pretty freely, the girls got merry, and proposed playing at *Hunt the Slipper*;—and for certain there was a little *squeaking* on the occasion. *Blind-man's Buff* next succeeded; and though no *blue*, there was no occasion to complain of a scarcity of *buff*—but no matter for that.

The next diversion was *Croze-questions*, at which the wenches seemed more delighted than ever, and very successfully played into each other's hands;—when, on a sudden, *Humphry Ginger*, the cock-feeder, overset the benches, and tumbled the girls *topsy-turvy*:—by this *accident* the candles were put out—and such a confusion of *squalling* from the women followed for a little time, as put it out of my power to say *precisely* what happened.

Yours, &c.

Portman Square.

A VISITOR.

THE PROSTITUTE.

BY MR. LISTER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

POOR profligate! I will not chide thy sins:
 What, though the coldly virtuous turn away,
 And the proud priest shall stalk indignant by,
 And deem himself polluted, should he hold
 A moment's converse with thy guilty soul—
 Yet thou shalt have my tear.—To such as thou,
 Sinful, abas'd, and unbefriended, came
 The world's great Saviour: from his gentle lip
 No word of high reproof or bitter scorn
 Fell chilly; but his exhortation mild
 Bade the meek radiance of celestial hope
 Beam on the faded brow: "Who first shall throw
 Against this woman the accusing stone?"
 Sullen behold the envious Levite shrink

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Whisp'ring

Whisp'ring his mutter'd curse of angry shame,
 While busy conscience slumbers now no more.
 Hear this, ye hard reprovers of mankind,
 Ye to the charms of taste and fancy dead,
 Who through the world's tumultuous passage keep
 Your cold and even tenour: hear and blush,
 Ye unkind comforters, who, as ye pour
 The nauseous poison of the keen reproof
 In pharisaic spleen, are studious more
 To boast the virtues of your own proud hearts,
 Than medicine with hope the trembling wretch
 That calls on you to bless his parting breath.

Yes, hapless outcast, thou shalt have my tear:
 Thou once wert fairer than the morning light,
 Thy breast unfullied as the meadow's flow'r
 Wash'd by the dews of May. What if thine eye,
 Once eloquent to speak the soul's pure thought,
 Dart with insidious leer the lustful glance?
 What if thy breast, which in thy morn of life,
 Just kindling to the infant thought of love,
 Trembled in sweet confusion, rudely now
 Pant with fierce passion and more fierce despair?
 What if thine alter'd voice, no longer soft
 Or plaintive, hoarsely meet the startled ear
 With horrid imprecation? Not on thee
 Shall fall the curse of Heaven, but on the wretch,
 Fell as the lion on Numidian wilds,
 That with blood-streaming fangs and bristling mane
 Growls o'er his human banquet—on the wretch
 Who, dress'd in sunny smiles and April tears,
 Won on thy virgin heart, and having cropt
 Briefly the luscious flow'r of thy young love,
 Soon left thee as a poor and naked stalk,
 Now worthless, to abide the wintry blast,
 The chilling tempest of the world's proud scorn.

Say, when with falt'ring tongue and downcast eye,
 He spake delicious music, and thine heart
 Suspected not deceit, and as he press'd
 Thy throbbing bosom to his burning lips,
 O'er all thy frame the soft delirium stole;
 Oh! could thy cheated fancy dare to think,
 That one so dear to thy deluded heart,

So prodigal of vows, could coldly turn,
 And smile on thy undoing, as the theme
 Of youthful triumph?—Yes, he left thee thus,
 Thy parents' curse, the world's unpitied scorn,
 To earn the fleeting wages of disgrace,
 Thy sad remains of life to linger out
 In hopeless prostitution. Dead to shame
 And penitence, which all would now reject
 And shun thee as the pestilential blight,
 No hope awaits thee, but in Him alone
 Who knows each secret spring that moves the heart,
 And with no narrow justice rules the world.
 Farewell, poor profligate! and as I give
 The trifle to avert to-morrow's want,
 Should no licentious drunkard make thee rich,
 Oh! could I to that bosom's hell impart
 One ray of that pure light of virtuous thought,
 Which, ere the foul seducer ravening came,
 Glow'd with mild radiance in thine angel face!

ROYAL LIVERY STABLES;

OR, GRAND POLITICAL MANEGE...

[From the Courier.]

"Ring the alarm-bell! blow wind, come wrack,
 At least we'll die with harness on our back."

THE breaking of the horses lately purchased for these celebrated stables goes on with the greatest success. The animals themselves look sleek; feed heartily, and are most of them in capital condition. There is every reason to believe that they will get completely rid of all their old habits, except that of carrying bad heads, which many of them have really been in the practice of so long, that it is supposed to be incurable.

The body-coachman, who is famous for the numbers he can drive in hand, gave orders some little time ago to clap a few of these nags into the state-coach.

coach. It must be owned they seemed a little awkward in traces, most having never been in any thing but leading-strings before :—however, Coachy thinks this will go off in time ; and as they are willing, and draw kindly, it does not much signify, he says, whether they go very cleverly to work or not ; especially as all the world must see they are no more than job horses.

Among other lessons, he is evidently at the greatest pains to teach them a readiness in taking either the left or the right of the pole, as he happens to be inclined ; having found, by repeated experiments, that the habit of continually keeping to one side is both tiresome and exceedingly inconvenient in long journeys. The principal postillion, one Harry Shameface, from the North, is quite of the coachman's opinion in this respect ; indeed they are such firm friends, that it is generally believed Shameface would as soon lose his place as disagree with Coachy in any thing. This honest fellow has the care of the oats, and, among other qualifications, is supposed to understand the art of carrying, at least, as well as any of his countrymen. To serve a turn, he thinks nothing of hauling you the coach through the worst roads without assistance : and to tell the truth, this is now likely to be as much the task of the active rogue as ever it was ; for it is found impossible to allow the new horses to take a step without being led, and Harry has this laborious office assigned to him.

Besides occasional exercise in harness, Coachy rides his nags with great assiduity. This is rather the business of the groom, to be sure ; but, in fact, few men understand horsemanship better than the coachman : indeed, the manner in which he keeps his seat is sometimes altogether amazing. One peculiarity in his style of riding every person must have remarked, though, comparatively speaking, it was but very little known

known before his time: he has a way of hitching himself forward, whether the horse perceives his intention or not it does not signify, till at last he gets fairly upon the neck of the poor animal. This he declares to be by much the most proper and convenient feat, and does not despair to see the saddle universally fixed upon it before he dies. Harry indeed will have it, that this fashion is as good as established in Scotland already. Whether the rogue is in jest or not, we cannot say; but there is every reason to believe that it was with a view to setting up a riding-school on the above excellent principle, that some Hessian hacks, who are always bestrode in the manner we have mentioned, were lately brought over here: and we understand their being thrown back on the dealer's hands so soon after was entirely owing to its being discovered that there were quite enough of horses at home to answer the end proposed.

Another peculiarity which distinguishes the coachman, is a method he has got of making his horses start at any thing he has a mind, however little they may be really terrified. With a view to this, every nag admitted into the stable is taught to seem afraid of his own shadow; and there are even certain words which the horses must never hear pronounced without the utmost signs of alarm and consternation. This, to a spectator, is one of the most entertaining parts of the discipline that goes on in the exercising-ground, where a starting-post has been erected solely for the purpose. Social Order! cries Harry: Civil Society! adds the coachman: Religion! says Harry Shameface, tipping the coachman a wink: Reform! cries Coachy, returning it.

Here the obedient and attentive animals, having trembled piteously as each word was uttered, stand aghast, with open mouths, eyes fixed, and erected manes, and entitle themselves either to a double feed
upon

upon the spot, or to having a piece of blue, red, or green silk put under their saddles, which has been found of wonderful effect in making their girths sit easy.

Having described the exercises of the stables, it may not be amiss to add a short account of some of the principal horses.

One of the first stalls, as you enter, is occupied by a courser of Dutch extraction, who generally goes by the name of Dupe, alias Cat-paw. He threw out and kicked a good deal when the first attempt was made to lead him into the stable; and it is really supposed the coachman would never have got him taken in, if it had not been for an old Irish horse, that went through the ceremony of admission before him. Upon the whole, it may be said of Cat-paw, that owing to a vicious education he is perhaps somewhat difficult to mount; but when once on his back, he is perfectly manageable; indeed a child may ride him.

The name of the Irish horse, of whom we have made honourable mention, is March-hare. This horse cannot hear a mouse stirring, without kicking up such a noise in the stable as terrifies the rest of the horses out of their senses (if we may say so). He excited such an uproar one day, on an occasion of this sort, that many persons in the neighbourhood were seriously alarmed at first, and really thought the stable was coming down, to the great delight of the coachman, who had planned the joke, and, as some say, actually put the mouse with his own hand into March-hare's manger.

A raw-boned Scotch rip, whose pedigree we cannot answer for, occupies another capital stall. He is supposed to have been a hunter for several years past, and is now called Feathernest. Bully Brows, the former horse in this stall, was turned off, because it was thought he held his head too high, which is the only fault.

fault the coachman cannot put up with. There is no danger that his successor will be dismissed on this account ; for he has no objection to stoop as low as can be required, and may therefore be ridden with as high a hand as the coachman has a mind. Featherneft gave the postillion very little trouble in breaking ; indeed the first time he proposed riding him, the docile creature is said to have got down on his knees to facilitate mounting.

The two horses, who stand together a little farther down in the stable, are so nearly matched, that if they were run against each other a hundred times, we are confident the nicest judges would never be able to distinguish more than half a head betwixt them. The one is of the Rockingham breed, though it would be the last thing we should suspect ; the other is a roan-coloured animal, dam by Spencer. When Dupe was purchased, these poor dumb beasts were found tied to his tail, and, after a little haggling, the coachman had them both into the bargain.

The next horse worth any particular notice is named after a renowned and successful commander in the Austrian service, though of late somewhat in the shade, Field Marshal Funk. He was bred at St. Omer's, the monks of which place parted with him with great regret : indeed, he had become such a favourite, that he might almost be looked on as one of themselves. The effects of this capuchin education are still very obvious, particularly in a jesuitical propensity to fear and trembling, which this horse possesses in a most enthusiastic degree, no doubt from observing the manner in which the holy brotherhood worked out their salvation. The Field Marshal is a good deal given to neighing ; but on these occasions it is impossible for any one to make out what he would be at, and some say he scarcely knows himself.

This horse has lately been selected to take the lead

of all those of his brethren connected with the army ; but if we may be allowed to offer an opinion, this was by no means fair ; for there is a young colt in the stable, called Paris-taker, who was certainly much better entitled to the honourable appointment. This will readily be confessed by those who are in the least acquainted with the amazing stretches of this young brute. One of these being measured, he was found to have taken at a single leap an extent of country which filled the coachman himself with astonishment and admiration. Indeed the facility with which this most hopeful creature gets over the ground has been the wonder of all good judges ; and besides this, it ought not to be forgotten that young Paris-taker is in one respect an hereditary charger ; for it is well known the getter of him was engaged in almost every *review* during the last war.

These are a few of the principal horses belonging to this stable : the number of those not worth mentioning is immense ; among these may be included the poor Scotch thing sent some time ago on a goose-chase to Toulon. Having been obliged to turn tail from thence, the last accounts place him in that most rich and powerful island so happily united to this fortunate country, if King Theodore's London creditors do not put in a preferable claim.

N. B. The body-coachman remains sole proprietor of the invaluable receipt for making work-horses and others carry any burden that can possibly be laid upon their backs ; if from Scotland, so much the better. There is no truth in the malicious report, that the back of the work-horse will give way at last.

Harry the postillion continues to break ladies' pads at private hours ; he can have recommendations from the first families in the North. Punctuality may be depended upon.

LETTER

LETTER FROM PETTER PLACID.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM surprised that a paper so judicious in all other respects as yours is, should admit so many and such severe strictures upon the conduct of our Administration, respecting principally the origin, progress, and probable conclusion of the present *just* and *necessary* war.

You cannot surely suppose, that this is the way to *ingratiate yourselves* with a *wise* and *upright* Administration, who have raised their country to a *degree* of splendour and opulence that is unexampled in the annals of Great Britain, and who would undoubtedly carry it much farther in the same way, if they were not interrupted by the captious cavillings of dissatisfied men.

When, for example, you tell us that this war was entered into without a specific object, that few people knew what we were going to war for, and that it is impossible a war thus begun, thus blindly entered upon, could be successful, do you really think that the Ministry *are obliged to you*?

When you tell us, that it has already cost an hundred millions of money, and that although it were to be terminated this month, twenty or thirty millions more will be wanted, do you apprehend they *are pleased to hear all this*?

When you assert that we have failed in every object, avowed or not avowed; that we have been driven from the Continent after the loss of so many thousands of brave men, who perished in the field, or by cold and fatigue; and that, instead of assisting our allies in keeping off the French, we have drawn them into scrapes from which they are obliged to escape which way they can;

can; do not you seriously suppose that this is a *very unpleasant way of talking?*

When you assert, that the combined powers engaged in war, either to restore monarchy in France, or to partition off the French dominions among themselves; that they despised the French as a beggarly crew of republicans, Jacobins, cannibals, and fellows without breeches or money; and that nevertheless the most formidable of those powers have been so humbled by these very republicans, as to accept what terms of peace they pleased; do not you think *this is mighty rude and unmanly?*

When you, at great length and in severe terms, contend, that the combined powers have not been able to render monarchy more respected, and old establishments more permanent; that, on the contrary, they could not have fallen upon means better calculated to overturn the present order of things in Europe; do you take upon you to say, that *all this is agreeable to certain persons?*

When you review the actual state of the country, and find that taxes have increased until it becomes impossible to increase them farther; that house-rent, provisions, clothes, and all kinds of necessaries, are risen in price, so as to be out of the reach of the poor, and even of the middling classes of life; do not you think that the Minister would *just as lief that you said nothing at all about the matter?*

When you draw a picture of the state of the country five years ago, and compare it with its present state, as to its commercial opulence, and the high point at which it stood on the scale of nations, are you not perfectly aware that *such comparisons are odious?*

When you repeat these things often, with a view to rouse the spirit of the country, to incline the people to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears,

ears, to review the past, and boldly look their present situation in the face, to withdraw their confidence from men who have uniformly deceived them, and bestow it upon those who have uniformly predicted every thing that has happened, and have used every means to prevent it; when you remind them of the duty they owe to themselves, to their king and constitution, both endangered by the war, and that nothing can save our country, its liberties, commerce, and property, but a revival of the past, a condemnation of what has been wrong, and a serious intention of future amendment; do you not think that this is a very *disrespectful way of glancing at a change of men and measures?*

I am sure you will agree with me, that it is not pleasant for men in power to hear their conduct found fault with; if you do it gently, they do not mind it; and if you do it harshly, why, it only irritates them; and you may recollect, that when men are irritated they do not know whether their heads or their heels are uppermost. Yet, notwithstanding this, I am sorry to see that you go on from day to day, saying things which may perhaps be true, (what is that to the purpose?) but which are very teasing; and would, I am sure, provoke the *wrath even of a BISHOP*.

I am, Sir, in all mildness, your friend,

PETER PLACID.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[From the Telegraph.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the study of antiquities be very much the object of ridicule, and all "old things" are in danger of being "done away," yet I am neither sorry nor ashamed to avow, that I am one of the few who still retain strong prejudices in favour of

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a pursuit which has frequently instructed me in the wisdom, the genius, and the manners of past ages ; and being advanced to a time of life when novelties seldom delight, and blest with a happy memory, I am become myself a tolerable kind of *antique*, and am enabled to impart that knowledge which I formerly sought from others. It is not my intention, however, to enter into a detail respecting myself, farther than giving you such a hint as may induce you to pity the garrulous habits of an old man, and bespeak attention to this communication.

Among other subjects which have employed much of my observation and research, there is one which has drawn upon me a good deal of ridicule—I mean my having reserved and recorded all the alterations which have taken place, since I could remember, in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Now, Sir, I should perhaps deserve this ridicule, if, by the *signs* of the times, I meant a parcel of queer and odd conceits drawn from *Ezekiel* and the *Revelations*, applied to the events of the present day, as has been done by many very great prophets, particularly a late prophet, who proves, in a manner as convincing as it is learned, that the *white* horse in the *Revelations* is the *black* horse at Charing Cross ; and that the *man* of sin is the *whore* of Babylon. No, Sir ; by the SIGNS of the times, I mean literally the *signs* either fixed to houses, or suspended from posts. It is in the revolutions of these that I have been conversant ; and it is in them that I have been enabled to read the state of politics of this kingdom.

To communicate all that I have collected on this subject, would occupy a great deal more of your paper than I apprehend can be spared at present from matters of greater importance. I have therefore selected only a few remarks from my memorandum-book, which I hope will be acceptable, and convince your
readers

readers that this subject deserves more attention than has been usually paid to it.

In the first place then, Sir, I have observed that **KINGS' HEADS** have decayed very much of late years; many of them are so disfigured and worn out, that you can scarcely perceive any thing like the face of *man*, and the fellows who live *under them* have not the sense to mend them, though it might be done at a very trifling charge; whereas, by *delaying* it, they must either be at the expense of new ones, or do without one altogether. A very ingenious artist in Harp Alley told me the other day, that he had a great quantity on hand, but nobody would buy them. "There, Sir," says he, "is one of them which would not disgrace the first house in the kingdom; yet I cannot even get the money it cost me; I would willingly sell it for eighteen pence, and I am sure the *wood* about it is worth more!" Observing a very well painted one in the corner of the room, I asked if that hung upon his hand too?—"Oh, no, Sir; that's a *Saracen's Head*; I make a great many of them; people like them full as well as the other."

Besides the information I received from this excellent artist, I learned that there had lately been a great loss sustained by the dealers in **KING'S ARMS**. Want of success had tired them out, and they were trying to continue their business by *olive-branches*, *horns of plenty*, and such like. These, they said, were eagerly bought up by the poor people, who ignorantly fancied them applicable to the times. I do not, however, suppose that these poor people were so very ignorant, although it was apparent that they were going upon a strange speculation.

The **OLD DUKES**, I observe about town, are all gone to decay; but in lieu thereof, it was with pleasure I observed a great many *Dukes of York* and *Dukes of Clarence's Heads*, as fine as painting could make

them ; and while it pleases Providence to preserve such heads, we ought to be very thankful, and make the best use of such blessings. The OLD DUKES NEW REVIVED, although there are a few about town, are but miserable things, and not one of them of *oak*, which they ought to be :

Ex quovis ligno non fit—

Of the signs which marked our naval and field victories, scarcely any thing is to be seen. A few worn-out *Hawkes* and *Vernons* about Wapping seem to say, that “ such things have been ;” but except a very good *Howe*, and one or two second-hand *Rodneys*, there is little in the west end of the town to remind us of glorious times. As to the *Marlboroughs* and *Eugenes*, there is scarcely one visible ; and what is very extraordinary, no substitutes have been thought of. *Stars* and *Garters*, indeed, have been proposed ; but they are so common that any body may have them, and it is rather disgraceful to see the *Rose* and *Crown* indicating no better fare than *tripe* and *cow-heel* ! Some advantage, indeed, has been attempted to be taken of the passing events, but very unsuccessfully : an inn-keeper, for instance, set up a coach called the *Dunkirk Expedition*, which broke down the first day ; and another has the sign of the *Quiberon Hero*, a paltry house, where they sell *blood-puddings*, in *Butcher-row*.

Sir, the time was when the *signs* served all the purposes of an annual register, recording our victories and our heroes. It was comfortable then to eat beef and pudding under the *Old King*, or talk of the good of one's country with *Old Pitt* in our eye ; but now we perceive nothing but the *Tuns*, or the *Rummer*—signs without the thing signified. Surely, Sir, this is not for want of merit in our present race of heroes and statesmen. Fallen, indeed, must our great political characters be, if they cannot guide us into an alehouse ;
unskil-

unskilful must our heroes be, if they cannot frown at the entrance of a skittle-ground. Shops of all sorts require some distinguishing sign; some of them might indicate a place where provisions are sold in *small quantities*. Some of the projectors of continental expeditions might direct us to those useful houses where "*Mangling* is done here." Why might not a *barber* live at the sign of the *Loan*? In my opinion, Sir, the merits, virtues, and talents of our present race of political great men, would entitle them to be excellent substitutes for such signs, as "*The Dog's Head* in a *Porridge-pot*—*The Cat* and *Bagpipes*—*The Tall Boy*—*The Judas' Head*," &c. &c.—and the poor, I am certain, would gladly commemorate the relief which the *great* afford them only by a general display of the *Goose* and *Gridiron*.

These are a few cursory remarks I have extracted on the present occasion: should they be acceptable, I may be induced to continue the subject in a future paper, particularly if I should live long enough to see any *signs* of wisdom, virtue, peace, or plenty.

I am, Sir, yours,

ANTIQUARIUS.

CHEVY CHASE.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

GOD prosper long our noble King,

Our lives and safeties all:

A woful story late there did

In Britain's isle befall.

D-KE SM-THS-N, of N-th-mb-rl-nd,

A vow to GOD did make,

The choicest gifts in fair England,

For him and his to take.

"Excise and customs, church and law,

I've begg'd from *Master ROSE*;

The Garter too—but still *the Blues*

I'll have, or I'll oppose."

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" Now God be with' him," quoth the KING,
 Sith 'twill' not better be ;
 I trust we have within our realm
 Five hundred good as he."

And soon a law, like arrow keen,
 Or spear, or curtle-axe,
 Struck poor D-KE SM-THS-N to the heart,
 In shape of *Powder Tax*;

Sore leaning on his crutch, he cried,
 " Crop, crop, my merry men all ;
 No guinea for your heads I'll pay,
 Though Church and State should fall."

Again the Taxing-man appear'd—
 No deadlier foe could be ;
 A schedule, of a cloth yard long,
 Within his hand bore he.

" Yield ye, D-KE SM-THS-N, and behold
 The assessments thou must pay ;
 Dogs, Horses, Houses, Coaches, Clocks,
 And Servants in array."

" Nay," quoth the Duke, " in thy black scroll
 Deductions I espy—
 For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
 With children burden'd lie.

" And though full sixty thousand pounds
 My vassals pay to me,
 From Cornwall to *Northumberland*,
 Through many a fair county ;

" Yet England's church, its King, its laws,
 Its cause I value not,
 Compar'd with this, my constant text,
A penny sav'd is got.

" No drop of princely P-RCY's blood
 Through these cold veins doth run ;
 With *Hofspur's* castles, *blazon*, name,
 I still am *poor SM-THS-N*.

" Let England's youth unite in arms,
 And ev'ry liberal hand
 With honest zeal subscribe their mite,
 To save their native land :

" I at

" I at *St. Martin's* vestry-board,
 To swear shall be content,
 That I have children eight, and claim
Deductions, ten per cent."
 God blefs us all from factious foes,
 And French fraternal kifs;
 And grant the KING may never make
 Another *Duke* like this.

THE ASS.

A FABLE.

[From the Courier.]

ONCE on a time a naughty boy
 Beheld a patient ass a-grazing,
 And eager for the glorious fun of teasing,
 Call'd to his play-mates with malicious joy:
 " Here, mount, my boys, see what a stupid beast!
 He'll carry half a score of us, at least;
 Get up; but as the brute I first espied,
 'Tis fit I foremost on his back should ride."
 " Agreed!" cried they; then up at once they skipt,
 Whilst Balaam quietly jogg'd on,
 Nor ever kick'd, nor utter'd groan,
 Although they whipt and spurr'd, and spurr'd and whipt.
 Soon they o'ertook of boys at least a score,
 And bade them mount, as they had done before:
 " Get up, my lads! get up! he'll bear us all."
 So up they got, when Balaam gave a bound,
 Tumbled his riders to the ground,
 And made them for crackt shins and noddles squall.
 They curs'd the ass, call'd him untoward brute,
 But honest *long-ears* bade them all be mute;
 And said (for oft we've heard an ass declaim),
 " Why did you ride at such a hellish rate?
 To bear such loads, even patience were to blame:
 So never prate."

" Compell'd

"Compell'd by hardship, to resist at length,
Rascals, I've kick'd you down—I know my strength;
 And if I suffer you again to ride,
 Though whipt and starv'd,
 Say I'm right serv'd,
 And gratify your malice on my hide."

HOW TO CRY!

[From the Morning Herald.]

—"And so we wept, and they were the first *gentleman-like tears*
 that ever we shed." *Shakeſp. Winter's Tale.*

—"Look; the good man weeps!" *Henry VIII.*

IT is a great happiness that the discharge by the eyes, which is certainly as necessary as any other natural discharge, is now likely to have vent in politics. The *tragedies* of modern times have so little to cause tears, that we are more disposed to laugh at them. The "pearly drops of sensibility" will now, however, decorate the modest and fair cheeks of manly orators; and a bill for the good of the nation will *swim* from House to House, upholden by a tide of patriotic tears!

How pathetic! how persuasive! to deal out arguments, not in the *dry* way of logic, but distilled, *drop by drop*, and received on a white handkerchief!

Mr. Editor, I am a junior member, and not yet acquainted with the forms of the House; but, as I have not been very long from school, I presume I can make a cry, if I can't make a speech. But I would fain know the proper times for political crying; for as there are some stages of a bill more proper than others to comment upon it, so I should be glad to know whether we are to cry on the first or second reading; or whether, on such occasions as the late one,

one, I might not venture to report progress, and ask leave to cry again.

I trust, however, that these matters will be placed clearly before our *eyes*, and that no person will have occasion to pretend ignorance.

I conceive, Sir, and almost with tears in my eyes, that this crying fashion has been imported from the French, who in the whole business of the revolution have shown themselves great masters of stage effect. —When the Queen appears before “her beloved people,” she cries; pinches the Dauphin, and he cries, and then they all cry—and it was but the other day that M. Fayette went a step farther, and actually fainted! This probably was because he could not cry; for the doctors say, that in all such cases, you must do one or the other.

I am now beginning to collect *precedents of crying* from the accession of Oliver Cromwell (and that made a great many cry) until the *battle of Canada*, fought on May the 6th, 1791.—These I shall arrange, so as to form “*A Complete System of Political Weeping*,” a publication which I am certain will be of great service, even to trade, by increasing the consumption of cambric handkerchiefs, and promoting the manufacture of smelling-bottles.

Yours, &c.

WEeping WILLOW:

GRAND ORDER OF PROCESSION

AT THE FIRST FORMAL ENTRY OF LOUIS XVII. INTO
HIS CITY OF PARIS,

April 1 (A. D. — not yet positively determined).

[From the Telegraph.]

Hatchet-men, crowned with laurel;
His Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick at
their head.

ROYAL.

ROYAL LEGION.

Cooks, dancing-masters, and fiddlers.

Court-buffoons, ten abreast.

The beautiful animal, called

A FAVOURITE,

male and female.

Demireps, four and four ;

Interspersed with *Princes of the Blood*,

Dignified Clergy,

and *Emigrant Noblesse*.

Drunken Monks, singing *Te Deum*.

Voluntary Nuns,

conducted by their fathers,

with the assistance of *ropes*.

A *Parisian*, *comme il faut* ;

chapeau bras, laced coat, paper ruffles,

ne'er a shirt.

A troop of married women

escorted by *Abbés* ;

their husbands at a respectful distance :

" CIVIL SOCIETY "

in a wreath over their heads.

An *Opera Girl* mounted on

A *Minister of State*,

A Priest at top.

" SOCIAL ORDER "

brayed

by Mr. CANNING, elegantly dressed

in a suit of *fustian*, with a beautiful plume

of *parrot* feathers.

Emblems of Agriculture ;

viz. a broken plough, drawn by one lean cow,

and an ass.

Statue of *Commerce*, hiding her face.

Right Hon. Mr. WINDHAM supporting a label,

" *Redeunt Saturnia Regna*."

The

The Cardinal Virtues
 comprised in a single figure, finely executed,
 though not after the antique;
 his knee bent, and head upon the ground.

Portraits representing

The ARTS ;

(of *bowing, scraping, cringing, lying.*)

A Gentleman Pensioner with a *Cornucopia*.

Grand painting,

supported by Tax-gatherers, richly decorated ;
 the subject taken from life,
 viz. *Want* showering rags on *Industry*.

Beautiful Transparency,

The *Bastille* rising from its ruins,
 surmounted by the words

“ *Lettres de Cachet,*”

in coloured lamps.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL,

in a *poppy* suit, with a garland of *Totums*, unveiling
Treason.

A fanciful figure, stuffed with straw,
 in a vast *patch-work* covering, composed entirely of
party-coloured shreds.

Grand chorus of *Spies*,
 reciting, with enthusiasm, the most wonderful
 discoveries, and ingenious inventions
 of this, or any other century.

Mr. REEVES, supporting a label,

“ *Auricular Confession.*”

The ATTORNEY GENERAL,

Grand Inquisitor, *Explorator felicissimus*,
 &c. &c. &c.

carrying a flag ; on one side

“ Half an hour's suspension to all Friends of
 Freedom.”

On the reverse,

“ Eternal suspension to all provisions in its favour.”

The

The Duke of PORTLAND,
dressed out with ribands,
proclaiming
Security.

The Earl of MANSFIELD,
shouting,
Indemnification;
His son, the young Auditor,
in his arms.

A Triumphal Car
drawn by Spaniels completely harnessed;
Mr. PITT,
seated majestically
in a superb suit of *changeable* silk:
the young Monarch on his knee;
the EMPEROR and King of PRUSSIA, one
on each hand,
caressing the great War Minister;
The *Sardinian* potentate from behind;—
all of them striving
who shall make the most of him.
Waggons of British Coin;
an inscription over each,
“ Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that
seeketh, findeth.”
Regiments, composed of troops
just released from the rod, or rescued from
the rope,
forming the main body of the British army;
preceded by the flower of ditto,
viz. A company composed entirely
of Colonels in their teens;
Master JENKINSON, senior in command.
M. T.

BENEFITS OF TAXATION.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN these times of difficulty, danger, and certainly of
some distress, it becomes necessary to prevent those
feelings of despondency, which are in themselves the
first

first of human evils, from destroying the enjoyments of the many remaining comforts which the most determined croakers will not deny we still possess. Let us, for this purpose, consider whether the very evils we complain of, may not, in some, if not in a great degree, carry with them their attendant good, as I have been always taught to believe was the case of most human evils.

The first and loudest of our complaints is poverty; and this in proportion to the different classes of society.—I am one of those who have both the inclination and means of associating with various ranks of persons, and I send you, as briefly as I can state it, an account of the effect this pretended poverty has produced on each of them.

Soon after the assessed taxes were imposed, I dined with a person of about 6000*l.* per annum. He railed vehemently against them; declared he must make great reforms, reduce his establishment, keep six horses less, have four dishes instead of eight, in each course, and be troubled himself to superintend the management of his affairs.—I visited his principal tenant, who, in his turn, complained, that he could no longer afford to keep his daughters at a genteel boarding-school, and that they must now come home, and supply the place of the servant-maids who take care of his pigs, poultry, and domestic concerns; that he should be forced to withdraw his name from the farmers' hunt, and dismiss his greyhounds; and he particularly insisted on another hardship, that the collector would not consider the horse with which he used to hunt and course as one employed in husbandry, but assesses it as one kept for pleasure.

Little as I am given to question the acts of Government, I began to think that a measure which thus oversets the comforts of every species of individuals, must be a bad one; and I was strongly con-

firmed in this opinion, when calling on my friend Mr. SARSENET, the great haberdasher, I found him in the act of penning an advertisement to dispose of his elegant villa at Clapham, his post-chaise, and side-board of plate. I went home almost a democrat, or at least an *anti-Pittite*; till an hour spent by my fire-side brought to my mind the following reflections :

It has often been a source of complaint, that the luxury of the times has so pervaded all ranks of people in England, that every individual now terms *hardships* what were formerly considered as the *duties* of his particular situation; and that by each class having risen a step in their own estimation, the *last* of these classes (exclusive of day-labouring persons) has been nearly annihilated. Menial servants of late have thought it necessary, not merely to be well clothed and fed, but to be pampered also like my Lady's woman, or my Lord's gentleman; and these, in their turn, are no longer satisfied with their whist and swabbers, but have their regular routes, and are only distinguished from their masters and mistresses, by being better dressed, and often better fed. Farmers' daughters are now above their work, and indeed incapable, from the education which their parents' vanity has bestowed on them, of contributing, by their labours, to the benefit of their family; and it is unnecessary to say, that this want of industry to acquire, and of economy to preserve what they had acquired, has often been the ruin of the family in general, and has involved in infamy the female part of it.

All this has been matter of just complaint with the rational part of mankind, and the result I draw from it, and the present cry of ruin and poverty, is this:—that the very evil of which we now are so ready to complain, may serve as a remedy to that we before so justly lamented, viz. that the pressure of the times must necessitate, in all ranks of people, an attention
to

to their pecuniary concerns, which will naturally replace them in the true situation for real comfort and happiness, that of a well-regulated and prudent economy; with sufficient means to supply the comforts and real enjoyments of life, and sufficient occupation to give a relish to these enjoyments; nor is it necessary to add, that the consequence of such a reform as this, must be, to mend the manners and morals, and conduce essentially to the happiness of individuals, and of course to the general mass of prosperity of the whole country.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AGRICOLA.

ODE

ON THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OBTAINED BY

ADMIRAL NELSON,

AUGUST 1, 1798.

[From the Sun.]

I. 1.

W AFTED on many a fav'ring breeze,
 What shouts of triumph greet the ear?
 What distant shores, what wond'ring seas,
 BRITANNIA'S awful thunders hear?
 What Hero on her recreant foe
 Inflicts the deepest, deadliest blow?
 What VICTOR her ecstatic joy renews?
 The joy of ev'ry heart—the theme of ev'ry muse.

I. 2.

'Tis HE! th' intrepid chief, whose name,
 Long known for high heroic deeds,
 Now fills the loudest trump of Fame,
 To valour prompts, to glory leads!
 Distinguish'd o'er the martial train,
 He nobly bled—nor bled in vain—

Bright Conquest her propitious flag unfurl'd
High on his burnish'd prow, to cheer th' afflicted world.

I. 3.

Nor lust of pow'r, nor pride of vain applause,
(That bright but unsubstantial crown,)
Inspires her sons to win renown,
Whene'er the righteous sword BRITANNIA draws.
To tame the proud, the vanquish'd spare,
Th' oppress'd from cruel wrongs to save—
These objects claim her gen'rous care;
These trophies best adorn the truly brave.
When fierce tyrants widely spreading
Their baneful pow'r bid ruin stalk around,
Oft her gentle mercy shedding
Its sweet refreshing dews, has heal'd the deadly wound.

II. 1.

Thou mighty stream, whose secret source
Has mock'd the toil of many a sage,
Whose waters, from their seven-fold course,
Rush forth with wild tumultuous rage!
Though godlike heroes on thy sands
Have rang'd their proud victorious bands,
Say, hast thou heard a fiercer combat roar?
Did e'er a nobler chief adorn thy fabled shore?

II. 2.

Did juster honours deck the crest
Of Ammon's son, when crown'd with spoils,
On thy lov'd banks he deign'd to rest,
And paus'd awhile from vict'ry's toils?
When mighty Cæsar, calmly brave,
Stemm'd with his breast th' opposing wave,
And, safe in valour, mock'd each hostile dart,
Say, did he then display a nobler, firmer heart?

II. 3.

Ah no!—Each daring chief's aspiring mind
Was lur'd by false ambition's charms,
The love of wide-destroying arms,
The impious hope to subjugate mankind.

Far

Far juster crowns, more lasting praise,
 BRITANNIA'S matchless sons adorn:
 A grateful world its voice shall raise,
 And bid their valour live to ages yet unborn.
 Bid the muse, with transport viewing
 Our gen'rous chiefs, the joyful notes prolong,
 And, her fav'rite theme pursuing,
 Record their glorious deeds, immortaliz'd in song.

III. 1.

For combat arm'd, the wary foe,
 In well-rang'd order, firm array,
 (Forewarn'd to meet th' impending blow,)
 In tow'ring strength, exulting, lay:
 Vain confidence!—from EGYPT'S shores
 In vain th' associate thunder roars:
 In vain her threat'ning rocks, her shoals, withstand
 Britain's impetuous sons, and guard the hostile band.

III. 2.

Collected, in his native might,
 Our dauntless chief maintains his course,
 Awhile forbears the promis'd fight,
 Prepar'd to strike with ten-fold force.
 At length he strikes!—The deadly blow
 Lays haughty Gallia's honour low:
 Pierc'd with wide wounds, or wrapt in hostile fires,
 Each shatter'd vessel yields, or in a blaze expires!

III. 3.

Ye souls of heroes, gen'rous, just, and brave,
 Through many an age to ev'ry shore
 Who BRITAIN'S naval thunders bore,
 And fix'd her empire o'er the subject wave!
 Oh! with propitious smiles look down,
 While the glad victor's brows to shade
 His country weaves the noblest crown!
 The crown of *modest worth*, that ne'er shall fade.
 From her heavenly throne descending,
 Let Justice ratify the doom of Fame;
 And her glory, never ending,
 With BRITAIN'S dearest sons enrol her NELSON'S name.

POETICAL CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
PETER PINDAR AND DR. HARRINGTON.

[From the Morning Herald.]

*From Peter Pindar, on seeing a recent musical Production by
Dr. Harrington, of Bath.*

WHEN people borrow, it should be their care
To send things back again—it is but fair;
To gratitude and manners this is due:
Therefore, good Doctor, to the God of song
Return his lyre—you've really had it long;
Others must be oblig'd as well as you.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS;
OR, INNOCENCE DEFENDED.

Dr. Harrington, to Peter Pindar, Esq.

A lyre, indeed! he borrow'd no such thing,
But sports a stick, with bladders and a string;
—A lousy Hedge-nymph's *hurdy gurd*;
Sculking about from door to door,
Squalls beggars' ballads by the score,
But not a penny gets—as ever yet was heard.
'Twas *thieving Pindar*, 'tis well known,
Swindled his Godship's old *Cremone*;
But so vamp'd up—he scruples not to show it;
For what with varnish, sound-post, silver string—
'Tis so improv'd—he plays before the King,
In tone so sweet—his Godship does not know it.

*By Peter Pindar, on reading a literary Production of
Dr. Harrington.*

Doctor, I much your principles admire:
Apollo very kindly lent his lyre;
And you, the most refin'd of grateful men,
To quit the obligation—stole his pen.

ALARMING

ALARMING SYMPTOMS OF DEMOCRACY.

[From the Courier.]

FROM the communications of various correspondents we learn, that DEMOCRATIC sentiments, for the eternal banishment of which this *glorious* war was undertaken, have been lately revived, and are, at this moment, supposed to prevail in a manner which must appear very alarming to every supporter of the system of existing circumstances.

Some of these communications we think it our duty to lay before the public, that they may be on their guard against the dissemination of principles which threaten to overturn every thing that is DEAR to us.

A *Correspondent*, who dates from Pall Mall, assures us, that the people in that district care no more for a SCOUNDREL who rides in a *coach*, than they do for one who rides in a *cart*—a circumstance that, in our opinion, goes a very great way to overturn some of the *proudest* distinctions established in civil society.

Another, who signs himself *Common Sense* (with what propriety, let our readers determine), asserts that he knows a great many persons, not altogether of the lowest class, who never inquire what any man's *father* or *grandfather* was, but what he *is in himself*, and who seem to value nothing in any human being, but independence of conduct, and those virtues of former days, which are now, pretty generally, objects of ridicule.—He adds, that he is convinced, from very good authority, that this is neither more nor less than a damnable heresy, which must one day or other cut up all hereditary virtues and privileges by the root; and seems to hint, that the time may come, when a man shall care no more who was his father, than he can contrive who shall be his son.

A third,

A *third*, who expresses great anxiety for trade and commerce, complains that sundry low-minded persons in and about the city of London, do speak with a considerable degree of contempt of the character and conduct of some *opulent bankers* and *contractors*, and sigh with regret at the mention of such names as GRESHAM, FIRMIN, and BARNARD; nay, some have been heard to go so far as to say, that the title of *British merchant*, which was once so honourable, is now degenerated into that of *Speculator*, *Jobber*, *Loan-dealer*, and sundry others, some of them very rough names, with which we shall not stain our paper.

Several letters have also reached us from various parts of the country, in which the writers give it as a very prevalent opinion, that during the general election, not a few persons have succeeded by means which, however common formerly, are now considered in the most degrading light.

Nay, one correspondent, probably a little touched by the distresses of the times, although he dates from St. James's Square, declares, that every one of the *ladies of fashion* who have been threatened with the pillory, amply deserves it; and that he has very good reason to think, that in the case of certain men of rank, whom he mentions by name, a *rope* round the *neck* would be a more meritorious reward than a *riband* over the *shoulder*.

Four or five very industrious *Bailiffs* complain that they have lately got into scrapes by arresting the wrong parties—that they are no longer able to know a *gentleman* from a *scoundrel*, nor a *creditor* from a *debtor*. The same complaints are confirmed by some of the officers of the police; who inform us, that such is the *levelling principle* of the times, that a dashing fellow who wishes to swindle, forge, trick or cheat, always takes in the *flats*, by calling himself a *Lord* or a *Baronet*, and that they

they seldom fail of succeeding—until they are *worth taking up*.

All these circumstances agree so well with the evidence of the *Government reporters*, who get their bread by watching plots, that we have little doubt there is a design to promote democratic principles. This was not long ago supposed to be the design only of *one party*; but when we find them joined by *the other*, we cannot doubt of their ultimate success; for *between two stools, &c. &c.*

OF THE ART OF SINKING IN PROSE.

[From the European Magazine.]

CONSIDERING the success which the treatise ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or the Art of Sinking in *Poetry*, of my deceased friend and much-honoured master, Martinus Scriblerus, hath had; what numerous disciples have proceeded from his school; what excellent examples of his precepts these latter days have produced, and how wonderfully his labours have guided and improved the style of modern poetry; it has been matter of much surprise to me, that no one hath hitherto put forth some similar treatise on the *profund* in *prosaic* composition; more especially, considering the divers apposite illustrations which might easily be produced from writers of the past and present ages. Something of this kind has indeed been attempted, and successfully executed, respecting *one* style of prosaic bathos, that is to say, the *Lexiphanic*, by the deceased Doctor Kenrick of *vituperative* memory. So far as his tractate* extendeth, it is sufficiently well performed, and may pre-

* The tract entitled "LEXIPHANES" was *not* written by Dr. Kenrick. EDIT.

clude the necessity of any other to the same purport; for which reason the Lexiphanic in prose shall be left either unnoticed, or slightly and collaterally touched on, in what I shall say concerning the prosaic division of the profound. My worthy predecessor, Martinus Scriblerus, hath well proved, that there *is* an art of sinking in poetry; and all his general arguments are so much to the purpose of proving also that there *is* an art of sinking in prose, that it is unnecessary for me to repeat here in less elegant diction, what hath been already so disferly and irrefragably urged by that learned man. I shall therefore proceed to enumerate, describe, and illustrate the various styles of the profound, so far as the same respects prosaic composition. And herein, as I purposely touch not on the *Lexiphanic*, for reasons before alleged, I go on to the style more immediately adjoining thereto, that is to say, the *nebuloſe* or *obumbratory* style. By the assistance of this species of the bathos in prose, a plain subject is obscured, simplicity is clothed with pomp, and a nothingness of idea puts on the garb of myſterious learning and profound research. In this style is the definition which Hobbes has given us of a "Cause." "Causa est summa five aggregatum accidentium omnium tam in agentibus quam in patiente, ad propositum effectum concurrentium quibus omnibus existentibus effectum non existeret, vel quolibet eorum uno absente existeret, intelligi non potest." "That is," says Doctor Echard*, "a Cause is a certain pack or aggregate of *trangams*, which being all packed up and corded close together, they may then truly be said in law to constitute a complete and essential pack: but if any one *trangam* be taken out or missing, the pack then presently loses its packishness, and cannot any longer be said to be a pack." Similar thereto is the elaborate definition which the same author (master Hobbes) affordeth of an

* Works, vol. ii. p. 16.

assertion or proposition. In common language, this may be termed the affirmation of one thing concerning another, and be well understood; but a writer well skilled in the Bathos will think this the least qualification of his compositions, and nobly aim at somewhat more praiseworthy. In this spirit, a proposition is said to be "*Oratio constans ex duobus nominibus copulatis quæ significat is qui loquitur concipere se nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse cujus est nomen prius.*" This is well likened to what Zacutus saith in his *Treatise of a Spoon*; which he defines, "*Instrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquod in quo aliud quiddam diversum a posito ante positum fuit et retro posito in os ponentis, concipitur is qui posuit primum positum in secundum ex his positis aliquid concludere.*" Wherein, by the way, mark well, as a great beauty, the concluding pun concluded by the said definition. Howbeit these instances are notable in their way, yet have they nothing new in their style; seeing, that more multifarious examples abound not only among the ancients, particularly *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Apuleius*, and *Plotinus* (setting aside the grammarians and philologists among the ancient Greeks); but more especially; they are to be found among the schoolmen and divines of the middle ages. Nevertheless is Hobbes much to be praised, for his keeping alive the embers of a style in his day almost extinguished; though I shrewdly suspect, considering how very seldom he has excelled in the *nebulous* or *obumbratory* species of the *bathos*, that he was driven thereto by the reproaches and attacks of his antagonist Bishop Bramhall. That some instances may not be wanting of this style among the writers of the middle ages, I shall insert some brief notices which one or two of those authors have given us concerning their *ens* or *το ον*, and their *materia prima*. Specimens from the ancients above enumerated, I shall have occasion to quote in a future part of this my treatise. Speak-
ing

ing of *being* or *existence*, the great *Burgerfidi*us asserteth (Inst. Met. l. 1. c. 2. § 11.), "Proprius actus entis est *esse*. Nam omne ens est, et quicquid est, *ens* est: sicuti et quicquid non est, non est ens. Intelligitur autem *esse*, secundo adjectum, quod est *esse* simpliciter, non esse tertio adjectum, quod est *κατα τι*; competit enim id et non enti et *τι* nihil, veluti cum dicitur nihil est non ens, cæcitas est privatio. Communio igitur entium quæ objectum est, communis illius conceptus est causa unitatis in illo conceptu, et sita est in communi ratione *ἐν ἑαυτῷ*." All this might indeed, if it were necessary, be sufficiently expressed by saying, that all beings agree in the common circumstance of existence: but how obvious, how naked does this appear, when set by the side of the preceding quotation! This author farther observes, "Deinde cum ens sumitur ut participium pertinet ad questionem *ἐστὶ ἐστὶ*: at cum sumitur ut nomen, referendum ad questionem *ἐστὶ τι ἐστὶ*. Hinc fit ut ens quod aliquid est, opponatur *τι* nihil, sed non immediate. Ut enim substantia non est nihil, et tamen multa sunt quæ nèque nihil sunt neque substantia. Ita quoque licet ens non sit nihil, quædam tamen dicuntur quæ nec ens sunt nec omnino nihil, sed aliquid inter ens et nihil interjectum, ut accidentia inter substantiam et nihil sunt interjecta." How delightfully unintelligible is this! Nor indeed is it very dissimilar in style to the question which young Montinus was accustomed to agitate: "An præter esse reale actualis essentia sit aliud esse necessarium, quo res actualiter existat?" Much of the same kind are the accounts we receive of the *materia prima*, or that which is generally called *matter*, when considered independently of its properties. Of this, although modern philosophy, with common consent, acknowledges utter ignorance; yet as properties cannot be conceived to exist without some substratum to support them, or subject in which they may inhere; and as this is all which is usually meant by *matter*; the
idea

idea is perfectly plain and comprehensible. For this reason an adept in the *bathos* will take great care so to express himself in delivering his conceptions on this subject to his readers, that it shall be extremely doubtful what is meant, or whether any thing be meant, or whether the writer knows aught about it, or whether the reader is intended to be instructed.—And yet shall this be done with such semblance of profound thought and deep research, and in such a crowd of learned terms of uncertain meaning, that, as the poet saith, each one shall exclaim, that

“ More is meant than meets the ear.”

In conformity to this rule, the schoolmen, as Sir W. Blackstone observeth*, currently defined their *materia prima* to be “ neque quid, neque quantum, neque quale, neque aliquid eorum quibus ens determinatur.” Adrian Hereboord moreover assures us, that “ *materia prima* non est corpus neque per formam corporeitatis neque per simplicem essentiam: est tamen ens et quidam substantia, licet incompleta: habetque actum ex se entitativum, et simul est potentia subjectiva.”

The great masters of this art, however, are neither confined to the ancient nor middle ages; they flourish also in our own time, and upon various subjects. Even I myself remember, when attending anatomical lectures for the purpose of discovering, God willing, whether the infinitesimal particles of the nervous system of the foetus in utero were affected with synchronous and isochronous vibratiuncles, our instructor began with the external teguments of the dead subject, and the pathology thereof. Fearing we should not be able to comprehend, that though *corns* were a disease of the scarf-skin, yet *warts* were nervous excrescences from the true skin, he declared that he would so express himself,

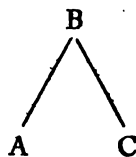
* Com. iii. 322.

that we might never hereafter be at a loss to understand the difference; and to that end assured us, that the veruca or *αρεοχυρδων* was none other than a preternatural elongation of the villary process of the derma; while the clavus pedum or *τυλος* was entirely incarcerated in the superior tegument, and perfectly epidermose. And now that we are upon the subject of anatomy, a very admirable passage in the *nebuloſe* or *obumbratory* style of description occurs to my remembrance, which will still farther prove that we are not without some great masters in prosaic bathos, even in this our day. The late Doctor Fawcett, of Dublin, informs us in his posthumous Treatise on Midwifery, lately published, § DVIII. that “upon the fore and external part of the thorax, on each side of the sternum, lies a large conglomerate gland, the interstices of whose lobules being filled with fat, assist in raising it into a beautiful, round, smooth, projecting, conoid tumour, known by the name of MAMMA.” This is doubtless a conveniently good exemplar of the style we are discoursing of; but I much doubt whether the learned author did not write *adipose secretion* instead of *fat*, and insert what the negligence of his editor hath certes omitted, that is to say, the property of *compressibility* or *elasticity*, which, as every one knoweth, is competent thereto in the young subject. But haste we now to other instances in other authors, and on other subjects, that no endeavours of ours may be wanting to instruct our readers in the perfect knowledge of this important part of fine writing. A nobleman of our day, of great learning, and one of our most perfect examples of the bathos in composition; who, among other things, has perfectly proved to his own satisfaction, that a state of nature among men is a state neither pacifical nor bellical, but quadrupedal and caudal; that a great many gentlemen, well known to his literary acquaintance, never had more than one eye, which they found equally serviceable with our two; that
their

their progeny also were like themselves monopous; that men have constantly degenerated in mental and bodily faculties ever since they left off galloping up and down upon all-four, lashing their sides with their tails, and feeding like good king Nebuchadnezzar on the grass of the field; this great man, I say, who has been at the pains of instructing the world in these important and indisputable particulars, assures us also in a philological treatise, "that the man who opines must opine something; therefore the subject of an opinion is not nothing." To render this assertion still less liable to controversy, he gives us the authority of Plato to the same purpose. *Nota bene*, of Authorities I shall discourse more fully hereafter. Another learned gentleman of congenial soul, whose works undoubtedly furnish the completest instances of this species of the *profund* which modern literature can any where supply, having to define a *conjunction* and settle its classification, tells us, that "it is a part of speech devoid of signification itself, but so formed as to help signification, by making two or more significant sentences to be one significant sentence***. Some of them indeed have a kind of obscure signification when taken alone; and they appear in grammar like zoophytes in nature, a kind of middle beings of amphibious character, which, by sharing the attributes of the higher and lower, conduce to link the whole together." This gentleman had already defined a *word* (or part of speech) to be "a sound significant." But what common reader would suppose that this collection of high-sounding phraseology and learned allusion means neither more nor less, as Mr. Horne Tooke† observes, when put into common expressions, than that a "conjunction is a sound significant, devoid of signification, having at the same time an obscure

† Letter to Dunning, p. 19.

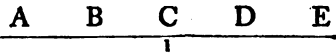
kind of signification, and yet having neither signification nor no signification, but a middle something between signification and no signification, sharing the attributes both of signification and no signification, and linking signification and no signification together?" This is, of a truth, truly philosophical language, and "a perfect example of analysis;" but somewhat too similar indeed to the $\tau\omicron\omicron$ and the $\tau\omega$ nihil of Burgerficious. Very skilful also was this same gentleman, Mr. James Harris, in that figure not utterly unknown, but which appertaineth to this district of our treatise on the Art of Sinking in Prose; the "*explanatio ignoti per ignotius*," or the explanation of a plain word or sentence into an obscure one. Thus, "'tis a phrase often applied to a man," says he, "that he speaks his mind; as much as to say, that his speech or discourse is a *publishing of some energie or motion of his soul*." So again, "for what indeed is to *assert*, if we consider the examples above alleged, but to publish some perception either of the senses or intellect?" In a still more profound style of phraseology does this author prove that the time present is neither the time past nor the time future: "Let us suppose," says he, "for example, the lines AB, BC,



I say that the point B is the end of the line AB, and the beginning of the line BC. In the same manner let us suppose AB, BC, to represent certain times, and let B be a *now* or *instant*. In such case, I say, that the instant B is the end of the time AB, and the beginning of the time BC. I say likewise of these two times, that with respect to the *now* or *instant* which they include, the first of them is necessarily past time, as being previous

vious to it, the other is necessarily future, as being subsequent." Highly delighted, as he well might be, with this most ingenious device for proving so important a proposition, he introduces in another place of the same treatise, a variation of this mode of proof. "In the first place," says he, "there may be times both past and future, in which the present now hath no existence; as for example, in yesterday and to-morrow."

"Again, the present now may so far belong to time of either sort as to be the end of the past, and the beginning of the future, but it cannot be included within the limits of either. For if it were possible, let us suppose C the present now included



within the limits of the past time AD. In such case CD, part of the past time AD, will be subsequent to C, the present now, and so of course be future. But by the hypothesis it is *past*, and so will be both past and future at once, which is absurd. In the same manner we prove that C cannot be included within the limits of a future time, such as BE."—Now saving, that by the assistance of his first diagram he has proved that the present time, the *to now*, *must necessarily*, and in the latter diagram that it *necessarily must not*, be included within the limits of the past and the future, nothing can exceed the Bathos excellence of these passages. Many other apposite examples this rare treatise, which the author in the true nebulous phraseology hath entitled *Hermes*, might easily furnish; but I content myself with one other, which the casual opening of the book hath just presented to my eye. Reader, "what is it to work and to know what one is about? 'Tis to have an idea of what one is doing: to possess a FORM INTERNAL, correspondent to the EXTERNAL; to which

EXTERNAL it serves for an EXEMPLAR OR ARCHE-TYPE." Herein note also, the profundity of the capital letters; and if thou needest other exemplars or archetypes of the true nebuloſe or obumbratory ſtyle of proſe-writing, I refer thee to the other treatiſes of the ſaid profound author, of whom more hereafter.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN JUDGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is with equal ſurpriſe and concern I perceive the members of the Oppoſition reſiſting the late appointment of committees by ballot, *becauſe* the Miniſter and his friends would then have a chance to be tried by themſelves or their abettors. I ſhall not enter here into the merits or demerits of the mode of election by ballot, though I have always conſidered it as an act of cowardice proceeding from a habit of corruption; but I ſhall briefly ſhow that the reaſon why the Oppoſition have objected to the late committees is the very reaſon why they ought to have admitted them.

Sir, we have long had ſuch uſeful publications as "Every Man his own Lawyer," and "Every Man his own Phyſician;" and what reaſon can be aſſigned why we ſhould not have "*Every Man his own Judge?*" Such a practice, I do maintain, is conſonant not only to the adminiſtration of juſtice in this country, but alſo to the eternal principles of juſtice.

Fiſt, Sir, when a thief comes to the Old Bailey, by whom is he to be tried? By his *enemies*! No; by twelve men of like paſſions and affections with himſelf, and by a judge who, ſo far from being his enemy, is really his friend, and even acts as his counſel, in caſe he ſhould be too poor to employ one. I don't ſay, that
Mr.

Mr. Pitt took his idea from the Old Bailey, because, although I once saw him there, I dare say he does not *recollect* what passed.

Secondly, Sir, who can be so proper a judge of his actions, motives, and intentions, as the person accused? Why is it that our criminal laws are so imperfect, that they so seldom answer the purpose for which they were enacted, but because men are tried by persons who obtain very little evidence of the *action*, and none at all of the *motive* or *intention*? Now, Sir, in the present case, in an inquiry into the causes which have made ruin impend over our heads, do you suppose that a committee, any how chosen, would ever be able to discover what the Minister's *intention* was? How would they set about the inquiry? By judging from his actions? No—if you can mention any two of his measures that had any relation the one to the other, if you can point out any scheme that had been successful, and was consequently followed up by another as successful, so that we can make a *rationale* of the whole, I will forfeit all pretensions to common sense. I will even allow that Mr. Dundas is modest, and the war necessary.—Whoever reviews the transactions of the last four years, must be convinced that none but the authors of them can unravel their mysterious appearance. Any other inquirer would only discover that cause and effect have been divorced, and that in lieu of a train of reasoning, we have only a train of pensioners and placemen.

Thirdly, Sir, a man is not only the best judge in his own cause, but he has also the most proper notion of punishment. It is a principle in the law of England to lean to the merciful side, and no men can lean more tenderly to that side than those who are judges in their own cause. For these reasons, therefore, you must perceive the propriety of the late proceedings. I am certain you will find what I have advanced to be completely satisfactory. For my part, I place as implicit confidence

confidence in the reasons now advanced, as I do in those well-founded arguments, in which *bankruptcy* is stated as a sign of *prosperity*, and a *deficiency* the best proof of a *surplus*.

I am, Sir, yours,

A WINDAMITE.

TRANSLATION OF THE MARSEILLES HYMN*.

YE sons of France! awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads round you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandfathers hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries.

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

Now, now the dang'rous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous Kings confed'rate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless Force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing!
To arms! to arms! &c.

* Though this translation, which is far superior to the original, and has been ascribed severally to Messrs. Sheridan and Holcroft, has been often printed, the preserving of it, by giving it a place in this collection, cannot be deemed improper.

With

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air;
 As beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like Gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But Man is Man—and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?—
 To arms! to arms!

O Liberty! can Man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
 But Freedom is *our* sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms!

LINEs

COPIED FROM THE WINDOW OF AN OBSCURE LODGING
 IN ISLINGTON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind
 Like me within these walls is cribb'd, confin'd,
 Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sighs,
 A woman's soft solicitude supplies;
 From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
 Or fly the circle of her magic charms;
 While souls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
 And passions catch from passions mutual fire.
 What though to deck this roof no arts combine,
 Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine;
 No *nodding* plumes our humble couch above,
 Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
 No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
 O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray:

Yet

Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
 Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon smile;
 In her, what Kings, what Saints have wish'd, is giv'n :
 Her heart is empire, and her love is heav'n.

LETTER FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
 THE parson of our parish, who was in the late reign a staunch tory, but is now a zealous loyalist, hearing me speak with a soldier's warmth on the great, and almost wonderful exploits of that general and hero, who has kept the world awake and fame itself in expectation, has lent me a book, containing, as it is said, copies of the hero's intercepted letters from Egypt.

I, who served as a volunteer at the siege of Genoa in the year 1747, as is natural for an old soldier, perused these letters with great eagerness and anxiety, expecting to have my latent, though not yet extinguished martial spirit roused by the heroic deeds and great exploits of this second Alexander. But judge, Sir, what was my surprise and disappointment, when, instead of seeing, or discovering by reflection, any of those great and illustrious virtues and qualities by which such characters in all ages have been distinguished, and by which they have been adorned—I found this modern hero (of whom, you, Sir, have recorded such wonderful deeds in your paper of the 18th of December—such as his having had seventy encounters, of which seventeen were regular pitched battles; of his having taken 120,000 prisoners, destroyed five veteran armies, &c. &c.) not possessed of one single virtue, qualification, or excellence that constitutes a great general, a brave soldier,

foldier, or an honourable man. I find also by these intercepted letters, that hitherto we have been mistaken as to the very name of this hero, which throughout is spelt *Bonaparte*; though, as I am informed by a respectable member of our club, who speaks from the best authority, the hero himself always signs *Buonaparte*. This member also observes, perhaps too minutely, that the several notes in the margin of these letters do not well accord with the letters themselves, as they discover a greater knowledge of men and things in Egypt than do the letters which they are meant to illustrate.

Now, Sir, as I observe mention made of your paper in the preface to these intercepted letters, perhaps you can set us right in these matters, and inform us why this redoubtable hero is to be deprived of a letter in his name. If, indeed, the name was in itself high-sounding and terrific, such as *Bellerophon* or *Chrononhotontologos*, perhaps the elision might have been allowable: but, seeing it is of as easy and quiet pronunciation as it is of gentle and pacific meaning, we are at a loss to account for the defalcation. Our loyal parson, indeed, says it matters not by what name this hero is distinguished; and wishes (perhaps with more zeal than humanity) that if he is not assassinated, he may be devoured by the crocodiles of the Nile; which, he says (for he is, Sir, a punster), he should take in good part, and at which he says he should rejoice with our MAHOMETAN BRETHREN.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
And humble servant,

Skipton, Craven. AN OLD SOLDIER.

P. S. Our parson says that the Turks are much more likely to become good Christians than the Jews or French democrats. Pray, Sir, what is your opinion?

ON THE USE OF MIRACLES.

[From the Telegraph.]

TO THE MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

IT ill becomes persons in your situation, to whom the public look up for liberality, as well as information, to speak with either harsh severity, or ludicrous indifference of the means which some foreign princes may have thought proper to use, in order to preserve their dominions from the inroads of the French. But I trust, and am persuaded, that you admitted the articles in your late paper, which reflected upon the King of Naples, and his ally St. Januarius, rather with a view to oblige certain correspondents, and convince them that your paper is open to speculations of all sorts, than to speak your real sentiments on the subject.

Gentlemen, with respect to St. Januarius, his famous head, and the liquefaction of his blood, the real state of the case is this. It may be expressed in a very few words. The people of Naples were *unwilling to save themselves*. Now, when that is the case, was it not a very natural reflection for their King to suppose that nothing but a *miracle could save them*? This is the whole affair which has given rise to so many effusions of wit and satire; but which, I humbly apprehend, coolly considered, will be found to be clear logical deduction and sound argument.

For my part, Sir, so far am I from despising the agency of *miracles*, in the salvation of a nation, that I heartily wish it were in the power of *ourselves* to employ them, in order to meliorate our present situation. I know of nothing that can save us, but a *miracle*, or a *series of miracles*; and why, therefore, they should be the topics of newspaper ridicule, surpasses my comprehension. The most zealous supporters of the war allow that the events of it have been *miraculous*, that
the

the French Revolution was a *miracle*, the defeat of the Prussians in 1792 a *miracle*, the invasion of Holland a *miracle*, the train of successes in 1795 and 1796 *miracles*, and the peace concluded by Spain, Prussia, Holland, Sardinia, and the Pope, all *miracles* of the most wonderful kind. If so, then, Gentlemen, why distrust miracles? When natural means have ceased, why not try those which are preternatural?

For example, can any thing short of a *miracle* persuade some people that if we had not entered into this war, if we had remained perfectly neutral, we should at this time have been the richest and most respected nation in Europe?

Can any thing short of a *miracle* persuade the same people; that the war was commenced without such a knowledge of the enemy, and their spirit and resources, as to enable us to carry it on with advantage?

Can any thing short of a *miracle* persuade the people, that no war whatever defrays its own expenses, that glory is purchased at an enormous expense, that it is even *lost* at an enormous expense; and that, whether successful or not, all that remains of a war is a heavy accumulation of debt and taxes?

Can, therefore, any thing but a *miracle* fix this truth deeply on the minds of men, that a war which is not for the purest purposes of self-defence, is the greatest outrage committed against the laws of God, and that all prayers and supplications addressed to him under other circumstances are a downright mockery?

Again, Gentlemen—Can any thing but a *miracle* convince the people where lies the remedy of all their evils, that the public expenditure is wanton, that useless places and pensions ought to be abolished, that a reform in Parliament is essentially necessary to the preservation of the state, and that all the infringements upon the constitution have been made by those who were appointed to be its guardians?

Can any thing short of a *miracle* convince our rulers that the steps they have taken to promote the sentiments of loyalty, are calculated to produce the very reverse, and to irritate a people whose natural disposition is orderly, humane, and peaceable?

Can any thing short of a *miracle* dispel the delusion, which has long been artfully promoted, that the French are less capable of preserving the relations of peace and amity, than the Russian, Prussian, or Spanish courts?

Lastly, Gentlemen, for I am unwilling to take up too much of your time, can any thing short of a *miracle* preserve in this country a respect for monarchy, and the aristocratical branch of the constitution, when the people are daily shocked with a display of the grossest enormities, the most singular profligacy, and the most unfeeling licentiousness in persons and personages, from whom they have been used to expect better things—and when the conduct of the French princes and nobles, instead of a *warning*, seems to be adopted as a precedent?

I might accumulate many other instances, where I think the interposition of *miracles* highly necessary; but the above will, I trust, be sufficient to prove my general doctrine, namely, that where people are either unable or unwilling by lawful means to do themselves justice, to consult what is for their best interests, to understand who are their best friends, to take a retrospect of the past (not that it may be immediately forgot again, but) that they may repair their errors as much as possible, and guard against the arts and deceit which has betrayed them—in such a case, if any thing but a *miracle* can save them, I should be glad to know what it is; and am, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

A FRIEND TO MIRACLES.

EVILS

EVILS FROM A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH no man can more eagerly strive than I do, to obey the apostolic injunction, "Live peaceably with all men," yet there is one respect in which I rank with the disaffected part of this nation, and have seldom failed, for several years of my life, to oppose one of the positive laws of my country. I allude now to the State Lottery, and my mode of opposition is this. I endeavour to persuade all my friends, particularly those who think they would have good luck, to avoid buying tickets, or shares of tickets; and although this be absolutely flying in the face of that government which has, in its wisdom, projected and commanded this scheme of finance, yet I have hitherto contrived to steer pretty clear of punishment, because, although there are many clauses in the act which constitutes and appoints a lottery, there is not one which compels us to purchase tickets. In my opposition, therefore, I proceed securely, and, what is more, I act fairly; for I never repeat my annual admonitions unless at the close of the drawing. There are two reasons why I act thus; first, that I may not seem factious or invidious; and, secondly, because at the end of a lottery I find many persons inclined to take my advice, who at the beginning of it would not listen to me.

But why, you will say, am I so hostile to lotteries? I will answer in few words—Because I once was fortunate, and from that time had to date the miseries from which I am recovering only by very slow degrees; for I suppose I need not tell you, that a war is a very unhealthy time for persons recovering from losses in trade. It is a bad time to *pick up*, as we say—it is

like sending a consumptive pair of lungs into a sharp air, or curing the ague in the fens of Lincolnshire.

But to my story, which has been the burden of my song for so many years.

You must know, Sir, that I began life in the humble capacity of a very respectable tallow-chandler, in Whitechapel, and carried on for some time a very snug trade. Besides families and chance customers, I furnished two hospitals with candles, and frequently had the honour to throw light on the many subjects of political speculation, which were agitated in a neighbouring public-house. Things went on then, Sir, exactly as they should do. My profits, if not great, were certain; and, upon the word of a tallow-chandler, I declare they were honest; for I made it a rule to stick to the trade price, and never refused at Christmas to give my customers' maids a few rush-lights, in order to show them how to play *whisk* like their masters. As to politics, I went not a jot farther than the Dailer Advertiser enjoined me; and, like a good subject, I had a heart-felt satisfaction in the victories of my country, especially when they were so *great* as to require the aid of my trade to give them an additional brilliancy.—My wife assisted me in my business, as a wife ought; and if any business called me from home, there was she behind the counter, and as attentive as myself. I kept one maid servant, and a boy to carry parcels. My two children had got such schooling as was thought proper for their expectations. I intended my son to succeed me in business; and, as for my daughter, she would have made an excellent housewife, which is all, in my humble opinion, that tradesmen's daughters ought to be. I paid all parish rates with pleasure, and served parish offices so honestly, that I do not think I *eat* more than *two children* in all my time, which is saying a great deal. As to amusements, we never desired the expensive ones. Now
and

and then, in very fine weather, I would treat my family to Sadler's Wells, or *Barnaby Spa*; but as to trips by sea, we never went farther than Gravesend, and carrying our own provisions with us, and coming back by the next tide, you must allow all this was very moderate.

In this happy state things went on for some years. All was sunshine and broad daylight; aye, and good broad humour at night with us. But happiness will have an end. There are many ups and downs in life. The devil is never tired of the many pranks he plays us poor honest folks. It happened one day, Sir, that my wife received a hand-bill about the lottery, wrapt round an ounce of green tea, which we had bought to treat the curate of our parish with. What there was in this wicked bill I do not now remember, but the woman would not rest until she had bought a ticket, or a share of one. I had not been used to contradict her, and perhaps the devil might enter into me at the same time, for I believe he generally prefers a whole family when he can get them. The ticket was bought, and I had been happy if it had proved a blank; but in a few days it was pronounced an hundred pound prize. A second ticket followed of course, and a third; and before the lottery had done drawing, I was master of five thousand pounds sterling money. This was a sum of which there is no mention in the records of our family for several generations. I seemed, indeed, born a great man without the help of ancestors.

But, alas! this was the beginning of sorrows and evils. My wife now declared war against all business, industry, and frugality; and as it was by her advice I bought the ticket, she took the whole merit of our success out of the hands of Dame Fortune, and insisted that we should lay out our money like people of fashion. People of fashion! These were her very words; and she added, likewise, that she must now

see a little of the world, and metamorphose me and my children after her own way.

Would you believe it, Sir? I cannot say that I was wholly against all this, because I could not help feeling how much more comfortable it is to have five thousand pounds, than to be daily toiling to make up as many hundreds; but I declare, that if it had not been for this money, I never should have thought of becoming a man of fashion, for I had no other notion of such at that time, than that they were persons who required *long credit*. But to proceed—The first step my wife took, was to dispose of our stock in trade, and this was easily done, at the loss of about three hundred pounds, for we were very precipitate; and the buyers knowing we could not for shame's sake keep our stock on hand, resolved to ease us of it in the gentlest way possible; and I may truly say, for the first time of my life, that my candles were burnt at both ends. This being over, my wife discovered that there was something very pernicious in the air of Whitechapel, and determined to leave the place. My lease had fifteen years to run, and I soon got a tenant who agreed to pay me less than I was obliged to pay the landlord; but this was nothing to a man who, by the sale of his effects, had added a pretty handsome sum to the above five thousand.

After much consultation (for we found the whims of people of fashion come very naturally), we hired a house in one of the streets near Palace-yard, because it was only 100*l.* a year rent, and was so *central* (as my wife called it) to the play-houses, and the palace! By this you will learn, that she knew as much of the centre of the play-houses as she did about the circumference of our fortune. But here, however, we sat down, and a discovery having been made, naturally enough I must say, that the furniture of our old house was not proper even for the servants' rooms of our new

new one, we employed an honest broker, who furnished us completely from top to bottom, with every article in the newest taste. We had carpets which it was almost heresy to walk upon; chairs on which I dare not sit down without a caution, which deprived them of all ease; and tables which were screened, by strict laws, from the profane touch of a naked hand.

Our discoveries had now no end. We found that tea was not so hurtful to the nerves when drank out of a silver tea-pot, and, some how or other, the milk and the sugar derived certain new qualities from being contained in vessels of the same metal. I had saved some pounds of my best candles from the general sale, as I thought I could use my own goods cheaper than if I bought them of a stranger, who would of course treat me like a gentleman. But, lack-a-day! my wife's lungs were immediately so affected by the smell of the tallow, that I was obliged to consign my wares, the work of my own hands, to the use of the servants, and order wax-lights in their place.

You have now seen me removed from Whitechapel to Palace-yard, my house new furnished in a fashionable style, as handsome and as useless as money could purchase. I had hopes I might now be at rest, and enabled to pursue my old plans, and was one night stepping out in search of some friendly public-house, where I might smoke my pipe as usual, and enjoy the luxury of talking politics, and eating a Welsh rabbit; but no such thing could be permitted. What! a man of my standing smoke tobacco! Smoking was a vulgar, beastly, unfashionable, vile thing. It might do very well for Whitechapel, or the Tower Hamlets, but would not be suffered in any genteel part of the world. And, as for cheese, no cheese was fit to be brought to table but Parmesan, or perhaps a little Cheshire stewed in claret. "Fie, husband, how could you think of tobacco and Welsh rabbits? I am absolutely

lutely ashamed of you : at this rate we might as well have been living at Whitechapel."

To do my wife justice, however, as she deprived me of the pleasure of seeing company out of doors, she took care to provide me with a sufficient number of visitors. There were Misters and Mistresses, Masters and Misses, from all parts of St. Margaret's and St. John's parishes, none of which I had the smallest previous acquaintance with ; but my wife always maintained, that seeing company was the mark of fashionable life, and things had proceeded now too far for me to raise objections. Indeed, one day drove another out of my head, and I began to be reconciled to fashionable life. I thought it mighty pleasant to have new furniture too good for use, and new acquaintances of no use at all ; to drink wines which do not agree with one's stomach, and to eat of dishes which one does not know the use of. We had likewise our card-parties, where my wife and I soon learned all the fashionable games. How we played I shall not say ; but we discovered in no long time, that it was not *Whitechapel play*.

My two children, you may suppose, did not escape the general metamorphosis ; the boy was dispatched to Eton school, to be brought up with the children of other people of fortune ; but the girl was kept at home to see *life*, and a precious life we led. The morning was the most innocent part of it, for we were then fast asleep ; and yet, Sir, you cannot think how difficult it was to cast off old customs, for I frequently awoke at six or seven o'clock, and would have got up, had not my wife reminded me that it was unfashionable, and asked, " What must the servants think ?"—Aye, Sir, and even she, with all her new quality, would sometimes discover the old leaven of Whitechapel. One night, when a lady said she believed it would rain, my wife answered, perhaps it *mought*.

Another

Another time, on seeing a great man go to the House of Lords, although she had with her at that moment one of the first people of fashion in the Broad Sanctuary, she exclaimed, "There's a go!"

Pride, however, will have a fall. Grandeur must one day or other expire in the socket. My wife was now seized with a strange disorder, the nature of which I cannot better explain, than by saying, that she lost the use of both her feet and legs, and could not go out unless in a carriage. This was the more extraordinary, because, when at home, or even on a visit, she never could sit a minute in one place, but was perpetually running up and down. She threw out broad hints, therefore, that a carriage must be had, and a carriage therefore was procured; but mark the consequences: two servants were added to our former number. To be sure, every body must have a coachman and a footman. Our business was now, to use our homely phrase, "as good as done," and what little the town left, was fully accomplished by a visit to Brighton, and another to Tunbridge.

Here, Sir, is a blank in my history, which I shall fill up no otherwise than by informing you, that I took the advantage of an insolvent act, and by the assistance of some friends, who did not desert me when I deserted them, I am once more quietly set down in my old shop, completely cured of my violent fit of grandeur. I am now endeavouring to repair my affairs as well as I can, but I cannot hold my head so high. They are perpetually asking me at the club, "What my t'other end of the town friends would have said in such and such a case?" and as I go to church on Sundays, I sometimes hear the neighbours saying, "Aye, there goes the man that got the prize."—Wherefore, Sir, for the benefit of all such unfortunately lucky men as myself, I hope you will give this a place in your Magazine. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
Whitechapel High Street, Mar. 10, 1798. DAVID DICK
 ODC

ODE TO MY COUNTRY.

M DCC XCVIII.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

S. 1.

BRITONS! hands and hearts prepare;
The angry tempest threatens nigh,
Deep-ton'd thunders roll in air,
Lightnings thwart the livid sky;
Thron'd upon the winged storm,
Fell **DESOLATION** rears her ghastly form,
Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
And lures them thus with promis'd blood:

A. 1.

" Drive, my sons, the storm again!
Lo! the hated, envied land,
Where **PITY** and **ORDER** reign,
And **FREEDOM** dares maintain her stand.
Have ye not sworn, by night and hell,
These from the earth for ever to expel?
Rush on, resistless, to your destin'd prey;
Death and rapine point the way."

E. 1.

BRITONS! stand firm! with stout and dauntless heart
Meet unappall'd the threat'ning boaster's rage;
Yours is the great, th' unconquerable part
For your lov'd hearths and altars to engage,
And sacred **LIBERTY**, more dear than life—
Yours be the triumph in the glorious strife.
Shall theft and murder braver deeds excite
Than honest scorn of shame and heavenly love of right?

S. 2.

Turn the bright historic page!
Still in glory's tented field
Albion's arms for many an age
Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.

Are

Are not we the sons of those
Whose steel-clad fires purfu'd the insulting foes,
E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
And bow'd them to a Briton's reign? (1)

A. 2.

Kings in modest triumph led,
Grac'd the SABLE VICTOR'S arms: (2)
His conquering lance, the battle's dread;—
His courtesy the conquer'd charms.
The lion-heart soft pity knows,
To raise with soothing cares his prostrate foes;
The vanquish'd head true valour ne'er oppress'd,
Nor shunn'd to succour the distressed.

E. 2.

Spirit of great ELIZABETH! inspire
High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame;
Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire,
Kindled at Freedom's ever-hallow'd flame;
Baffled and scorn'd, th' Iberian tyrant found,
Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
Arm'd with her people's love, th' "Invincible" array. (3)

S. 3.

The BOLD USURPER (4) firmly held
The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd;
And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd:
When lust of sway by Flattery fed, (5)
To vent'rous deeds the youthful monarch led,
In the full flow of Victory's swelling tide
BRITAIN check'd his pow'r and pride.

A. 3.

To the great BATAVIAN's name (6)
Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise!
Scourge of tyrants, let his fame
Live in songs of grateful praise.

(1) HEN. VI. crowned at Paris.

(2) The BLACK PRINCE.

(3) The Spanish Armada.

(4) OLIVER CROMWELL.

(5) LOUIS XIV.

(6) WILLIAM III.

Thy turrets, *BLenheim* (7), glittering to the sun,
 Tell of bright fields from warlike *Gallia* won;
 Tell how the mighty monarch mourn'd in vain
 His impious wish the world to chain.

E. 3.

And ye, fam'd heroes, late retir'd to Heaven,
 Whose setting glories still the skies illume,
 Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
 Avert your long-defended country's doom.
 Earth from her utmost bounds shall wondering tell
 How victory's meed ye gain'd, or conquering fell;
BRITAIN's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
 Wherever man is found, or reflux oceans roll.

S. 4.

Names embalm'd in Honour's shrine,
 Sacred to immortal praise,
 Patterns of glory, born to shine
 In breathing arts or pictur'd lays:
 See *WOLFE* by yielding numbers prest,
 Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast!
 See *Minden*'s plains and *Biscay*'s billowy bay
 Deeds of deathless fame display.

A. 4.

Oh! tread with awe the sacred gloom,
 Patriot Virtue's last retreat;
 Where Glory on the trophied tomb
 Joys their merit to repeat;
 There *CHATHAM* lies, whose master-hand
 Guided through sev'n bright years the mighty band,
 That round *his* urn, where grateful Memory weeps,
 Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

E. 4.

Her brand accurs'd when Civil Discord hurl'd, (8)
BRITAIN alone th' united world withstood,
RODNEY his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
 And led *three* nations' chiefs to *THAMES*'s flood.

(7) *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, &c. &c.(8) *American War*.

Firm on his *rock* the VETERAN HERO (9) stands;
 Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar;
 Smiling in scorn he sees the glittering bands
 Fly with repulse and shame old *Calpe's* hopeless shore.

S. 5.

Heirs or partners of *their* toils,
 Matchless heroes still we own;
 Crown'd with honourable spoils
 From the leagued nations won,
 On their high prow they proudly stand
 The godlike guardians of their native land;
 Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
 Wealth and victory at their side.

A. 5.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,
 Strenuous in their country's cause,
 Guard their cultivated lands,
 Their altars, liberties, and laws.
 On his firm deep-founded throne
 Great BRUNSWICK sits, a name to fear-unknown;
 With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
 Unaw'd, and prodigal of life.

E. 5.

Sons of fair FREEDOM's long-descended line,
 To GALLIA's yoke shall BRITONS bend the neck?—
 No; in *her* cause though fate and hell combine
 To bury all in universal wreck,
 Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,
 Her greatness in her ruins only trac'd,—
 Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—
 The man who dares to die, will never live a slave.

(9) Lord HEATHFIELD.

ADVANTAGES OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S
VICTORY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

WHILE every paragraphist is justly noticing the immense public advantages which await the issue of the late most glorious victory, may I be permitted to make a few *moral* reflections on the important subject? This momentous event clearly shows what weak-judging mortals we are.—First, we were mightily censorious of the *Marine Department*, because the Toulon fleet were suffered to sail at all. Now, had we blocked it up, we should not only have *preserved* their fleet, but remained ourselves in a state of unprofitable activity; whereas, by suffering them to go upon their *Quixotical* expedition, we have in a manner entrapped them, and got nearly the whole of their ships into our possession. Next, had we not suffered the Toulon fleet to transmit the *Hero* and *Army of Italy* to the precious shores of Egypt, we might probably have been ourselves troubled with the company of that freebooter and his plundering hordes. It was providentially, therefore, that he was left by NELSON to assured destruction, to be devoured by locusts, crocodiles, pestilence, famished in the deserts, or drowned in the Red Sea, instead of having invaded this country, according to their original avowed determination. I am inclined to think, moreover, that all new-fangled republics, such as the Helvetic, Cisalpine, Ligurian, Roman, Batavian, &c. either incorporated, or merely in alliance with the *Great Nation*, heartily rejoice likewise that this *mock Alexander*, with his banditti, have been permitted to transport themselves to a region whence they probably never will return.

Again,

Again, we were for a while greatly discontented, because NELSON did not meet with and engage the French fleet previous to their landing the troops in Egypt: but who will pretend to say, had it been otherwise, that an engagement at sea would have been half so decisive and brilliant as the one which fame is proclaiming over the world, and history busy to record to the latest posterity? Besides, not meeting the enemy before they landed BUONAPARTE in Egypt, has subjected the French to numerous difficulties and embarrassments: it was the mean of opening the eyes of the *Divan*, their declaring war, and produced the alliance and co-operation of the Porte with Russia, and, in all probability, a confederacy of all the European potentates (even Spain) to curb republican insolence! A confederacy so powerful cannot but divert the attention of the enemy from this country; and as the value of property is, politically speaking, in proportion to our national security (especially the great *funded property*), the late victory may be pronounced to render every species of property (whether *landed, funded, wharfed, warehoused, or shipped*) cent. per cent. more valuable than last year, when the whole force and energy of the enemy were totally directed against this country, and an invasion was hourly expected. Upon the whole, judging *à posteriori*, from a combination of circumstances and events which attended this great victory, I am clearly of opinion with the late Mr. POPE,

“ Whatever is, is right.”

Being in principle then an *Optimist*, and a convert to that gentleman's *moral* principles, I sign my name

PONTIFEX.

DANGERS FROM LEVELLING PRINCIPLES.

[From the Telegraph.]

"The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier,
he galls his kibe." SHAKESPEAR.

TO THE MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I WAS always of opinion, that the alarm spread in this country by our *vigilant* Ministers was well-founded, as far as respected the propagation of *democratic* principles. I therefore joined that *virtuous* and *candid* body of men who assembled at the *Crown and Anchor*, to resist *Republicans* and *Levellers*, and I remained with them till our worthy *President*, riding a little too fast through a forest with which he was totally unacquainted, knocked his head against the *trunk of a tree**, and then we were all dispersed like sheep without a shepherd.

Notwithstanding the dissolution of this society, I see every day more and more reason to suspect the propagation of *levelling doctrines*; and there are two circumstances which have lately occurred, and are, I think, decisive on this point.—The one is, the great freedoms the newspapers, and yours not excepted, take with *PEOPLE OF FASHION*: and secondly, the inclination shown by the *VULGAR* to imitate people of fashion. If a levelling system is to be established, Gentlemen, it signifies little whether we level *up* or *down*, the same consequences will follow. *Equality* will be established whether a *Lord* be as drunk as a *drayman*, or a *drayman* as drunk as a *Lord*; whether a *Countess* be as *unfaithful* as a *carman's* wife, or a *carman's* wife be as unfaithful as a *Countess*. But to come more particularly to the point:

* Apparently an allusion to a pamphlet, written by Mr. Reeves, which subjected him to a trial for a libel.

In the first place, the great freedoms taken by the newspapers with the conduct of, PEOPLE OF FASHION is a proof of democracy. It amounts indeed, at first sight, to only *finding fault*; but, Gentlemen, the difference betwixt finding fault with a man for doing an action, and preventing his doing it, is merely a question of *power*, and not of inclination; and therefore it is but fair to conclude, that those who censure the genteel vices of people of fashion, would put it out of their power to commit them, if they could. Here is therefore half of the crime, the *malicious intention*. If the French levellers were worse than ourselves, it was merely because they had the other half, the *power*, and reduced their prostitutes of quality to the level of common prostitutes; a thing not so difficult to do as some people may imagine. It is only taking away *titles*, and giving things their proper names, and the business is done.

But, Gentlemen, in the name of every thing *dear* to us, are the papers to be permitted to take such liberties? Are the secrets of *persons of fashion* to be treated with the sneer of contempt, or the more dangerous language of serious argument? Are all distinctions to be abolished, and they whose great distinctions, and, seemingly, whose only ambition it is, to be vicious with impunity, to be licentious without control, and to be ridiculous without notice? Are *they* to be held up to the scorn of every petty shopkeeper and tradesman? Is an *affair of gallantry* to be called by the abominable name of *adul*—? I cannot stain my paper with it. Are the *fluctuating sensibilities* and *sentimental varieties* of the tender passion to be submitted to the revival, to be attacked by the obloquy of common people? What is worse, to be measured, estimated, and gauged by twelve fellows, whose only merit is, that they keep a house, a shop, and perhaps the ten commandments? Gentlemen, what must be the consequences of such innovations?

tions? Surely I need urge very little to convince you that a levelling *practice* cannot be far off, when we take such *strides* to establish the *principle*.

And, Gentlemen, this hath actually followed—It constitutes my second proof of the dangers arising from democracy; namely, “the inclination shown by the vulgar to imitate persons of fashion.” The exclusive *monopoly* of genteel vices is annulled. The whole range of this valuable trade is laid open, and the transactions which used to be confined to SQUARES are now frequently performed in ALLEYS. View a COUNTESS, who has distinguished herself in the annals of gallantry, who has done nothing but what she thought she might do by *privilege*; strip her, Gentlemen, of her finery, and, I am sorry to say it, you will find twenty women in Wapping who are not one whit worse or better than her. Is this nothing? Seemeth it so small a matter to be incorporated with the mass of vulgar, shocking wretches? To be abused like a trull, to be pelted like a pickpocket, and have no other epithets applied than what are applied to the lowest inhabitants of Whitechapel?

Gentlemen, I did not think I should live to see this; I did not think I should live to be told that there are no distinctions in manners; that what one may do another may do; and that persons of fashion and persons of no fashion, who *act* alike, should be *treated* alike. Gentlemen, I have seen a *strumpet* banished from a town with a label on her breast; but she was a poor, low, contemptible wretch, whom nobody cared for—I have seen a *disturber of the peace of families* pelted with dead cats, brickbats, and other missile weapons; but he too was of the lowest order, so bad as to be fit only for a soldier. But do I live to hear that persons of fashion are threatened with the *pillory*, that the free-spirited indulgences of a woman of quality are to be *subjected* to a revival of a mob; and that there is no

more

more safety in a Pavilion at Brighton than under a pent-house at Billingsgate? Gentlemen, if such things are to be tolerated in a free country, we are undone. On this scheme of things, to borrow an expression from a *beautiful* and *sublime* writer, a Dutchess or Countess "is but a woman, a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order."

There has not been in my time such an attack upon the privileged *disorders*; and I hope, with the sincerest regard for persons of fashion, that means may yet be fallen upon to *gag* this undistinguishing monster, who presumes to pry into the families of the great, to reveal their secrets, to comment upon their conduct, and to invade that sacred law of the upper orders, which expressly says, "that a person of rank may commit any folly he or she pleases, in defiance of public opinion."

I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

AN ARISTOCRAT.

INSECTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WE understand that a new-made P—y C——r has, in a paper lately written by him to be read before the *Royal Society* at the next meeting of that learned body, most scientifically classed and arranged the several *insects* which have been lately found to swarm in most of the public offices at the west end of the town, with a view to their future destruction. Among those which are expected to be first extirpated by the laudable exertions of the learned and Right Hon. Gentleman, is the *varnifex scarabæus*, or tumble-dung-beetle *, with which a certain pit near the Treas-

* See Encycl. Brit. vol. xvi. p. 693, where the above account of its employment may be found.

fury is much infested; this destructive insect was originally a native of America; it is supposed to have made its first appearance in this country about the end of the American war. It is generally seen where any dirty work is going forward, making small pellets, or balls, of any filth that happens to fall in its way, in each of which it deposits an egg; and it is so indefatigable in this employment, that it is imagined the greater part of the grubs and worms with which the quarter above alluded to has of late years been so much over-run, has been the offspring of its fruitful labours.

The Right Hon. Gentleman, from his great skill in insect-hunting, having been very successful formerly in catching, for his own private use, great numbers of the *golden chafers* that once used to be so plentiful at the Bank and Treasury, was, it is said, raised to his present dignity, in hopes of his proving eminently useful to Administration in taking them for the benefit of the public, to be employed among the ways and means for carrying on the war. But unfortunately, about the time of his elevation, they suddenly disappeared from both places. Whether they had the sagacity to discover the scheme for converting them all into paper, is unknown. Certain it is, that very few have been taken, and scarcely any of them are to be now seen. Great numbers, however, were some time since observed directing their flight towards Germany, from whence it is conjectured none of them will ever return.

THE RECANTATION: AN ODE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

[From the Morning Post.]

I.

YE clouds, that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean waves, that, wheresoe'er you roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods that listen to the night-bird's singing
Midway the smooth and perilous steep reclin'd;
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man belov'd by God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,
How oft pursuing fancies holy
By moonlight way o'er flow'ry weeds I wound,
Inspir'd beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape, and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves, and O ye forests high,
And O ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free,
Bear witness for me wheresoe'er you be,
With what deep worship I have still ador'd
The spirit of divinest Liberty!

II.

When France in wrath her giant limbs uprear'd,
And with that oath, that smote earth, air, and sea,
Stamp'd her strong feet, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me how I hop'd and fear'd!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unaw'd I sang amid a slavish band:
And when to overwhelm the disenchanting nation,
Like fiend embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array!
Though dear her shores, and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
Had swoln the patriot emotion,
And sung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves, Yet

Yet still my voice unalter'd sang defeat
 To all that brav'd the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delay'd, and vain retreat !
 For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
 I dimm'd thy light, or damp'd thy holy flame ;
 But blest the Pæans of deliver'd France,
 And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

III.

" And what," I said, " though blasphemy's loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliv'rance strove ?
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than ever maniac's dream ?
 Ye storms that round the dawning east assembled,
 The sun was rising, though you hid his light !
 And when to sooth my soul, that hop'd and trembled,
 The diss'nance ceas'd, and all seem'd calm and bright ;
 When France, her front deep-scar'd and gory,
 Conceal'd with clust'ring wreaths of glory ;
 When insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mock'ry of the warrior's camp,
 While timid looks of fury glancing
 DOMESTIC TREASON, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writh'd like a wounded dragon in his gore ;"
 Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee,
 " And soon," I said, " shall Wisdom teach her lore,
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
 And conqu'ring by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till love and joy look round, and call the earth their
 own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams !
 Heroes that for your peaceful country perish'd,
 And ye, that flying spot the mountain snows
 With bleeding wounds, forgive me that I cherish'd
 One thought that ever blest your cruel foes !
 To scatter rage and trait'rous guilt
 Where PEACE her jealous home had built ;
 A patriot

A patriot race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
 And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O FRANCE! that mockest Heav'n, adult'rous, blind,
 And patient only in pernicious toils!
 Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind!
 To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murder'd prey?
 T'insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray!

V.

* * * * *

[The fifth stanza, which alluded to the African slave-trade, as conducted by this country, and to the present Ministry and their supporters, has been omitted; and would have been omitted without remark, if the commencing lines of the sixth stanza had not referred to it.]

* * * * *

VI.

Shall I with *these* my patriot zeal combine?
 No, Afric, no! They stand before my ken,
 Loath'd as th' hyænas, that in murky den
 Whine o'er their prey, and mangle while they whine!
 Divinest Liberty! with vain endeavour
 Have I pursued thee many a weary hour—
 But thou nor swell'dst the victor's strain; nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human pow'r.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
 (Nor pray'r nor boastful name delays thee,)
 Alike from Priesthood's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions.
 To live amid the winds, and move upon the waves!
 And *there* I felt thee—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge.
 Yes! while I stood and gaz'd, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURES.

[From the Telegraph.]

THE CELEBRATED DR. PITTOBAR,
Master of Arts, Professor of Humanity, Teacher of
Modern History, Doctor of Wars, Grand Arith-
metician, able Financier, Public Orator, Holy In-
quisitor, &c. &c. &c.

Makes known to the Universe at large,

That he is preparing a course of miraculous Lectures,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL MANKIND.

The Doctor having already been honoured by the
approbation, admiration, and esteem of every court of
Europe, is now determined to adapt his wonderful dis-
coveries

TO THE MEANEST CAPACITIES.

SYLLABUS.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A dissertation on necessary ex-
penditure will prove its utility, and that the debts of
a Prince are a princely blessing.

DUTY.—A proper explanation of it will be given,
as expressive of tithes, taxes, and other burdens.

ASTRONOMY.—The Doctor undertakes to disprove
all that Sir Isaac Newton ever asserted to be true. He
has discovered the grand principle of attraction to be
GOLD. He also maintains that he can move the globe
at his pleasure.

CORRUPTION.—He will expatiate on this topic in a
most amusing manner, proving that it is a general
benefit, and particularly necessary in these revolutionary
times.

COURTS.—The Doctor will show all the courts of
Europe in a brilliant point of view, particularly those
of Sardinia, Rome, Naples, and Vienna.

ALGEBRA.

ALGEBRA.—In this science he pronounces himself to be superexcellent; for he considers all *quantities* as *granted*, and undertakes to pay off the national debt, and establish general happiness, by X *plus* folly *plus* murder *plus* plunder *plus*, alarm—150,000,000—0.

BRITAIN.—The Doctor will on this subject exert his faculties in a most captivating manner. He will treat copiously on the local advantage of the island, its extent, population, humane laws, excellent constitution, the purity of its Parliament, and the general benevolence and moderation of its government. To which he will add a learned dissertation on the humbugability of its inhabitants.

AMBITION.—He will show this passion to be the choicest gift of Heaven; and that the peace, welfare, and felicity of the world are of little importance when put in competition with the lofty and sublime views of any *favoured* individual.

BRAIN.—He will convince every body that in this happy country, and under the *existing circumstances*, brains are nearly useless, and that the fewer of them any man has, the better for himself.

BARRACKS.—He will most satisfactorily explain the proper mode of fortifying these fortresses, that they may on all occasions be impregnable to the *domestic enemy*.

CAPABILITY.—The Doctor will exemplify it in the conduct of the present wise Administration.

The whole will constantly conclude

WITH A GRAND DANCE

OF SAVAGES,

AND THE POPULAR ANTHEM OF

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

O U R S E L V E S.

[From the Courier.]

I LAY it down, Mr. Printer, as a maxim, that every man is pleased with himself, and sees deformity and ugliness only in others, who repay him the compliment in exactly the same coin. The *tall men* thank their stars that they are not short, and likely to be lost in a crowd. The *short men* are happy that they can escape many thumps on the head by entering doors of contracted dimensions, and that they are in no danger of spoiling their head-dress by coming in contact with the roof of a coach. The *fat man* thinks there is something jolly and sleek, and *corporation-like*, in his frame; while the *living skeleton* would not carry about such an unwieldy protuberance for the world. The *fat man* tells the thin one, that he is a *walking thread-paper*, a *ramrod* for a cannon, and may be blown away by the gentlest zephyr. The *lean one* retorts, that *Mr. Tumbelly* is a mere *animated hog'shead*, a *larder* well replenished for the worms, and laughs to see with what difficulty he gets through a crowd, or clears the *postresses* in the fields.

Ugly people are remarkably well pleased with themselves. He that has a face that would be dangerous for a pregnant woman to look at, thanks God he is not marked with the small-pox. Another, whose face is furrowed and marked like a *county map*, is exceedingly happy that he has not the nose of such a one, which is only fit to be the *index* of a *sun-dial*. The *handsome man*, I need scarce remark, is wonderfully pleased with his fine form; while little *Hump-back* and *Bandy-legs* praises the Lord that he has escaped the imputation of being a fortune-hunter.

Young and old are equally pleased.—The *young*
pride

pride themselves in health, agility, activity, and all the pleasing hopes peculiar to that time of life. The gentleman who has passed his *grand climacteric*, bids every body remark how well he becomes his years; asks if they ever knew so healthy-looking an old man; and in all his stories adds ten or a dozen years to his age. Before a certain time of life we wish to conceal our age. After sixty, we are fond of revealing it, and giving ourselves credit for a few more years. A maiden aunt of mine was so pleased at having survived the last great frost in her *sixty-fifth* year, that she has lived *fifteen years* more since, and if she escapes the present moist and foggy winter, intends next spring to make a dash at *ninety-seven*—and bids me attend to the circumstance in case I should survive her—but, between ourselves, Mr. Printer, I think it is a cursed sin to tell a lie upon the plate of a coffin. If she will oblige me by dying next year, and will be content with *seventy-two* or *three*, well and good; if not—I say no more.

Then, Sir, why all this grumbling and growling about our situations? Every man, I repeat it, is pleased with his own. Nay, we even glory in our *diseases*. No man but thinks his *gout* a more dignified and respectable disorder than the *rheumatism*; and the possessor of a *cough* is as well pleased as any man, because it subjects him to a number of kind inquiries. I know two men who had the misfortune to dislocate each shoulder; so far they are equal: but the dispute is, which met with the accident in the most genteel way. The one fell from his horse while attempting to keep up with the stag on the Easter-hunt—the other received a blow from a Cheshire cheese, weighing fifty pounds, which a cheesemonger's servant was tossing from the cart into the shop. The former, of course, insists upon the dignity of his fall, and very properly thinks that it is beneath a man of courage to die by a cheese.

I shall conclude with a short story.—A *Highwayman* and a *Chimney-sweep* were going to be hanged at the same time ; when they came to the place of execution, the highwayman pushed *Sooterkin* out of the way, and bid him keep his distance ; *Sooterkin*, with proper spirit, replied—" D—me, if I do—I have as good a right to be here as you."

I am, Sir,

SELF-SATISFIED.

APRIL DAY.

[From the Morning Post, April 2, 1798.]

YESTERDAY being the first of April, various were the employments of different persons in this metropolis: Mr. Pitt was engaged upon a plan for paying off the national debt in fifteen years; and Messrs. Canning and Hawkesbury debated which would be the most pleasant road to march to Paris. Some gentlemen were engaged in quieting Ireland by fire and sword, while others were restoring tranquillity to Scotland by the point of the bayonet. The friends of Ministers were winning the hearts of the people by accusing them of Jacobinism and disaffection; and large commercial companies were establishing their credit by refusing to pay with any thing but paper. In fashionable life, ladies of high rank were vowing to lay aside their pomp and extravagance, on account of the assessed taxes; and the Countess of B—— pledged herself never more to touch a card.

Yesterday being the first of April, the wags amused themselves, according to immemorial usage, with the credulity of John Bull.

A vast concourse of people assembled at Deptford, to see Lord Lonsdale's man of war launched; but his Lordship did not condescend to indulge them.

All

All Westminster flocked to St. James's church, to be present at the marriage of the Caledonian Duke and Mrs. E—n; but to the great astonishment of the congregation, Mr. B—t forbade the banns.

Nine and thirty silversmiths met at Mr. Pollen's* house, to bid for his plate. It was placed in one scale; female honour and British beauty were placed in the other; the balance trembled in the steward's hand, when the master broke in, kicked the beam, and aided by Lord Temple, with a huge *flake* in his hand, drove them all into the street.

Mr. Pitt gave notice, that if all the landholders in Great Britain would come to him with their *right* hand pockets full of gold, he would fill their *left*. Never were known such whipping, spurring, and driving to Downing-street. When they were all assembled, he very gravely emptied one pocket into the other, and asked them if he kept his word.

AN APRIL FOOL.

THE ENTAIL.—A FABLE.

BY THE LATE EARL OF ORFORD.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IN a fair summer's radiant morn,
 A BUTTERFLY divinely born,
 Whose lineage dated from the mud
 Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
 Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
 By various gusts of odour drawn,
 At last establish'd his repose
 On the rich bosom of a rose.
 The palace pleas'd the lordly guest;
 What insect own'd a prouder nest?

* The youthful Mr. Pollen declared in the Senate that he would willingly sacrifice every thing valuable to prevent the British maids from being ravished.

The dewy leaves luxurious shed
 Their balmy essence o'er his head,
 And with their silken tap'stry fold
 His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
 He thinks the thorns embattled round
 To guard his castle's lovely mound;
 And all the bushes wide domain
 Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the fly.—
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,—
 The common fate of flies and kings!
 With grief he saw how lands and honours
 Are apt to slide to various owners;
 Where Mowbrays dwelt now grocers dwell,
 And how Cits buy what Barons sell!—
 "Great Phœbus! patriarch of my line,
 Avert such shame from sons of thine;
 To them confirm these roofs," he said;
 And then he swore an oath, so dread,
 The stoutest wasp that wears a sword
 Had trembled to have heard the word:—
 "If law can rivet down entails,
 These manors ne'er shall pass to snails,
 I swear"—and then he smote his ermine;—
 "These towers were never built for vermin."

A CATERPILLAR grovell'd near,
 A subtle slow conveyancer,
 Who, summon'd, waddled to his quill,
 To draw the haughty insect's will.
 None but his heirs must own the spot,
 Begotten or to be begot:—
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of Butterflies.

When lo!—how Fortune loves to tease
 Those who would dictate her decrees—
 A wanton boy was passing by;
 The wanton child beheld the fly,
 And eager ran to seize the prey;
 But too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour—
 And swept away the *man'sin flow'r*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A REMONSTRANCE.

[From the Morning Post.]

“CURSE that Republic”, cried the King, “whose arms
 Roll like a torrent with resistless sway;”
 Balaam approv’d the timid King’s alarms,
 Saddled his ass, and journey’d on his way.
 The ass awhile trudg’d cheerily along,
 And, light of heart, though heavy was his load,
 At length he stopt, though Balaam scourg’d him on,
 For Heav’n’s avenging angel cross’d the road.
 His hireling master, obstinate in wrong,
 Nor ceas’d the angry threat, nor spar’d the goad.
 In vain the ass, submissive to his will,
 Suffer’d the tyrant long his rage to wreak;
 The tyrant rag’d as long as he was still,
 But Balaam trembled, when he heard him speak.

MANOR OF ST. GEORGE.

[From the Telegraph.]

MR. EDITOR,

MY neighbours tell me, you have generally less to do in summer than in winter time—and that is the case with me too: so I think it may amuse you to read, and I am sure it will me to write an account of the manor I belong to.

You must know then, Mr. Editor, that I am one of many tenants upon a great estate, who possess our farms by charter and prescription. Our landlord cannot turn us out, nor heighten our rents, unless we consent to do it ourselves.—This makes us somewhat saucy at times; but in general we pay as much respect and deference to our landlord as any reasonable man can expect or desire. We doff our hats wherever we meet him, bow at church the same as to the parson himself, and are wonderfully pleased and elated if he takes the
 smallest

smallest notice of us in return.—To be sure, we don't like much to be told, that *we must* do this, or *we must* do that; but, with a few coaxing words, and a little good usage, o' my conscience he may lead us to do any think he likes. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, during my own days, which have not been very many, we have consented to the rents of the manor being raised upon us nearly ten millions a year—and have besides paid in fines, at different times, three millions of money, for the pocket expenses *of the very best and most beloved of landlords*. After this, it must needs be admitted by every one, that such another set of tenants is not to be met with on any estate in the known world; and well might a great orator among us (who by the by can be foul-mouthed enough when he chooses) exclaim—“*We have the best of landlords, the best of stewards, and are the best tenants on earth.*”

We pretend, however, that if our landlord should attempt to cancel our original charter, or break the particular contract he made with us on coming to possession of the estate, or suffer our houses and fences to go entirely into disrepair, or force us to go to any other than the parish church—I say we pretend, that if he should attempt to do any of these things, we have a right by law to oust him and his family, and put any other into possession of the manor. There is, however, but one instance upon record of the tenants having exerted this right in its utmost extent; and a great lawyer, one *Stoneblack*, who was knighted for his pains, has maintained, that this instance cannot be pleaded in favour of our right of ejection, unless a landlord in possession should be such an oaf as to do the exact same thing, in every particular, as that landlord did, who was ousted by our forefathers, and sent with his family, who were said to be spurious, to graze on the common. Some thought they met with hard usage enough:—they were our old and original masters, and imagined them-

selves:

selves placed at our head by divine and indefeasible right, until they were taught the contrary by woful experience.

Some of them were good and kind enough to their tenants, as I have heard my grandmother say—but many of them sad dogs. The last, in particular, was strangely misguided by *Papishes* and Jesuits, who made him believe the moon was made of a green cheese; and thereupon argued, that he was above the law, and might do with the manor and tenants as he pleased.—Then they would have him to raise constables, to force us to believe in all the nonsense they had taught him, and pull down the parish churches, which, they said, all looked to the west instead of the east, as they should do. So you see, Mr. Editor, the tenants were under the necessity of giving that one a kick on the breech. But I think they need not have allowed him to starve; nor sent his family to beg about the world—whether truly begot in marriage, bastards or impostors, which was nothing to the purpose.

Ours, you must know, is a huge great manor, paramount over many others.—Our forefathers, thinking, mayhap, that the extent of it might be the cause of their landlords having held their heads so high in the air, and imagining themselves deputed by God Almighty, resolved to have a new one, who could have no boast of the kind to make: so they sent over the water for an underhand kind of a Lord, who was suffered by his paramount to possess certain manorial rights in a small district, about the size of a parish or two, in our manor—a kind of gentleman farmer, who now and then put the horses of his team to a chaise, and went to clubs and meetings of the gentry at county towns. They rather looked askew at him, but allowed him to sit down amongst them, provided he did not pretend to keep his hat on, as they did. He was said to be main good to the few tenants he had before we sent for him,
though

though rather scanty of his meat and beer to the work-folk ; but that he might not be so much to blame for.— His land was not rich, nor the extent of his farm great. He assured our forefathers they would not find him stingy in his nature when he came to be rich ; and promised most faithfully, nay, swore on the Bible, that he and his children should behave better to them and theirs, than any of their old original masters had done. And so to be sure they have, and will continue to do, as long as any of the old stock is remaining to keep them in mind of how they came amongst us. But when the old stock shall be dead, root and branch, Lord knows if these may not do as t'others did. It behoves us to be careful—we should keep them to the spirit and letter of the contract. The manner in which the family came here, must for certain be remembered both by landlord and tenant, as long as either of them have any memory left. But it is a long while ago since they came from beyond sea ; a century, I believe ; and memory is not of eternal duration, when benefits received, and promises made in return, are in question.

This letter, I reckon, is long enough for a first ; but if you can read my scrawl, and be amused with matters that concern none but ourselves, I shall let you know from time to time how we go on in our manor ; and so good day to you for the present, Mr. Editor.

A TENANT on the Manor of St. GEORGE.

AN OLD WOMAN.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME years ago I advertised in most of the papers for *an old woman*. I knew they were becoming more and more scarce every day, but I had hopes that I should obtain this great curiosity : after a search of nearly

nearly five years, I have not been able to get at the object. I have carefully searched the parks and the theatres; but though I have met with many giggling girls with wigs and fathes, I have never been able to find a genuine *avowed* old woman. I therefore take this opportunity of applying to the public through the medium of your paper. Letters addressed to me may be left at the office, and I shall let you know privately where to send them.

I am, Sir, yours,

PETER SEARCH, F. A. S.

A TRUE STORY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time about the year 1750, for I precisely cannot fix the date, two boys, who had been placed at Eton for their education, set out from town in the stage to spend the holydays with their friends in a distant part of the country. Travelling then was a much more formidable thing than it is at present. The expedition of mail-coaches was a discovery reserved for the present enlightened times. Bad roads and heavy machines made that which is now but a pleasant day's ride, to be then considered as a tedious and difficult journey. My father has mentioned to me, that previous to that period, no man whom business called to the metropolis from a remote part of the country, ventured to set out without first taking the precaution to make his will.

Under these circumstances our young gentlemen set out, full of spirits, in the prospect of seeing their friends, and determined to make the most of their journey. They were perfectly acquainted with the nature of the Roman saturnalia, when age and autho-

rity were set at defiance, and mirth and buffoonery allowed their full scope at the expense of all that was grave and respectable, and sufficiently disposed to avail themselves of the licence of those former times. The rigid discipline under which they had for some time been held gave a double zest to the sweets of newly-acquired freedom. The transition from the severe manners of a seminary of learning, to the careless intercourse of a stage-coach, operating along with the effervescence of youthful spirits, was too powerful not to produce some ebullition of gay impertinence. Accordingly our young gentlemen had no sooner seated themselves in the stage, than they looked round for some object from which they might extract merriment during the remainder of the journey. Fortune seemed to have gratified their wishes in the person of a fellow-traveller—an old gentleman who sat quietly in a corner: his figure was tall and ungainly; age or bad habit had given him a considerable stoop; his face was ornamented with long and lank jaws; a nose of more than ordinary size, and a peaked chin, completed the outline. His dress seemed calculated to augment the ridicule of his figure; it consisted of a piss-burnt wig, a hat which had once been cocked, but which had long since lost all form and shape, and an old-fashioned threadbare coat, which had however one convenience, that it reached so far down, as completely to conceal any defects of his other garments. In short, it was the dress of poverty or avarice. Yet with all these unfavourable symptoms of person and appearance, nice observers might have perceived an intelligence which sparkled in the old man's eyes, and a benevolence which played around his countenance. But our young gentlemen had not yet learned to make distinctions, and him they accordingly selected as the object of their ridicule. They dared not, however, openly attack him. There is always a degree of cowardliness

ardlineſs which accompanies any wanton outrage upon another, eſpecially when the heart of the aſſailant is not totally corrupted. They therefore agreed to talk to one another in Latin, a language in which they flattered themſelves that they ſhould not be underſtood; and accordingly they applied to their fellow-traveller all the epithets of ridicule and reproach againſt miſerly and crabbed old men, which are to be found in Plautus or in Terence. The apparent inattention and unmoved muſcles of the old man during all this torrent of inveſtive, convinced them that they were right in their conjecture, that he was not at all aware of the mode in which they had choſen to vent their abuſe againſt him. In this way they contrived to amuſe themſelves till they ſtopped for dinner: the old man, who had all this while remained perfectly ſilent, was the firſt to retire, after the cloth was removed: our young gentlemen, who followed him, when they got into the coach, found him earneſtly engaged with a book. After repeated attempts to get a peep at the book, they to their no ſmall mortification at laſt perceived that it was no other than a copy of the Roman poet Juvenal. The old man had underſtood every word they had ſaid in abuſe of himſelf, and had heard it all without notice. They were covered with confuſion. After looking for ſome time at one another, one of them ſtammered out an apology—"They were ſorry for what had happened; had they conceived that he underſtood Latin, they would not have been ſo indiſcreet; as it was, they begged he would impute their unprovoked attack to the ſcore of youthful folly, and the exceſſive flow of animal ſpirits, and not to malignant intention, or premeditated inſult." The old gentleman accepted of their apology with a ſmile; he begged "that they would give themſelves no uneaſineſs about the matter; their pleaſantry, ſo far from offending him, had, on the contrary, highly amuſed him, and reminded him of

his own youthful days, when he should have thought it high diversion to *quiz* such queer old fellows as he himself might now appear to be."—The young gentlemen were at first somewhat disconcerted by an answer so different from what they had reason to expect. Their opinion of his character was, however, raised, and confidence soon began to take place between them. A conversation followed, in which the old gentleman displayed not only profound classical knowledge, but great vivacity of manners, and extensive knowledge of the world. His discourse was replete with entertaining anecdotes of character, and interesting descriptions of scenes which he had himself witnessed. Our Eton scholars were delighted with their companion, and regretted the termination of the day's journey, which put an end to so agreeable an intercourse. Next morning, when the coachman summoned them to resume their journey, one of the young gentlemen felt himself so feverish and indisposed, that he was unable to proceed: his companion staid behind to take care of him. No sooner was the old gentleman apprised of this circumstance, than he immediately ordered his baggage back from the coach. "I have travelled a great deal," said he, "and have been much indebted to the humanity of others; and whenever a fellow-traveller has been taken ill, I have always made it a rule to stay with him, and pay him any attention in my power, till his indisposition had reached a crisis, or there were some symptoms of recovery."—In vain the young gentlemen remonstrated against the delay which this might occasion to his other engagements. He told them that he had no engagement preferable to the object of remaining with them; and, having settled with the coachman, dismissed him. For three days, during which the young gentleman remained, he paid him all the attention of a father. He prescribed to him *his medicines* and cordials, and administered them with
his

his own hand. He was never one moment from him ; and during that period, what by the assiduity of his care, and what by the sprightliness of his conversation, he had completely set the valetudinarian on his legs. On the morning of the fourth day it was arranged that they should take their departure. The young gentleman rose early, and called for a bill of their expenses : they were told by a waiter that all was paid by their fellow-traveller. They asked for the old gentleman, in order to remonstrate with him upon this proceeding, and were told that he set off the night before, and had left the following note, with a charge that it should be delivered to them in the morning :

“ My young Friends,

“ You will find that all is settled : as a further proof of my esteem, accept of the enclosed trifle to defray the remaining expenses of your journey. The reflection that you have got something in your pockets, will enable you to face your friends with more satisfaction. It is not probable that we shall ever meet again ; but, in your progress through life, whenever you are placed in situations similar to those which have marked our short excursion, I trust that you will remember

Your old friend, and

“ FELLOW-TRAVELLER.”

PATIENCE: A TALE.

[From the Sun.]

I.

‘T WAS at some country place, a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching;
And so pathetically did exhort
His list’ning congregation, and, in short,

Discours'd so much of Job, and how he bore
 With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
 Faith 'twas enough to make a man suppose
 Job with'd for more.

II.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,
 How needlessly we grieve at pain;
 How would it be if man
 Pursu'd a diff'rent plan,
 And were to laugh, and treat the matter lightly;
 And not, when tortur'd with the gout,
 To make wry faces, roar and shout,
 But look agreeable and sprightly.

III.

"And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,"
 Exclaim'd the Parson's wife,
 As after church they sat
 In courteous chat,
 "That 'tis in human nature to endure
 The sad extremity of woe
 That Job, you say, did undergo?
 'Tis more than I could do, I'm sure."

IV.

"My dear," quoth he, "this diffidence
 Shows, let me tell you, great good sense,
 A talent in your sex we seldom see;
 And doubtless the remark is true
 As far as it extends to you,
 Though not, I think, to me.

V.

"No woman, since the world began,
 Could bear misfortune like a *man*.—
 And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
 And that without much vanity,
 I do conceive that I myself have shown,
 That patience, and that strength of mind,
 Were not entirely confin'd
 To Job alone."

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus said the modest Priest, and would have said much
 more,
 But for the sudden op'ning of the door,
 When, out of breath, in stumps
 His clownish servant Numps,
 With mouth wide open, on the Parson gazing—
 Just like the wight
 Who drew old Priam's curtain in the night,
 To tell him Troy was blazing.

VII.

"Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look so pale?
 Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps, "The ale."
 "What!" cries the Priest, "the ale gone four?"
 (And then his phiz began to lower;)
 "Turn'd four! No, master, no," replied the fellow;
 "But just now as I went, d'ye see,
 To tilt the cask—away roll'd he,
 And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

VIII.

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd:
 Now pr'ythee tell me how the Priest behav'd—
 Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
 Or, like that silly fellow Job,
 Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
 Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?
 As thus, in voice of pious resignation,
 He to his man address'd this *mild* oration:

IX.

"May God confound thee, thou damn'd stupid bear!"
 (The best of Priests, you know, will sometimes swear:)
 "What! you must meddle, must you,
 With the barrel, and be curst t'ye?
 I wish thy paws were in the fire—Odd rot 'em—
 Get thee down stairs this instant, wretch,
 Or, by the living God, I'll kick thy breech
 From top to bottom."

X.

"Nay, now, my dearest," cried the Dame,
 "Is this your patience?—fie for shame!
 I beg you'll recollect your text;
 Job was not half so vext
 When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail!"—
 "Damn all his sons and daughters if you choose;
 Answer me this, I say—Did Job e'er lose
 A barrel of such ale?"

SONNET TO WINTER.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 30, 1798.]

A WRINKLED, four old man they picture thee,
 Old WINTER, with a ragged beard, and grey
 As the long moss upon the apple-tree,
 Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
 Plodding alone through fleet, and drifted snows,
 An ice-drop hanging to thy sharp blue nose.

They should have drawn thee by the high-heap'd hearth,
 Old WINTER, seated in thy great arm-chair,
 Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
 As circled by them, while thy lips declare
 Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
 Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
 Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
 Or taste the old *October*, brown and bright.

HYEMS.

THE

THE DUKE'S TOUR*.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is only from guess that I have prefixed the above words to the article which follows. I picked it up yesterday in Pall-mall as I was sauntering along, and as it has no direction on the outside, I know not where to send it. I cannot, however, be accused of any breach of confidence, as it contains nothing but what must rejoice the heart of every Briton.

I am, Sir, yours,

A LOUNGER.

MINUTES OF INSTRUCTION.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,

In your tour with the Duke you are to point out to him what is most *remarkable* in this kingdom, its vast *riches* and *prosperity*, and the many blessings it enjoys under the administration of my very worthy friends the present Ministers.

In order to do this with effect, you must make some stay at the principal manufacturing towns, show him how amazingly *trade* has increased of late, and point out in particular, the *want* of *hands* to execute the *vast orders* from the *Continent*. Should he inquire into the cause of this, when workmen may so easily find full employment, represent to him the great *zeal* and *loyalty* of the manufacturers, which incite them to serve their country in the *army*, rather than at the *loom*, although the wages of the latter are a *trifle more* than they can get in the army. Be sure likewise, that you point out

* This article appeared at the time when the Duke of Wirtemberg, who was come to consummate his nuptials with the Princess Royal, went a tour through England, accompanied by Sir John Hippesley Cox.

to him, which is a mere matter of calculation, and what any person can tell you, the great *decrease* of the *poor rates* in manufacturing towns. For this purpose, let me especially recommend Birmingham and Norwich. There may be others equally demonstrative of prosperity; but these, I apprehend, are the most striking examples.

Under the head of manufactures, I would have you likewise attend to the new manufacture of *widows* and *orphans*, which, I am well assured, is in a very flourishing state. In visiting these, point out the healthiness of their looks, the cheapness and goodness of their provisions, and particularly the joy and gladness they express with their situation. A friend of mine, who was long in the African trade, thinks that if they could be made to *dance*, it would be an unanswerable proof of their happiness.

Wherever you go it will be a great object to point out the *unanimity* of the people in the support of this glorious and necessary war. Assure him that none but rank Jacobins are against it, fellows who have no property in houses or lands. As to the eighty thousand *incorrigibles*, mentioned by our figurative brother and friend, I think you may *sink* that circumstance; for as to *traitors*, although we mention them sometimes, it is only *a way of speaking*; for, with all our pains, we have never been able to find one—except a poor devil, whom we hanged for a *precedent*, and he was one of our own cast-offs. But it would not do.

As to the Universities, you will, no doubt, point out the very flourishing state of learning; but here I leave you to your own discretion, as I am not conversant in any works of the Universities—except their *addresses*.

In agriculture, you will not, I trust, be deficient in demonstrating the wisdom of our *corn laws*, which is such, that we superabound with that useful grain, and can send the superfluous part abroad to feed other nations.

tions. Explain to him the doctrine of substitutes, and particularly acquaint him with the kind compassion *we* showed, in a time of general scarcity, by resolving to eat no more bread than—*we chose*, and giving *recipes* for puddings to those who had no materials.

I do not pretend to be much versed in agricultural affairs, and therefore I speak with submission. But there is one article which I must point out, although in the course of your tour you cannot fail to meet it at every stage—I mean the growth of *barracks*, which, although planted only five years ago, are now tall and strong, and likely to keep the ground. You may show his Highness of what vast use they have been, and what a fine shelter they afford to all around them. On some occasions, I would have you show him a *field of deaf soldiers*, a contrivance of a worthy friend of mine. His Highness will be surprised to see them go through their exercise as if they had the perfect use of their ears. Should you meet with a crop or two of *dumb people*, you may point them out, but merely by way of an experiment, for I am told they have not flourished.

In Bath, Bristol, and some other places, you will get the *freedom* of the city; and that, I suppose, will not be *difficult*.

In the whole of the tour I would have you to point out the *comparative* state of opulence and prosperity—in what a *wretched* state things were *before* this glorious and necessary war, and how amazingly they are *now* increased. The manufacturers above mentioned, and the *Clothiers* in the *West Country*, can give you some information on this subject.

There are other circumstances which I may point out to you by letter after your departure. As you take Hampshire in your way, you may call at my *little* cot on the Forest, and, by way of chit-chat, explain the many services I have rendered my country, for which
I am

I am thus rewarded. This cannot take up much of your time; and it will surprise his Highness to hear that a fortune of 12,000*l.* a year can be got by *ends of candles* and *parings of cheese!*

I am, dear Sir John,

With perfect consideration, yours, &c.

G. R.

WHIMSICAL PECULIARITIES OF EXPRESSION.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

MR. Locke has observed, that there are many ideas in all languages, to which no distinct terms have been annexed: and we may with equal propriety observe, that there are many terms in our language, to which no distinct ideas have been annexed.—Of this description, the schools, the court, and the senate, afford some instances; a few of which I shall beg leave to record in your valuable miscellany; as in a repository that will survive the fleeting publications of the day.

I remember, when I was at college, if a man passed an old acquaintance wittingly, without recognising him, he was said—"To cut him."—And this was effected two ways: the cutter either walked smartly by, pretending not to see the cuttee; or, if he wished to make the cut more complete, looked him full in the face, without seeming to recollect him. Afterwards this phrase—to cut, gave place to that of—"To spear."—But, as this was confessedly an imitation, wanting both the originality of genius, and the merit of improvement, it did not long hold its ground: and the term, "to cut," obtains to this very day.

When a dun was known to be in college, which generally happened in a morning; as it was *ungenteel* to dun in an evening; the alarm was given through the quadrangle,

quadrangle, and—"The men sported oak."—That is, they bolted their outward door; and the dun was then in the predicament of a person in genteel life, who has ruined his fortune by hospitality, or is become religious: in the fashionable phrase—"He was not received."

If a man were asked to take a walk into the High-street in a morning—"He voted it a bad lounge:"—if in the evening, with a person not genteelly dressed—"It was a bore; and he must sherk." Are you a man of small expense, much application to letters, singular manners, or appearance, with a becoming regard to authority?—"They set you down for a quizz."—But one of great spirit, great extravagance, and great irregularity as to college rules, attained the character of—"A dashing youth," and "A spunky dog." Then there is your—"Knowing man"—who is—"Up to rigs:"—your buck and your blood*; who value themselves upon their dexterity in riding, and driving; and a critical knowledge of the most fashionable oaths. These phrases, and habits, were but too prevalent amongst a certain description of young men, when I was resident in college a few years back. To the honour of the university, however, it is but justice to state, that they were always discountenanced, reprobated, and suppressed, as much as possible, by the more respectable members of it. What variations this vocabulary may have undergone, in the intermediate time, as fashion is capricious, and this an age of improvement, I presume not to determine. But this, I think, is clear, that the knowledge of many of those elegant phrases, such as—"Fagg, funk, sherk;" &c. the merit of which we attribute to the junior members

* There is the same difference between a buck and a blood, as between a fop and a beau.—A blood is the highest species of buckism.

of the universities, is derived originally from the great schools.

In the higher departments of life we have many specimens of a corrupt phraseology. Some of these may possibly have been brought into general circulation by young men from school, or college; but by far the greater part are, I suspect, the fabrication of the great people themselves. Vanity, or indolence, are the chief causes which lead men into improprieties of speech, after they have passed the days of youth. They affect singularity in the choice of their words, that they may be distinct from the herd of mankind; or they adopt certain solecisms of expression, as sterling coin, because some great man has already done the same. Such errors go further towards the corruption of language, than the eccentricities of phrase which are common in the great seminaries of education; both because they circulate wider, and are more eagerly received. We naturally imitate our superiors; but the cant terms of schools, or college, carry solecism upon the very face of them; and are only used by way of jocularly, in a flow of youthful spirits; without the most distant idea of introducing them into regular composition, or correct speaking.

The frequent adoption of French expressions, in polite conversation, where English would answer the purpose, at least as well; and the no less frequent use of gallicisms, or French modes of combining English words, is justly condemned as unfriendly to the purity of our language. So anxious, indeed, have the fashionable world been to attain singularity of speech, that they have not disdained to descend even to the kitchen, for terms of art, to express their ideas. What is meant by the phrases—"Done up," and "Dish'd," so common in the mouths of our great people lately? A foreigner, tolerably skilled in the language, would conclude, from hearing that a man was "Done up,"

or, "Dish'd," *not* that he was ruined in his fortune, but that he had actually attained the point of perfection in that respect. The primary idea which we annex to these terms, is that of some degree of perfection. To be dish'd, is that precise point to which every other, in the breeding, feeding, and cooking of the animal, must be subservient.—It is then fit for immediate service, and has attained its "summit of perfection." The word, "done," is of such long standing, and multifarious application, that it is difficult to trace it through all its winding senses. Swift remarks, satirically, upon the custom of inserting in the title-pages of translated books—"Carefully revised, and faithfully—*Done into English,*" by Simon Trufty, A. M. Chaplain to the factory, &c. And, in our own times, we know, that the word, Done, is not only applicable to the ruin of pecuniary circumstances, metaphorically, but also to the ruin of credit, and of health, literally. After the immortal battle between Humphries and Mendoza, a fashionable amateur wrote of that event to his friend, thus:

"DEAR JACK,

"Humphries has "Done" the Jew, by G—d."

The frequent use, amongst people "of condition," of the active verbs, "to lay," and "to set," instead of the neuters to lie and to sit, has been already noticed by Dr. Lowth; and is not the less reprehensible, because sanctioned by great authorities. It is no unusual thing to hear said, in circles of the first fashion, and from the mouths of tolerably correct speakers, "I could not lay in that bed," nor "set in that chair."

What would a foreigner collect, from being told by his friend, as an apology for not being with him at the hour of dinner, that he was "Spilt," in coming; or in hearing from a third person, that another friend, who declined accepting his invitation, from alleged indisposition,

position, "Shamm'd Abraham?" If you make an acceptable proposition to a fashionable party, they are immediately "Up to it;" if the contrary, they dislike—"That there sort of thing." When they are low-spirited and melancholy, they are "Hippish:" when mortified and disappointed, "Dōwn in the mouth." Does a man of fashion drive his curricle furiously down Pall-Mall, or the Strand; passing his competitors, like the victors in the Olympic games? he is then said to "Tip them the go-by." Is his dress, as we may presume it will be, elegant; exhibiting no articles of apparel but such as are "All the rage?" he is "Quite the tippy."

These, and the like phrases, are characteristics, by which your men of fashion and spirit, who do, what is called, "Live in the world," may be distinguished. In process of time, however, they, like most other absurdities of the great, descend to the vulgar, and then new ones must be invented.

To come to the Senate; we here naturally look for sound argument, and eloquent delivery; and are not often disappointed. Yet, if that respectable body had always been as solicitous to guard against innovations in language as in the state, we should scarcely have been acquainted with some phrases, which, if they are not absolute solecisms, are, at least, extremely incorrect. What is meant by the common expression, when a member rises to speak, of "Catching the Speaker's eye?" If it mean any thing, I should apprehend it must mean nearly the reverse of what the words import, namely, that the Speaker's eye catches the member first, and so gives the precedence in speaking. We are sometimes informed, that an honourable member was "Upon his legs" three hours; to signify, by a kind of metalepsis, that he spoke for that time.

Among the orators of antiquity, the hands had a close connexion with the tongue: but I recollect no parti-

particular connexion between the legs and that organ. Then we are told, of "The ideas of the orator meeting the ideas of the House." This is a bold species of personification; and rather, I think, beyond the limits of rhetoric, whose indulgences are yet very great. It supposes the ideas of both parties to leave their subjects of adhesion, and to make an excursion abroad. Next we hear of "Truism"—"Of Gentlemen's committing themselves;"—"Of their taking shame to themselves;"—"Of their being free to confess;"—"Of their putting the question roundly;" that is, leaving no crevice for evasion; *but this has been found impracticable with the Minister*; &c. &c.—We are not permitted to report the debates, and therefore cannot produce a specimen from real life, including these delicacies of speech; but we may, without impropriety, suppose a case, and it might run thus:—

The honourable member "Caught the Speaker's eye" (the Speaker was observed to be nodding) precisely at half past four in the morning, and was "on his legs" two hours. After a torrent of eloquence which bore down all opposition, he observed that the question, "He was free to confess," was a question of vast magnitude. What he had hitherto advanced upon the subject, formed a chain of "Truisms" that was altogether irrefragable. And were he disposed to push the investigation still further, he, "for one," entertained no doubt, "In his own mind," but his ideas would "meet the ideas of the House." This, however, was an honour which he should at present decline, as he wished not, at this late hour, "to commit himself." Upon a future day, he would avail himself of his privilege in putting some questions "roundly," and the Right Honourable Gentleman ought to "take shame to himself," if he did not answer them "fairly."

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Wells, July 20th, 1798.

ANSONIUS.

PARLIAMENTARY LOTTERY.

[From the Telegraph, 1796.]

TO THE MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the present Parliament is now certainly drawing to its close, and a warm contest is expected in most parts of the kingdom, I have a project to offer which will put an end to the noisy and expensive business of *electioneering*, prevent the ferment which is usual on such occasions, and afford to many persons a *cheap* opportunity of serving their *country*—not to speak a word of *themselves*.

My plan, Sirs, goes still further. If adopted, it will effect that which our Legislature has so long been vainly endeavouring to accomplish—it will completely, and with all possible *bona-fide-ness* (to borrow a word from the sage Lord Kenyon), put an end to the system of *bribery* and *corruption*!

My plan, Sirs, for I see your patriotism is eager for its opening, is simply this: that immediately on the dissolution of Parliament there shall be opened a lottery of 2790 tickets, at 1000 guineas each, and four blanks to one prize.

The number of prizes will of course be 558. Each fortunate holder, I propose, shall be entitled to a seat. Here then is a Parliament formed without tumult or effervescence, and the members having obtained their seat thus *cheaply*, cannot be expected to make such *hard bargains* with the Minister.

It is part of this plan, that no individual shall have more than one *ticket*. There will, therefore, be this *chance* for the public, that (the prizes being all marked with the names of the counties, cities, &c.) an honest and independent man may actually appear as the representative of a Treasury borough. There is this additional

tional reason for the restriction, that otherwise your nabobs and contractors, your B—d's and W—n's, may otherwise *monopolize* the lottery, and be enabled to *farm out* the rights of the people.

The clear gain to the nation by this plan, I disinterestedly send to you, and not to the Minister, will be no less than *two millions seven hundred and ninety thousand pounds*. But not to make on inroad on an old custom, I shall humbly suggest, that five per cent. on this sum be transmitted to every returning officer through the kingdom, to be by him applied to the established practice of feasting and guzzling; of which no *unqualified* man, that is to say, no person of property in such disqualified towns as *Manchester, Birmingham, &c.* shall partake, under a severe penalty.

By this *per centage*, which is so trifling when compared to the sum gained to the public, I should hope to prevent that disease, so common among Englishmen, called “a *grumbling* in the *gizzard*.” I should be sorry to see, in this instance, the fable of Æsop realized, in a rebellion of the BELLY against the MEMBERS.

If these are received, I shall follow them up with some further hint.

I am, Sirs, yours,

PETER PROJECT.

P. S. There are some gentlemen, such as Mr. Rose and Lord Lonsdale, who, returning *eight members* each, may object to this invaluable plan. But as Mr. Pitt had no objection to buy up the rotten boroughs, he of course cannot object to allow to those honourable men a due indemnification.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE LETTER FROM BAWRA-DARA-ADUL-PHOOLA.

[From the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.]

AFTER the splendid account of BUONAPARTE'S successes in the *East*, which our readers will find in another part of this paper, and which they will peruse with equal wonder and apprehension, it is some consolation to us to have to state, not only from authority, but in verse, that our government has not been behindhand with that of France; but that, aware of the wise and enterprising spirit of the enemy, and of the danger which might arise to our distant possessions from the export of learning and learned men being entirely in their hands, Ministers have long ago determined on an expedition of a similar nature, and have actually embarked at *Portsmouth*, on board one of the East India Company's ships, taken up for that purpose (the ship *Capricorn*, Mr. THOMAS TRUMAN, Commander), several tons of *Savans*, the growth of this country. The whole was conducted with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and it was not till we were favoured with the following copy of a letter (obligingly communicated to us by the *Tunisian* gentleman to whom it is addressed) that we had any suspicion of the extent and nature of the design, or indeed of any such design being in contemplation.

The several great names which are combined to render this expedition the most surprising and splendid ever undertaken, could not indeed have been spared from the country to which they are an ornament, for any other purpose, than one the most obviously connected with the interests of the empire, and the most widely beneficial to mankind.

The secrecy with which they have been withdrawn
from

from the British public, without being so much as missed or inquired after, reflects the highest honour on the planners of the enterprise. Even the celebrity of Doctor P—R has not led to any discovery or investigation: the silent admirers of that great man have never once thought of asking what was become of him;—till it is now all at once come to light that he has been for weeks past on ship-board, the brightest star in the bright constellation of talents which stud the quarter-deck of the *Capricorn*,—Mr. T. TRUMAN (as before mentioned) commander.

The resignation of the late worthy President of a certain Agricultural Board, might indeed have taught mankind to look for some extraordinary event in the world of science and adventure; and those who had the good fortune to see the deportation from his house, of the several wonderful anomalies which had for years formed its most distinguished inmates—the stuffed Ram, the dried Boar, the Cow with three horns, and other fanciful productions of a like nature, could not but speculate with some degree of seriousness on the purpose of their removal, and on the place of their destination.

It now appears, that there was in truth no light object in view. They were destined, with the rest of the *Savans*, on whom this country prides itself, (and long may it have reason to indulge the honest exultation!) to undertake a voyage of no less grandeur than peril; to counteract the designs of the Directory, and to frustrate or forestal the conquests of BUONA-PARTE.

The young gentleman who writes the following letter to his friend in London, is, as may be seen, interpreter to the expedition. We have understood further, that he is nearly connected with the young man who writes for the *Morning Chronicle*, and conducts the

Critical, Argumentative, and Geographical departments.—Some say it is the young man himself, who has assumed a feigned name, and, under the disguise of a Turkish dress and circumcision, is gone, at the express instigation of his employers, to improve himself in geographical knowledge. We have our doubts upon this subject, as we think we recognise the style of this deplorable young man, in an article of last week's *Morning Chronicle*, which we have had occasion to answer in a preceding column of our present paper. Be that as it may, the information contained in the following letter may be depended upon.

We cannot take leave of the subject, without remarking what a fine contrast and companion the vessel and cargo described in the following poem, affords to the "NAVIS STULTIFERA," the "SHIPPE OF FOOLLES" of the celebrated BARCLAY; and we cannot forbear hoping, that the ARGENTIS of an author of the same name may furnish a hint for an account of this stupendous expedition in a learned language, from the only pen which in modern days is capable of writing *Latin* with a purity and elegance worthy of so exalted a theme; and that the author of a classical *Preface* may become the writer of a no less celebrated voyage.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER

(*In Oriental Characters*)

FROM BAWBA-DARA-ADUL-PHOOLA, DRAGOMAN TO
THE EXPEDITION, TO NEEK-AWL-ARETCHID KOEEZ,
SECRETARY TO THE TUNISIAN EMBASSY.

DEAR NEEK-AWL,

You'll rejoice, that at length I am able
To date these few lines from the Captain's own table:
Mr. TRUMAN himself, of his proper suggestion,
Has in favour of science decided the question;

So

So we walk the main deck, and are mefs'd with the captain:
I leave you to judge of the joy we are rapt in.

At SPITHEAD they embark'd us; how precious a cargo!
And we sail'd before day, to escape the embargo.
There was SH—B—H, the wonderful mathematician;
And D—RW—N, the poet, the sage and physician;
There was B-DD-s; and BRU-N; and G-DW-N, whose trust is,
He may part with his work on *political justice*
To some IMAN or BONZE, or JUDAICAL RABBIN,
So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.

There was great Dr. P—R, whom we style BELLENDENUS;
The Doctor and I have a hammock between us.

'Tis a little unpleasant thus crowding together,
On account of the motion, and heat of the weather:

Two souls in one berth they oblige us to cram,
And Sir JOHN will insist on a place for his RAM.

Though the Doctor, I find, is determin'd to think
'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink;

In spite of th' experienc'd opinion of TRUMAN,
Who contends that the scent is exclusively human.

But B-DD-s and D-RW-N engage to repair
This slight inconvenience with *oxygene air*.

Whither bound? (you will ask)—'Tis a question, my friend,
On which I long doubted; my doubt's at an end.

To ARABIA the *Stony*, SABÆA the *Gummy*,
To the land where each man that you meet is a mummy;
To the mouths of the NILE, to the banks of ARAXES,
To the *Red*, and the *Yellow*, the *White* and the *Black Seas*,
With telescopes, globes, and a quadrant and sextant,
And the works of all authors whose writings are extant;
With surveys and plans, topographical maps,
Theodolites, watches, spring-guns and steel-traps,
Phials, crucibles, air-pumps, electric machinery,
And pencils for painting the natives and scenery.
In short, we are sent to oppose all we know,
To the knowledge and mischievous arts of the foe,
Who, though placing in arms a well-grounded reliance,
Go to war with a flying artill'ry of science.

The French *Savans*, it seems, recommended this measure
With a view to replenish the national treasure.
First, the true *Rights of Man* they will preach in all places,
But chief (when 'tis found) in th' Egyptian OASIS!

And

And this doctrine, 'tis hop'd, in a very few weeks
 Will persuade the wild Arabs to murder their *Sheiks*,
 And, to aid the *Great Nation's* beneficent plans,
 Plunder pyramids, catacombs, towns, caravans,
 Then enlist under ARCOLE's gallant commander,
 Who will conquer the world like his model *Iskander*.
 His army each day growing bolder and finer,
 With the Turcoman tribes he subdues *Asia Minor*,
 Beats PAUL and his Scythians, his journey pursues
 Cross the Indus, with tribes of Armenians, and Jews,
 And Bucharrians, and Affghans, and Persians, and Tartars,—
 Chokes the wretched MOGUL in his Grandmother's garters,
 And will hang him to dry in the *Luxemburg Hall*,
 'Midst the plunder of *Carthage* and spoils of *Bengal*.

Such, we hear, was the plan: but I trust, if we meet 'em,
 That, *Savant* to *Savant*, our cargo will beat 'em.
 Our plan of proceeding I'll presently tell:—
 But soft—I am call'd—I must bid you farewell;—
 To attend on our *Savans* my pen I resign—
 For, it seems, that they *duck* them on *crossing the LINE*.

We deeply regret this interruption of our Oriental Poet, and the more so, as the prose letters which we have received from a less learned correspondent, do not enable us to explain the tactics of our belligerent philosophers so distinctly as we could have wished. It appears in general, that the learned Doctor who has the honour of sharing the hammock of the amiable Oriental, trusted principally to his superior knowledge in the Greek language, by means of which he hoped to entangle his antagonists in inextricable confusion. Dr. D——n proposed (as might be expected) his celebrated experiment of the Ice-Island, which, being towed on the coast of Africa, could not fail of spoiling the climate, and immediately terrifying and embarrassing the sailors of BUONAPARTE's fleet, accustomed to the mild temperature and gentle gales of the Mediterranean, and therefore ill-qualified to struggle with
 this

this new importation of tempests. Dr. B——s was satisfied with the project of communicating to BUONAPARTE a consumption, of the same nature with that which he formerly tried on himself, but superior in virulence, and therefore calculated to make the most rapid and fatal ravages in the hectic constitution of the Gallic hero. The rest of the plan is quite unintelligible, excepting a hint about Sir J. S.'s intention of proceeding with his Ram to the celebrated *Oasis*, and of bringing away, for the convenience of the Bank, the treasures contained in the temple of JUPITER AMMON.

OUR NEW ALLIES!!

THE DOGS OF WAR*.

[From the Telegraph.]

Cry havoc—and let slip the Dogs of War. SHAKESPEARE.

IN imitation of the first *Christian* discoverers of the West India islands, who, with dogs, contrived *humanely to deliver* the aborigines of those islands from the sins and sorrows of this troublesome world, it is reported to us, that the English settlers, &c. there, are now also, with equal justice and mercy, employing DOGS in the present just and necessary war!

The Dogs are said to be blood-hounds.

The practice, though apparently, perhaps, barbarous, may be defensible on various strong pleas; and again, on other grounds, equally indefensible.

DEFENSIBLE.

From considerations of humanity and economy, as

* This article appeared when Spanish blood-hounds were employed against the revolted Maroon Negroes in Jamaica.

not to be quite so much regretted, if the Dogs in the assault are "*killed off*:"—as not being so subject to the *yellow fever* and *dysentery* of a bad climate; as not propagating false alarm in the service, or any real alienation from it, by unapt discoveries as to the numbers of the *killed* and *wounded*! as being cheaper even than the HANOVERIAN corps, and not incurring any outgoing for levy-money, or retribution upon deaths or desertions! as having no pay; nor bat horses; nor bāt and forage; no brevet rank; no purchasers of promotions; no loss of magazines and stores, &c.

INDFENSIBLE,

As not encouraging—THE ARTS!

As not encouraging Inspectors General, like Mr. NESBITT!—Nor Paymasters General, like Mr. ROBINSON!—Nor Commissaries General, like Mr. WATSON and Mr. DORNFORD!—Nor Barrack Master General, like Mr. DE LANCEY!—Nor Bed-maker General, like Mr. TROTTER!—Nor Contingent-Disburser General, like Mr. WINDOW!—No contracts to add to our arithmetical science.—No transport service to keep us up in navigation.

All of which are so many *good things* in a war.

The other particulars of this army of our new Allies, the DOGS, will be in a future TELEGRAPH, viz.

1. The Staff Establishment of General JOWLER.
2. His positions and dispositions—never three miles ahead of the van in a retreat, nor as far in the rear of an attack.
3. The unquestionable purity of his accounts.
4. The uniform simplicity and sobriety of his table.
5. The absence of the hoarding principle.

Nor meanly plunder—if he bravely fought!
To save a nation—not to save a groat!

NOT ANY-

BOTANY BAY RESOLUTIONS.

At a very numerous and respectable Meeting of his Majesty's faithful and loyal Subjects of Botany Bay, held at Port Jackson, the 20th October 1792 ;

GEORGE BARRINGTON, Esquire, in the Chair ;

THE Chairman acquainted the meeting, that by recent advices from home it appeared, that the rage for *Jacobinism*, which was spreading fast from France to England, had given unspeakable uneasiness to his Majesty's loyal subjects ; that in order to avert the evils which might thence ensue, and to prevent the introduction of anarchy and irreligion into the best of governments, an association had been formed under the auspices of JOHN REEVES, Esquire, a true patriot, who from his situation, and the various important offices which he held, was particularly interested in the preservation of the British constitution in its present pure state ; that this loyal association had founded the alarm throughout the kingdom ; and that loyal addresses had been presented to the throne by the numerous corporations and individuals, whose interests would be affected by any reform, assuring his Majesty, that they would maintain the present admirable system with their *lives and fortunes*.

The Chairman then reminded the meeting of the liberty enjoyed by the colonists of Botany Bay ; and hoped that they would not be the last to assure the father of his people of their strenuous and unremitted exertions for the glorious constitution of Great Britain. The gentlemen must remember, that they all owed their situation in this free and happy country to the existing laws, and that a great proportion of them were

even indebted for their lives to his Majesty's royal bounty.

The Chairman added, that he was sorry to inform the honourable meeting, that a report had gone abroad, that it was the intention of Government to send all persons disaffected to the present happy system to Botany Bay, a measure which, if put in execution, not only must inevitably fully the morals of this virtuous colony; but might also be the means of overturning its divine constitution, which was the admiration and envy of all New Holland. This was therefore with them a peculiarly strong motive to adopt the resolutions he meant to propose; and he flattered himself, that, whatever opinions there might be of Ministers, the meeting knew him too well to suspect for a moment that he had any design upon their *pockets*. He concluded a most eloquent and highly constitutional speech, by moving the following Resolutions, which were unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That the inhabitants of this colony, being the free and independent subjects of Great Britain, are fully sensible of the liberties, civil and religious, they enjoy, in common with their fellow-subjects of the mother-country, and that they pledge themselves to maintain and defend the same against all men of French or Jacobinical principles with their *lives and fortunes*.

Resolved, That the friends and correspondents of this meeting residing in St. Giles's and elsewhere, be earnestly requested to *co-operate* with his Majesty's Ministers, in raising the necessary *contributions*, that the constitution may be preserved in its present state of purity and perfection.

Resolved, That a loyal and dutiful address be presented to his Majesty by this colony, expressing in the strongest terms our gratitude for his mild and wise government, our happiness in enjoying as great a degree of

of civil and political liberty as is consistent with social order and good government ; and that we will, by an humble, dutiful, and unqualified submission to his Majesty's royal commands, study to deserve a continuance of these inestimable blessings.

Resolved, That it would add greatly to the honour and dignity of this *invaluable* colony, that its constitution were, as much as possible, assimilated to that of the parent state, particularly in the enjoyment of an *hereditary nobility* (as was lately granted to his Majesty's province of Canada), to perpetuate the merits and virtues of its inhabitants, most of whom are *tried* patriots, whose active exertions and services are to be found in the public records of the kingdom.

Resolved, That on these subjects also, loyal addresses be presented to our gracious Sovereign—that these addresses be transmitted to Mr. *Reeves*, with a request that he will lay them at his Majesty's royal feet.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to George Barrington, Esquire, their worthy and honourable Chairman, for his impartiality and attention to the public interests, his laudable exertions for the security of private property, his upright conduct as a magistrate, and his uniform integrity and support of the laws and constitution of his country.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Botany Bay Royal Gazette* ; and also in the *True Briton*, the *Times*, the *Oracle*, and the *Sun* of Great Britain.

GEORGE BARRINGTON, Chairman.

DREADFUL EFFECT

OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE HOUNSLOW HEATH
POWDER-MILLS.

[From the *Courier*, 1795.]

WHEN the dreadful shock occasioned by the blowing up of the powder-mills on Hounslow Heath was felt in London, a general consternation ensued ;

all ranks and descriptions of men were more or less affected. We shall therefore endeavour to give an idea of the various consequences produced by this terrible catastrophe in the different parts of the metropolis.

IN DOWNING-STREET, WESTMINSTER—A gentleman of much habitual arrogance and importance was so alarmed, that he started from his bed, his hair standing on end, his knees knocking together, his lips quivering, and his whole frame in violent convulsions. With a faltering tongue he was overheard to exclaim, “Lord have mercy upon me! What will become of me? This must be an insurrection—the Bills don’t answer—I have been to blame—a million of my fellow-creatures slaughtered, a hundred millions of money taken from the poor—no bread, no peace, no specie—O, what a wretch am I! What would I now give for an humble station, and a quiet conscience! But I am in despair, I am an enemy to the human race—my time is come, my crimes bring an awful judgment upon me. Lamp-irons—guillotines—destruction—Save me, save me, save me!”

In this manner he continued to rave for some hours, when being informed of the real cause of the alarm, he recovered his spirits, drank a bottle of burgundy, and determined to support the war to the last extremity.

IN OLD PALACE-YARD—A rich and full-blown damask ROSE, which had been raised from *dung*, suddenly turned pale, to the astonishment of all beholders.

GREEN-PARK—A hard-headed and hard-hearted Lord, who had built a fine house with the public money, in the course of a year, expressed compunction, and, for a moment, appeared to *feel*—he fell on his knees, and most devoutly repented of having dared to annihilate the established rights of the people.

PORTLAND-PLACE—A most somniferous Earl gave violent symptoms of animation. He asked pardon
from

from Heaven for his sins—made a long speech—gave a deep groan, and went to sleep.

SOMERSET-HOUSE—A versatile Scotchman, of great wealth, cried out—"Wha wants me? The Deel fau me, I am wi' the peeple"—but the instant he discovered his mistake, he changed his tone, and re-adopted his *principles*.

HILL-STREET, BERKLEY-SQUARE—A Member of Parliament, remarkable for his pride and his passion, was most grievously disconcerted—"Alas!" said he, "had I never been an apostate, I should not now have wanted fortitude—but my own conduct has unmanned me—I shall be KILLED-OFF—help, help, help!"

ROCHESTER—The concussion was felt in this city, when a high-church dignitary was seized with a kind of temporary palsy, and began to pray—"O Lord, thou art visiting thine enemies for evil—What can I do to be saved?"

MANSION-HOUSE—The effect here was horrible indeed. "The Bank is broke," exclaimed a wise magistrate. "My slice of the loan is not worth a penny."—Mr. Deputy Birch went into hysterics, and Sir Watkin Lewes fainted.

Several faro banks in the vicinity of St. James's were *broken* by the violence of the shock. The swinish multitude ran headlong forward, as of old, when possessed by devils, some saying that ST. PAUL's, and others that BREAD had fallen.

AT THE TOWER—All the great guns were fired in token of alarm; but the generality of the people supposed that the stocks were blown up.

WESTMINSTER-HALL—All the lawyers seemed to think that the *day of judgment* was arrived, which even made the Judges themselves look *grave*! AMEN.

ON THE POPPY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

NOT for the promise of the labour'd field,
 Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
 I bend to Ceres' shrine;
 For dull to other eyes appear
 The golden glories of the year—
 Alas! a melancholy worship's mine:
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower.
 Thou brilliant weed,
 Thou dost so far exceed
 The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
 Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
 Thou comforter of woe!
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy pow'r.
 In early days, when Fancy cheats,
 A various wreath I wove,
 Of smiling Spring's luxuriant sweets,
 To deck ungrateful Love;
 The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
 As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;
But Love, and Joy, and all their train are flown.
 E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
 And I will sing of thee alone;
 Unless, perchance, the attributes of Grief,
 The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.
 Hail, lively blossom! thou canst ease
 The wretched victims of disease,
 Canst close those weary eyes in gentle sleep,
 Which never open but to weep;
 For, oh! thy potent charm
 Can agonizing pain disarm,
Expel imperious Mem'ry from her seat,
 And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.
Soul-soothing plant! that can such blessings give:
 By thee the mourner bears to live,

By

By thee the hopeleſs die!
 Oh! ever friendly to deſpair,
 Might Sorrow's pallid vot'ry dare,
 Without a crime, that remedy implore,
 Which bids the ſpirit from its bondage fly,
 I'd court thy palliative aid no more;
 No more I'd ſue that thou ſhouldſt ſpread
 Thy ſpells around my aching head,
 But would conjure thee to impart
 Thy balfam for an aching heart,
 And, by thy ſoft Lethean power,
 Ineffimable flower!
 Burſt theſe terreſtrial bonds, and other regions try.

THEODOSIA.

SONNET.

—, whoſe counſels long have held the ear
 Of the great Prince who fills our Britiſh throne,
 And haſt thereby, to all men's marvel, grown
 From a plain ſcribe to be a mighty peer;
 Seek not to move in more exalted ſphere,
 Left thy true value be too juſtly known;
 But be thy wiſdom in forbearance ſhown;
 And where thou art, arreſt thy proud career;
 The worm which might ſecurely crawl on earth,
 Chang'd to a fly, with pride expands his wings,
 To meet deſtruction in the taper's flame,
 And the baſe upſtart, void of real worth,
 Hatch'd into greatneſs by the ſmile of Kings,
 May prove this reptile's fate and his the ſame.

FINIS.

York Street, St. James's Square, 25th March 1799.

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